Everybody's

AUGUST 1925

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in this issue

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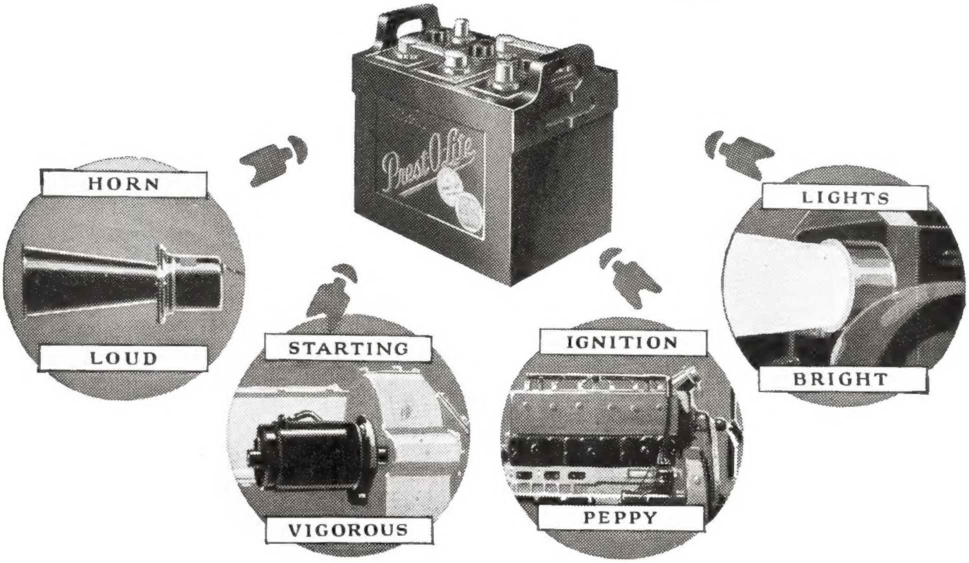

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By A. H. WARD

Mr. Ward photographed in his office at Postl's, Chicago.

You may think that my arithmetic is funny, but it certainly worked for me. You can add ten in the ordinary way and you'll never get more than 20—and that's just about what I was earning a week before I left the States for twenty months' active service in France. When I came back I determined that I would not go back to the old grind! I found a way to put one ten alongside of the other, so that the total made over a thousand dollars—and that's what I averaged every 30 days for the last twelve months. Through the simple method I'll tell you about I made $13,500 last year.

There's no reason why any ambitious man should not follow in my footsteps. I read an advertisement, just as you are now reading my story—it told about W. Hartle of Chicago, who had been in the R. R. Mail service for ten years. Hartle made a sudden change—against the advice of his friends—and made over $1000 the first thirty days. Berry, of Winterset, Iowa—a farm-hand—made $1000 the first month. George Kearns made $523.00 the first two weeks. F. Wynn made $554.37 the first seven days, and Miller, a former stenographer, made $100 a week after making this change.

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A. H. WARD.

Written for Mr. J. E. Greenslade, President
National Salesmen's Training Association
K-74, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

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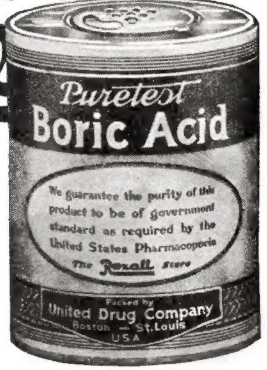
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Volume LIII
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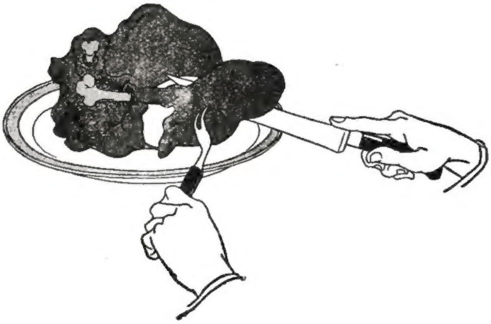

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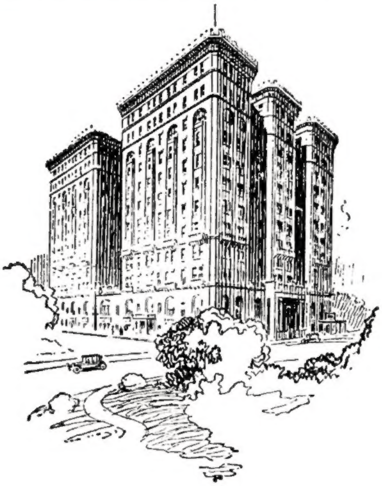

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AUGUST, 1925
VOL. 53, NO. 2

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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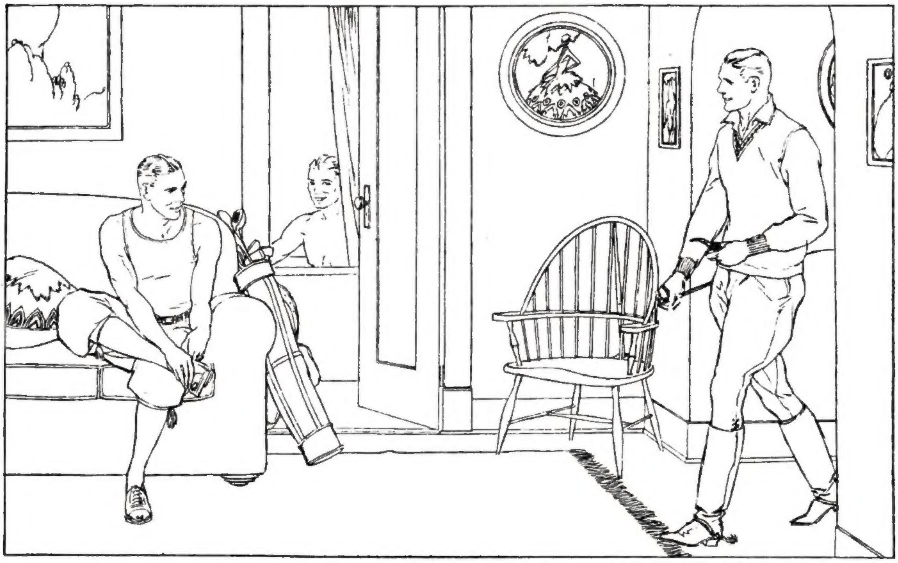

To week-ending males

THERE may be men who enjoy diving for soap in a tub like pickaninnies after an elusive penny; but the week-ending bather who desires to approach the office force on Monday morning with the clear and compelling glance of a Big Executive will prefer Ivory because it floats.

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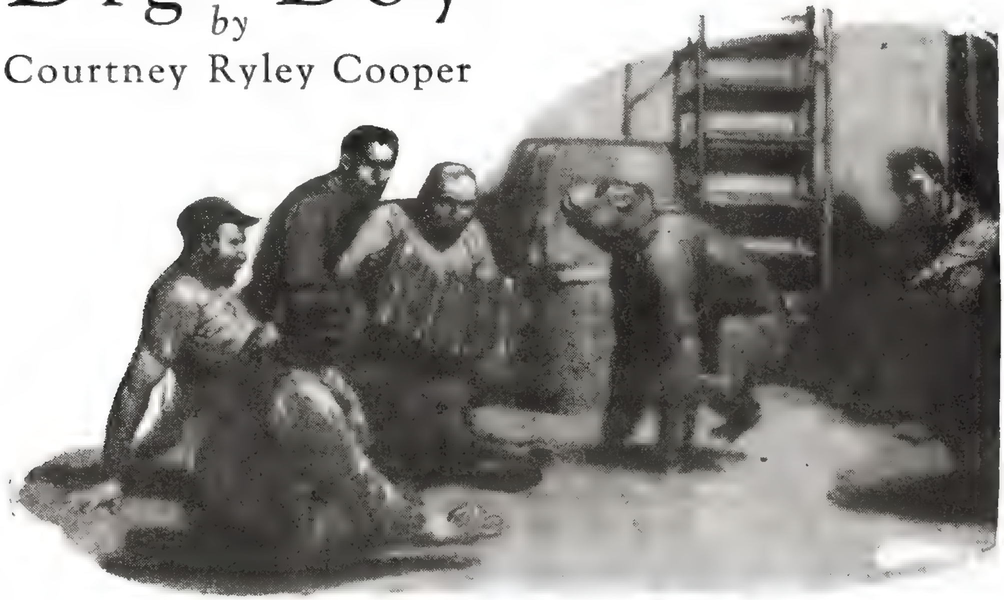
The story of a sea-going gorilla and of a skipper who learns something about designing women

Big Boy

by Courtney Ryley Cooper



He bounded in frantic ecstasy and at last, in clumsy fashion, began to dance, raising first one tremendous foot, then the other.

"CUR'US sort of rascal," said Cap'n Moat of the *Lady West* as he fumbled about at the entrance to his cabin. "Mind now until I find the switch. It's a new trick he's got, turning out the lights."

He fumbled again, poking a stubby hand against the cabin wall, while from deeper within the darkness there sounded a soft cooing, like the call of a dove from far away, half-mournful, yet with a certain pleased note about it. This followed by a shuffling sound, and a bumping against the floor. Then Cap'n Moat found the switch, the small light displaying a tidy cabin, books set in trim rows upon the little desk, berth smoothed in almost uncomfortable precision and with an ancient bit of crocheted lace adorning the pillow. An old-fashioned, red-plushed patent rocker still moved slowly from the action of something which had just departed from it. In the center of the floor, a grotesque, hairy thing stood on all fours, his forearms straight and extended in crutch fashion upon black, bent knuckles, the heavy pent-houses over his long lips pursed in a cooing of welcome as he looked up with almost childlike amiability toward the stodgy captain and the larger, more flashily dressed man who accompanied him. Cap'n Moat gestured awkwardly. His business was to know reefs and currents and winds and ports of trade; he had little to do with conversation.

"Now, Mr. ——," he began.

"Ainsworth, Cap'n," supplied the other man. "Jim Ainsworth."

"That's right. That's right, Ainsworth. Ain't much on remembering names. But," he scraped at his throat with an expulsion of breath, "there he is, just like I said you'd find him. Sound in limb and body. Good and tame, too."

Jim Ainsworth, of the Great Ainsworth Shows, nodded and pulled again at his cigar, then fumbled the gold-encrusted lion's claw which hung from his watch-chain. He reared his head and with half-closed eyes gazed through the smoke toward the crouched being which still remained before them, head aside, eyes rolled, as if striving to understand the meaning of the inspection, lips still pursed in that cooing, which gradually was taking on a slight tone of uncertainty. At last the circus man moved to one side, and carefully raising the skirt of his smooth-pressed coat, seated himself in the patent rocker.

"He's a gorilla all right," came finally. Cap'n Moat rubbed his hands.

"That's what I thought. That's what they told me."

"Yep." Jim Ainsworth extended his cigar. "Gorilla. Them ridges over his eyes, and the way the hair bristles on his forehead. Cut like a pompadour. If you'll ever notice when he gets mad, they stick straight up and twitch."

"So?" Then Cap'n Moat shook his head. "I ain't ever seen him mad."

"That's a good trait. 'Bout five years old then, I reckon."

"Something like that. Let's see. I bought him in Cape Lopez off a nigger about a year and a half ago. He said he was a little over three then. Yes, I guess that's right. I'd have thought about selling him before, only this is the first time I've touched here. China trade, you know."

"Yeh?" Jim Ainsworth sucked again at his cigar. "What's his name?"

"Big Boy," said Cap'n Moat, and gave one of his few indications of a smile. "The crew named him that. After an apprentice we had. All muscles and no brains. Every time they wanted anything done they'd call for Big Boy. Didn't know any more'n to do everybody's work. He's kind of that way—" the cap'n nodded toward the huddled gorilla. "Follows the crew around and tries to help."

"It's a way they have. Like to do what humans do. Crazy about humans, them apes. Usually fasten to one person. Like with you. Funny how attached you get to 'em, yourself."

Cap'n Moat rubbed his chin.

"Oh, I don't know. I never thought much about it. An animal's just an animal to me."

Jim Ainsworth puffed again.

"That's good—from your standpoint. Because once they're off one of these ships where they've kind of looked on it as home, they die pretty easy. Just like condemnin' 'em to sell 'em. I always like to be straight on those things. Saves a lot of trouble afterward. What're you holding him at?"

A slight sparkle came into the blue-gray eyes of Cap'n Moat; the trader instinct to the fore.

"Now, that's something to talk about. What would you say?"

The circus man chuckled.

"Got me on bad ground there." He puffed slowly, still regarding the hairy beast, which at last had gone to the captain, raised its long black hands, fondled the freckled, stubby ones of Cap'n Moat in unrecognized affection, laid his heavy head and grotesque lips against them and then shuffled away to crouch, half-fearful of the visitor, in a corner. "I don't know just what to say. You see, there's never been but one gorilla in this country."

"So?" The sparkle became keener. "What'd they pay for him?"

"Well, to come clean, they paid around fifteen thousand." Then, as the other man's eyes widened. "But you couldn't sell this'n for anything like that—not to any body in the show business. That case was an experiment. First place, he's just like that first one. Too young. Ain't big enough yet to look fierce—any big chimp'd be a better attraction, and a lot cheaper. Then there's the other angle—about him dying."

"Awful healthy, Mr. Ainsworth."

"Yeh. Here on the ship. But ships and shows are different things. These apes—they're just like us. Look on a cage like we look on a jail. Takes all the heart out of 'em. Then the changes of climate—they're down in the mouth and grieving and not caring specially whether they bump off or not, and the next thing a guy knows, he's out a lot of jack. Nope. I wouldn't give more'n a couple of grand for him."

"That's how much? Two thousand dollars?"

"Yeh. I'd be taking a risk at that. Young like this—people don't care nothing about species. What they want is flash. I could show 'em that nose and them eyes and all until I was black in the face, and it wouldn't do any good. They'd rather see a good python or a bunk wild man. Takin' him now, he'd live about six weeks, and I wouldn't get my money out of him. But," and Jim Ainsworth hitched suddenly forward in the patent rocker, "tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five hundred bucks and take an option on him when he's ten years old. He'd be an attraction then—the gorilla stuff out on him plain. Weigh three or four hundred—twice as big as anything else that'd ever been on the road. He'd live longer then—might last a season. That'd be worth while. I could climb high on something like that. Around fifty grand."

CAP'N MOAT'S blue-gray eyes narrowed and opened again. Fifty grand meant fifty thousand dollars. If that were the first offer—

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, after a long hour of argument had followed, and they were on the deck of the rambling old *Lady West*, leaning against the rail and glancing intermittently toward the soft haze of San Francisco, the ferry-boats churning stodgily on their journeys to and from Oakland, and the activities of the bay about them. "I'll think it over. I won't give you an option, but I won't sell him to anybody else unless they offer ten thousand more'n you. Now—" it had been a long speech for Cap'n Moat—"would that sound fair'n aboveboard?"

Jim nodded.

"I guess it's the best I can get," he answered. "Now just remember what I've told you—a lot of this stuff about apes being fierce—they don't get that way unless they know they're in captivity. Him, he's just like a kid. Keep that up—make a pet of him."

"Well—" Cap'n Moat rubbed his chin—"I ain't much of a hand for pets. I generally keep pretty busy."

"Sure. Sure. But then a fellow always wants something."

Then they parted, Jim Ainsworth to go over the side, Cap'n Moat to wander the white-scrubbed decks of the lumbering old *Lady West* for a long time, then to go below, where he sat and rocked, sat and rocked, while a cooing beast again came forward and crouched at his side, content in its adoration. At last the Cap'n took notice.

"Humph!" he said. "Fifty thousand. And I paid twenty dollars for him. That's a might of profit. I'll speak to the galley boy about feeding him better."

With which Cap'n Moat dismissed the matter except to remember that some day, when in his good time, he should come back from slow years of wandering about the vagrant ports of a far-away world, this thing would be worth fifty thousand dollars; perhaps more, depending upon his size and his health. Which, as Cap'n Moat had remarked, was a might of profit. It would enable him to do what he had talked over several times with a rather uncommunicative person whom he visited religiously during the long months and years when the *Lady West* pushed her way through tropic waves on the other side of the world. He took it for granted that she was as matter of fact as he—a conviction with Cap'n Moat was sufficient, whether the question be of a year or a decade. Yes, this fifty thousand dollars ought to settle the matter; a house up on the hill, built like the superstructure of a ship, with galleries like decks, and a wheel-house in which he could sit in the afternoons when the sun went low. And, of course, her. She always would be there. His ship and his crew and his woman. These were things unromantically vital to Cap'n Moat. After awhile he rose and in stodgy fashion primped before the wrinkled mirror, halting once or twice to survey the beast which followed his every step.

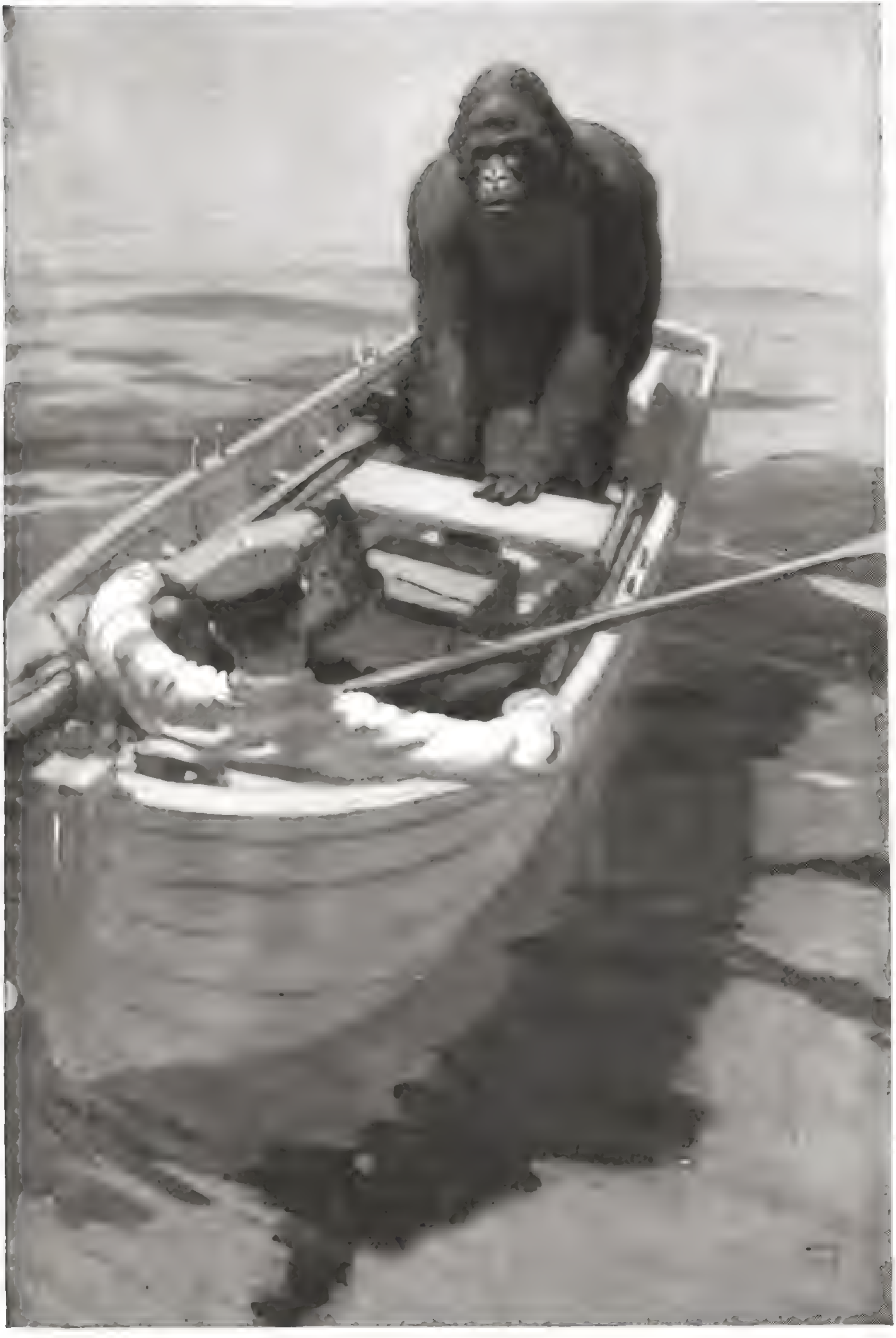
"Fifty thousand dollars," he said. "Five years ain't so long."

Then he too went over the side, while Big Boy, awkward and gangling, played about the cabin, punching the room into darkness and light with chuckling excitement, or rocking in stolid enjoyment in the old plush chair until long after the day had faded, and the old freighter had settled down to the laziness of night. Then he ascended to the deck, to amble upright along the rail, cooing with delight at the blinking brightness of the ferry-boats and the glow of the city in the distance, looking upon it all as a child would look upon a fairy-land.

Which, after all, he was, a beast child, happy in a place he knew as home, his whole affection centered in a man who gave him no more thought than that he some day would be valuable, even as a lifeless cargo would be valuable, once the *Lady West* reached port. But of that, Big Boy knew nothing. Cap'n Moat was kind, simply by not being unkind; there was food and friends and the excitement of activity, which was enough. By some strange form of fascination, the great apes love the sea.

Love it with a queer, unaccountable feeling of safety, with an exaltation in the sight of white-crested waters gliding past the bows or swirling in the wake, with a playful spirit of curiosity in screaming and chattering at the low-voiced gulls, sweeping forth from the harbor to greet the incomer even before the pilot boat makes its appearance. The deep mysteries of the hold, the uncertain giddiness of the masts, the turbulent picture of black smoke tumbling from smudgy funnels, the voices and personages of the crew—these things Big Boy knew and in knowing them was happy. It was not for him to understand that it was all merely a period of transitory bliss where he could grow strong and great and healthy in a pleasing environment, only that he might linger a few months longer in the grieving death of cage captivity. So he watched the lights or pulled childishly at the rail, waiting for Cap'n Moat to return, because Cap'n Moat meant his happiness. When the hours passed in vain, he ambled forward and like a shaggy dog intruding unnoticed, shambled into the lolling group of seamen on the forward deck.

AFTER awhile, some one brought forth an accordion and began to play—wheezy, uncertain melodies, glorious to Big Boy. He chirruped and pounded upon the deck with his heavy black hands. He bounded in frantic ecstasy and at last in clumsy fashion, upon short, bowed legs, he began to dance, raising first one tremendous, curved foot, then the other in uncertain rhythm, swinging his giant arms and heavy torso, rolling his eyes and cooing. The crew called encouragement. Some one began to pat, seeking by the steady repetition to give the awkward beast a suggestion of tempo. Then it all ceased as suddenly as it had begun. A harbor boat had chugged to the side of the ship, and a tall man had come hastily over the rail, to go as hastily below.



Illustrations by Harold Von Schmidt.

Cap'n Moat, aching and gaunt, half lay, resting in the bow, and looking stolidly toward the giant beast said, "Well, you never quit, anyway."

Where the crew lolled forward, eyes rolled in humorous signaling, and heads went close.

"The Chief, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Bet it's happened."

Then waitful silence for a half-hour, until the chief engineer, his sea-bag hastily packed, a few possessions gathered under one arm, made the rail again and disappeared into the waiting craft below. The crew musician drew a mournful note from his wheezy accordion, and improvised to the swinging delight of Big Boy.

"Oh, here's to a sweetheart, waitin' patiently,
Waitin' while I'm sailin' on the boundin' sea.
Waitin' while I'm sailin' on the boundin' blue—
But who's she a-waitin' for—me or you?"

It brought great laughter from the others gathered about; that had been a silent joke for a long time about the skipper, paying his stodgy court to a woman who wrote letters to him in her own chirography and to the chief engineer upon a typewriter. They must have met. Nothing else could have caused that hurried exit to the chief; he was ordinarily a deliberate man. So they were hushed and expectant when the cap'n's boat at last came alongside and the skipper had stumped below, followed as always by the cooing Big Boy, who remained unnoticed until Cap'n Moat had paced his cabin for a long half hour. At last the cap'n unclasped his hands from behind his back and raised his heavy, sandy head.

"Get out of here," he ordered bruskly. "Get out! Get out!" He shoved the wondering beast from the room, then stood back at the sight of the first mate.

"Oh, you, Marston," he said. "Wanted to see you. Let's get some action into stowing this cargo. Do nothing but waste time once we get in port. Start crowding things tomorrow. We'll clear—just as soon as I can ship a new chief. A little matter's come up—"

"A new chief, did you say sir?"

"Yes," said Cap'n Moat, concluding the matter and the first mate hurried away to spread the news. The next day, the cap'n took a personal interest in the loading, leaving the ship only in obedience to the necessities of clearance and of a new chief-engineer. Soon, with Big Boy pulling and cooing at the rail, the lumbering old *Lady West*, low with cargo, put out to sea, bound for Shanghai, nor did Cap'n Moat glance back toward San Francisco as they traveled slowly through the Golden Gate.

AS THE wandering months progressed, the gossipy little group which gathered forward when duties were few, took notice of the fact that the skipper spent less time than formerly in his cabin, preferring now to stay longer on the bridge, one hand on the rail, head up to the breeze as though striving to see over the horizon, or merely leaning and staring at his ship. Noticed too, that he had become more meticulous in his concern over the welfare of the cumbersome freighter, more finicky about his crew; poking his head into the galley to suggest a change of fare at the next port of call, or rummaging about in quarters to see that all was well with the living accommodations of the men who made up his little world of the sea. What had been three great things in the cap'n's life had now dwindled to two. To Big Boy he seemed to give less attention than ever; he rarely spoke to the growing beast; it was as though the animal represented some thing he wanted to forget—like a valuable piece of jewelry which one can not wear.

Not that Big Boy saw in it anything to interfere with his happiness. Cap'n Moat had never done more than abide him; sufficient to the unwieldy animal the fact that he countenanced him, the affection of the giant ape was of the giving type, not the receiving. After that first night, Cap'n Moat did not repeat his performance of driving the beast from his stateroom, he merely acted as though he did not know that Big Boy existed, leaving the gorilla to follow him at will, rocking along in his wake when Cap'n Moat took his morning exercise upon deck, or huddled near by when he stood for long moments staring over the rail. A shadow—such was Big Boy, living through the brilliance of a thing he adored; content always to remain in the background if but he might continue to worship. Big Boy was happy.

He was growing steadily, taking on more and more the aspects of the gorilla—aspects which belied the nature which lay beneath. The bristles of his forehead were becoming more pronounced, the heaviness of his shoulders, the barrel-like aspect of his matted chest, the tremendous muscular power of his giant, hairy arms which, in their steady development seemed to sap their strength from his undersized legs, which, by comparison, became shorter and more bowed with every month of his upbringing. A year passed, and two following that. Big Boy changed from a thing the size of an overgrown boy to a shambling figure, which, when he rose to a standing posture, nearly approximated that of Cap'n Moat in height—and broader by a matter of several inches. Big Boy had changed from childhood to adolescence. Soon he would be on the way to maturity.

But his body was all that developed; he was still the grinning, cooing, easily amused beast that he had always been, imitative, obedient to the slightest command. Now and then o'nights the crew talked of him, relating stories that had been handed down from ship generation to ship generation about gorillas, their fierceness, their terrible power, their viciousness—and pronounced him something peculiar, a being perhaps slightly daft, certainly out of all comparison to the usual beasts of his kind. For the crew knew why the stories it had heard, only the fanciful tales of explorers, taking their recountings from more fanciful natives. Only the sensational things which had come to them through print, giving an instant of fierceness the credit for being the indication of a lifetime. They were seamen, not naturalists.

But withal, they gave little thought to the matter. They had been with ships which had possessed mascots—a black jaguar, for instance; once a tiger cub. When they became unmanageable some one killed them and the ship took on a new luck-piece. That was all. Until that time, Big Boy was countenanced, to be laughed at, marveled at, and abided. He was something to furnish amusement when nights were soft, the humming of the engine-room permeating the ship, and the moon hanging yellow and low over rippling waters. So the years went by, Shanghai and Singapore and Hong Kong; Yokohama and Sydney; Honolulu and Vancouver; and once Seattle, but never San Francisco. Three years, four years, approaching five, and then, in Singapore, Cap'n Moat received a letter.

He looked at it a long time before he opened it, studying the writing with the air which he often assumed in the chart room over a knotty problem of navigation, as though fearful of reefs ahead or hidden shoals. It had followed him for more than six months forwarded by the owners, and it bore a style of writing which caused Cap'n Moat to rub at his stubby chin and pucker his lips in a soundless whistle before he finally stuck a freckled finger under the flap and, followed as always by the giant, shambling Big Boy, retired to the fastness of his cabin to read it.

Several times, during that performance, he arose from the patent rocker, and punched at the electric switch, then stood regarding the incandescent above, as though doubting its brilliance. Each time he muttered something about the light, then each time he rubbed at his eyes before he went back to his reading. Several lines fascinated him; he read and re-read them:

> —I suppose it was a sort of madness; you being away so much and Mr. Wilson being so much more entertaining in his letters and everything. Then when you found him here and wouldn't take an explanation, what else could I do? I married him more for spite than for anything else. But that is all over now, so we won't discuss it. I haven't seen him for more than a year. I might as well be frank; I couldn't live with him while I still loved you. We just had to break. Of course, all this may be all in vain now, but I should love to hear from you.
>
> As ever,
> HARRIETT.
>
> P.S. I met a friend of yours the other night and we had a long talk about you. Mr. Ainsworth. He was telling me about a deal he and you had for your ship's mascot, and I think if you see me first, if you ever come back here and it is still alive, I can give you some pointers about getting a lot more money for it than the original price. Why didn't you ever mention this matter to me? Things would have been so different.

AFTER that, Cap'n Moat rose and stood for a long time, tapping the letter against the back of a freckled hand and rocking, heel and toe, heel and toe. Then carefully, he pulled at a drawer of his desk, and placed the envelope within, being particular that it be free of other papers and within easy reach. On the way out, he turned and scraped at his throat with his breath, meanwhile noticing that the tremendous ape beside him had grown wonderfully lately.

"Come on, Big Boy," he said with the attitude of a man taking new notice of things about him, and led the way above. At the galley he halted and asked the ship's cook what he had been feeding the gorilla lately. A week or so later, the first mate, happening into the chart-room, glanced over the skipper's shoulder to notice a freckled hand, clutching a pencil, and working at a crude drawing of a house upon a hill, with a gallery about it like a promenade deck, and a contraption in front, awkwardly describing a bridge and wheel-house.

When the *Lady West* next lumbered into port, it became known that Cap'n Moat had his eye cut out for a cargo for San Francisco. Two months later, they were on their way.

Again was there gossip forward. Here and there the crew had changed; there were new members to be told the story of that night when the former chief came over the rail and disappeared again, all in a half-hour. Just what had happened, they could not be sure, except that the *Lady West* was San Francisco bound, and Cap'n Moat at Hong Kong had asked the bo's'n to mail a letter, the name on which had been recognized. Things turned out that way. The *Lady West* ploughed on.

On to a day when those who lolled did so under shelter from a white-hot sun, and the black gang made more frequent trips above for air, while the chief, in a petulant voice, signaled through the tube to the first mate about the ventilators. Which availed nothing. They were turned full, the first mate said; the trouble did not lie above. How could he get air down to them when there wasn't a breath stirring, and the ship trying to buck a swell that was growing stronger every minute? Then the chief sent another personality through the tube and the first mate responded:

"Well, I'm not running the ship. Ask the skipper about changing her course; don't ask me. He's 'Frisco bound; a point off-course is a million miles to him. Best thing you can do is give 'er more steam; this swell's head on."

"How can I get steam without draft?" snapped the rejoinder from below, and there the conversation ended. It was too hot, even for quarreling. That night, the *Lady West* sailed lazily on no longer.

The world of the sea had become a thunderous thing of black and flashing green, revealing a stricken object which floundered frantically in craven-like troughs, fought upward against the towering walls of breaking water all about, then fell again to new depths and greater efforts. Lights were out, excepting one in the wheelhouse, and a faint gleam at the stern, dipping and rising, swaying with sickening convulsions, dropping until it seemed the range must become perpendicular, then sweeping upward with unutterable swiftness, to gleam dully like some vagrant star in starless black ere it once more began its downward course again.

Again and again, Cap'n Moat, on the bridge, gripping the rail in the darkness or giving with mincing steps before the heavy rolls, only to bring up short at the balance point, noticed that for the last five minutes, the rise of the stern had brought no cessation of the propeller, but instead, a constantly increasing vibration which seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the stricken ship. He veered, and stubby arms pawing before him, staggered to the engine-room tube.

"Ain't that indicator working?" he snapped.

"Yes," the faint voice from below was mingled with the swish of pistons and the clanking of heavy steel. "Yes, it's working, but—"

"Then why ain't you easing her over? That propeller keeps right on going!"

"Yes, sir!" It came to the accompaniment of heavy crank-heads turning, and of a certain strange, intermittent rumbling which Cap'n Moat could not fathom. "We're having a bit of trouble—"

"Trouble?" Cap'n Moat raised his head. That terriffic vibration again, like a thing in the hand of an infuriated giant, being shaken. The angry slap of a wave, rising high above the forward deck, hovering there for an awful moment in the green flash of jagged lightning, then coming down full, to slosh and swirl and better itself against swaying fittings, then sweep again into the sea as if to gain new fury. The whine and rush and bellow of the wind, mingling its myriad weird noises with the cacophony of the waters. Cap'n Moat brushed at his ears as if to improve his hearing, and then, head bent, resumed the tube. "Trouble?" he asked in a perplexed manner.

"Yes, sir," came the faint voice. "Main bearing, propeller shaft. Something's happened, sir—must've been that bad wrenching we got a while back, sir. She's off true, evidently. Wearing on the main bearing. Pretty hot—although we're doing our best to keep it drowned in oil."

"Then save it by shutting off when the stern's out."

"Afraid to, sir." There was a monotone of fatality in the voice. "The last time—it burred pretty hard, like it had started to freeze—the bearing, sir. Against the shaft. Must be expanded some from heat, sir."

Cap'n Moat grunted, and again took to stumbling about the bridge, only to return as that shivering tore again at the ship. He blew in to the engine room and waited. And again—to receive no answer. For a third time. Then he halted; the tube evidently had been lifted from its hook by some one waiting to give a last command before answering, admitting a jumble of confused sounds and commands before at last the message traveled upward.

"It's gone, sir."

"The bearing?"

"Yes, sir. You'd better come down, sir."

CAP'N MOAT, head deep in his oilskins, muttered something unintelligible to the man at the wheel, then ducked forth to the fury of the night. The storm seemed to have grown worse, the light at the stern danced and rolled and jerked, appearing to take on a new motion even before it lost the momentum of its former course. The propeller had stilled. Cap'n Moat could discern it by the sudden logginess of the ship, the tossing, directionless manner in which it took the waves, seeming to head about, even as he clawed his way down the ladder, and stood spraddled a moment before he should flounder onward toward the engine-room. Gradually a sickening roll was taking possession against the steadier pitch; forward a new wave hung high, then dropped flat, a second and a third. Deeper went the nose of the *Lady West* into the liquid mountains about her, each time her recovery was more and more like a vanquished thing, exerting its final atom of energy. Sloughing and staggering, the captain made his slow way along, taking notice in blurred fashion that shadows of the deck had disappeared, that in the lightning, gaping stretches showed where the rail once had run uninterrupted. Awnings had departed; a life-raft, perched high, was just disappearing in the angry clutch of a wave which had torn it from its fastenings.

Between decks, and the crew slouched there, tightly grouped; there was nothing to do but wait. Deeper, and into the engine-room, where struggling figures, worked at the preparations for the pouring of babbitt.

"She went out, sir," said the chief, "all at once, like milk pouring from a pitcher. We're

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A man who succeeded in making himself

A Perfect Fool

You know him as Ed Wynn, although that isn't his name. He started in his father's hat business, but discovered that it was easier to make a fortune wearing silly headgear than in manufacturing it

by Lawton Mackall

EARLY in life this Broadway comedy star decided that if he was as much of a fool as people thought, he'd make a business of it. So he deliberately set about creating the unique stage personality that carries his shows—that of a blithering but inoffensive idiot, wistful, slyly alert and busy as a chipmunk.

WHEN Ed Wynn was growing up no one ever advised him: "My boy, set your mind upon nonsense. Study the art of silliness. Be conscientious and persevere in your pinheadism, and some day you may be the biggest fool in America."

He just got the idea himself—a case of spontaneous conniption. It sort of jars our pet theories about "How to Succeed in Life," to see a man win fame and fortune by becoming the nation's outstanding nitwit. Why buckle down to a practical job when here is a fellow who has got ahead by sheer irresponsibility? What's the use of brains if this crazy cuckoo can coin money?

Irresponsible? About as much so as the head of a department store or the captain of an ocean liner. Meet Mr. Wynn offstage and you find a dignified, forceful personality. The man who appears before his audiences in the guise of the "Perfect Fool" is actually a keen, tireless executive running an entire show. For instance, his present revue, "The Grab Bag," is said to represent a cash investment of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. He created it—wrote the book, lyrics and music, ordered the costumes and scenery, and selected the cast. Rather an amazing undertaking for a clown. Can you think of any other performer, grave or gay, who has swung as big a proposition single-handed?

"The truth about me is that I am two persons," he confided to me one afternoon as I watched him removing his make-up. It was fascinating to observe the transformation of his face as he rubbed off the grease paint. With a few touches of a rag the absurdly arched eyebrows vanished and his real ones, which had been whitened out, came back to normal.

"I can discuss that fellow you saw across the footlights, because he isn't me at all," said Mr. Wynn. "Not that I'm ashamed of him. Oh, no, I like him. I think he's pretty good, don't you?"

I assured him that I had laughed all through the performance.

"You don't have to be polite. You're not talking to him. I'm just his manager. You think I'm joking, but I'm not. That crazy galoot you saw out there ceases to exist the moment I step off the stage. I bring him to life for a couple of hours and then kill him off—eight times a week."

"But surely you must think about him occasionally between performances," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I'm always checking up on his work and planning new stuff for him to do. If I didn't he might slack up on me. So I make it my business to be as they say 'his best pal and his severest critic.' "

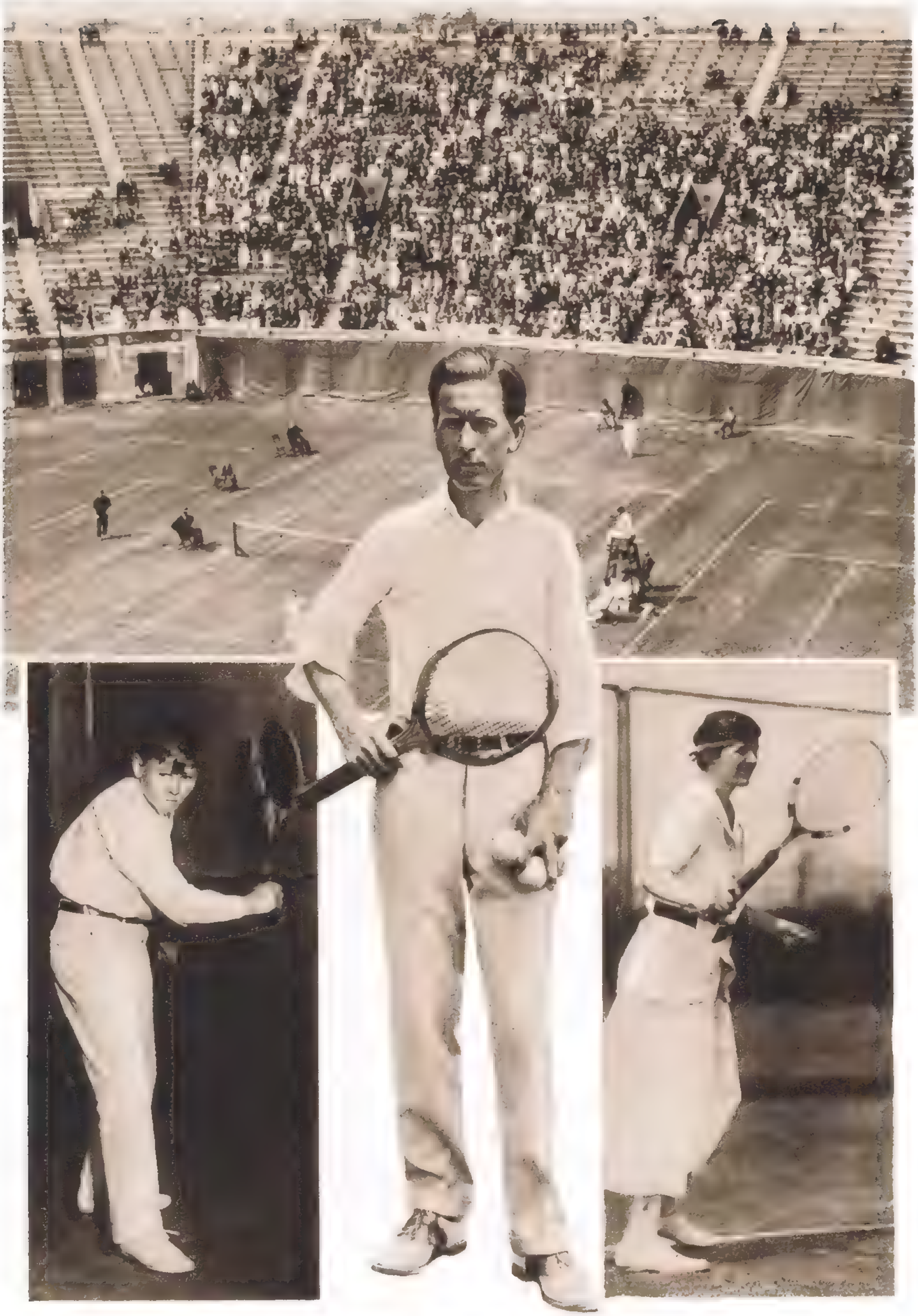
"Where did you get him?"

"Raised him from a kid," said Mr. Wynn. "He's a grown-up edition of my foolishness as a small boy. I *was* a daffy youngster." He grinned, thinking of the many scoldings he had received.

"My people lived in Philadelphia," he mused, and we spent the summers at Atlantic City. I'd get a bunch of little devils about my own age—that was when I was about ten or twelve—and we'd imitate performances we'd seen on the Steel Pier: acrobats, musicians, vaudeville entertainers, most every sort of stunt. Our favorite was 'Angie and Her Lions.' This was

[*Continued on page 151*]

When Edwin Leopold set up in the serious business of being foolish for a living, he selected the name Ed Wynn as a trade-mark. When not planning new ways to be silly he practices on one of his six instruments or writes the books, lyrics and music for the shows in which he stars.



George Agutter (center) is the professional tennis coach at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Long Island. Above is a view of the stands during a world championship match. Below are Ogden Phipps, sixteen-year-old star of St. Paul's School and Eleanor Goss, one of America's best all-around woman players. Both rank among Mr. Agutter's most adept pupils.

He Teaches Them Tennis

George Agutter's business is to improve the other fellow's game. From the experience acquired in years of coaching and observation he makes some suggestions invaluable to the average player

by Boyden Sparkes

YOU have often marveled at the gulf between the tennis club and the first string player. The answer is, coaching. In this article one of the most successful of tennis teachers discusses service, foot work, handling of the racket, net play and other important features of the game in a way that will enable you better to appreciate good tennis when you see it and to improve your own game if you play it. And along with helpful instructions you will find some sparkling anecdotes about internationally celebrated ranking players Mr. Agutter has known here and abroad.

THE gallery applauding the contestants in the finals of the Florida State Tennis Tournament was arrayed as gorgeously as a cage full of tropical birds in what the fashion news indexes as sport clothes. But one of the players engaged in the struggle for the doubles championship of Florida seemed to be trying to introduce a fresh note in tennis apparel. He wore socks with his knickers.

The incongruity was, however, not one of costume, but of years. The bare kneed player was Ogden Phipps whose name never appeared in the sporting page accounts of that tournament without being harassed by the qualifying appendage, "aged 12." What the gallery saw was a person about the size and aplomb of Booth Tarkington's Penrod, but he was the partner in the finals of no less a player than Dick Williams, twice national champion and several times captain of the Davis Cup Team. Their opponents were that agile Jap, Kumagae, and Edward Fuller Torrey, former vice-president of the American Lawn Tennis Association. One of the fattest of the ladies among the spectators said it all when in expressing her amazement she declared, "Why, he is only a little boy." He was, but he could play tennis. His racket was as potent as Thor's hammer. For two hours and a half the four players concentrated all their physical and thinking energy into that struggle. During that time, there was never a moment when Ogden Phipps was treated by Dick Williams as anything less than a full partner in their sporting enterprise. They did not win but they carried their rivals to a five set match. Once the spectators had tittered as the lad approved his partner's play by saying, "Good judgment," but Dick Williams acknowledge the praise as gravely as if the knickered figure had been that of Bill Tilden.

There was no fluke about the appearance of this twelve-year-old boy in the Florida finals even though in the human migration that fills the resorts of that State every winter there are scores of far better than average players. Ogden Phipps had begun his tennis career when he was five and a half, but his beginning had been exceptional in the respect that he had started with a coach. One is tempted to say with "the coach," George Agutter. Mr. Agutter is the professional at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Long Island.

At nine, because he was started right Ogden Phipps was playing a very good game. Now, at sixteen, he is the star of his school team, St. Paul's at Concord, New Hampshire and is regarded as wonderful material for a Davis Cup Team when he ripens. His strokes are fundamentally right and in the opinion of Agutter and other capable critics all he needs is competition and a survival of his present lively interest in tennis. His tennis is a splendid argument in favor of the tennis coach.

Just as the iridescent gleam that is reflected from the facets of a beautifully cut diamond is a testimonial to the skill of the artisan who works on the crude lump of carbon, so does the brilliant performance of the Phipps boy give evidence of the moulding powers of George Agutter.

"Between eight and twelve is the best time to start building a tennis player," according to Mr. Agutter. "If a child starts at eight, in four years such a youngster ought to be able to handle a racket very well."

That is just as true of golf as it is of tennis, of course, but there are scores of golf professionals—caddies not so many years ago—who are living exhibits as to its truth in golf, while tennis is not so rich in examples. There are surprisingly few tennis professionals in America, one reason being that tennis lacks the equivalent of caddies.

For the adult player expert instruction in tennis is as essential as it is in golf, with this difference—that golfers generally recognize the need of coaching to improve their game, while comparatively few tennis players realize that in seven or eight lessons from a gifted teacher they may learn more about the game than in a lifetime of trying to win against players of approximately their own caliber.

A sunburned, wiry youngster of thirteen used to hang about Queens Club in West Kensington, London, and chase balls for some of the crack players, R. F. and H. L. Doherty, M. J. G. Ritchie, A. W. Gore, H. S. Mahoney and others. He did more than chase their wild balls. He watched their playing with a solemn interest and in his own playing he acquired the form of those masters. That was George Agutter. As a half-grown youth he was given a post at Llududno, in Wales, at an indoor tennis club. When he was eighteen the Tennis Club of Paris informed Monsieur George Agutter, of Llududno, that the post of professional was his if he cared to take it.

His Debut in Paris

With his freckles, his sunburned hair and his slender frame he must have seemed absurdly young, but that was only an illusion in so far as his tennis was concerned. In that respect he was a wise old man with the tireless body of a youth. At the French club was a member of an old Parisian family who had won the indoor championship of Europe that year. He was inclined to sneer at the young professional. That was in 1904, when tennis was getting a good stride forward in the United States because of the publicity given President Roosevelt's tennis cabinet, which used to play every possible day in the grounds of the White House.

One of young Agutter's admirers suggested to the Frenchman that he could improve his game by practicing with the coach, but the suggestion was met with contempt.

"Well, play a match with him anyway. Perhaps he is better than you believe," the indoor champion was coaxed.

The match was arranged. The first set was taken by the young professional, six-four. Then he took the second, also six-four. Now it is the habit of coaches to inspire pupils to increased effort sometimes by letting them win a few games. Although in this match Agutter was playing his best, his supercilious opponent got the idea that he was being allowed to win the four games he was taking in each set. When the third set stood four-all his temper exploded and with a Latin peevishness he threw his racket across the court, declining to play any more. All of which should help to establish the fact that young Mr. Agutter was pretty good.

About 1907 George Rublee, an international lawyer, whose home is in New Hampshire, persuaded Agutter that, for the exploitation of his talent as a tennis coach, America offered him a better field in every way than any other country in the world. Mr. Rublee was a good prophet. Every spring and fall for eight years after coming to the United States Agutter went to Hot Springs; every winter for the eighteen years he has been in the country he has gone to Palm Beach. For eleven years he has been at the West Side Club in Forest Hills and for three years before that he was professional at the Onwentsia Club, north of Chicago.

In this time he has taught some splendid American tennis players all that they know of the game and he has improved the game of some who became stars before they encountered him. For two years he coached Frank Hunter who won the Olympic doubles with Vincent Richards last year and who beat Patterson, the Australian, the year before at Seabright. With Richards, Hunter also won the Wimbledon doubles last year.

Does coaching help? In the two years that Hunter worked under the ægis of Agutter, he jumped ten places in his tennis ranking so that he was placed at number five in 1923 and Tilden in that year expressed the opinion that he should have been third.

Miss Eleanor Goss learned practically all she knows of tennis from Agutter. She is counted as good an all around player as any woman in America, has been runner up to Mrs. Mallory and has beaten her.

"Who are the best players?" Mr. Agutter dislikes having to answer such questions but he responded to this one.

"Bill Tilden is beyond question the best all 'round stroke player. He is the best I have ever seen, and Mlle. Lenglen just as definitely is the best of the women. She is incomparable. Mlle. Lenglen has wonderful style. She learned by watching Wilding, and Wilding, in his turn, had imitated H. L. Doherty. It was Doherty who convinced Wilding that he should use both sides of his racket."

Incidentally, Mrs. Mallory has profited by instruction from Mr. Agutter. Eight or nine years ago when she had won the American championship once, using a "one sided" game, she came to him for instruction in a backhand stroke. He gave her five lessons on five successive days and she mastered them beautifully. Then Mrs. Mallory suggested that he might help her improve her forehand stroke.

"Oh, no," protested Agutter. "I'll have

nothing to do with it. You've won the championship with it. Leave it alone."

That was consistent with what he always tells beginners: "A good forehand drive should be the foundation of your game."

But before Mr. Agutter attempts to teach a good forehand drive he shows his pupils how to grip and swing the racket in order to make such a drive with a maximum of power and accuracy. In the game as he teaches it, that same grip does duty for serving but in backhand strokes there is a slight shifting of the hand. These two grips are all that are required by a player using what is commonly and mistakenly referred to as the English system. The "two-sided" system is that in which players present one face of their racket to the ball for forehand strokes and the reverse for backhand strokes. The members of the other, or "one-sided" school use only one face of the racket.

Agutter is a tireless advocate of the two-sided system.

For a clearer understanding of all this, fancy a racket prepared as if for use as a semaphore by a traffic policeman with "stop" lettered on one side and "go" on the other. A two-sided player making a forehanded shot would display "stop" to his opponent but when he played a backhand stroke his opponent would see "go."

A one-sided player would always display the same word to his opponent but a slow motion camera study of his game would reveal that instead of giving his racket a half-turn in switching from position for a forehanded to a backhanded stroke as the two-sided player does, he turns it completely. Therein lies the alleged inefficiency of this method.

HOW'S YOUR SERVICE?

Service, says George Agutter, is worth about seventy per cent. of the game of tennis if it is under control. To improve your service he suggests getting a lot of balls and practicing for half an hour at a time. When the knack of tossing the ball correctly has been acquired, getting speed into the stroke is just a matter of timing. Don't try to hit too hard at first. Take plenty of time until you have control and remember to swing up slowly and forward fast.

If that seems involved, approach it from this angle: Imagine one side of the webbing of a racket as blue and the reverse as red. If the opponent of a two-sided player should see the red on a forehanded shot then he would be sure to see the blue side on a backhanded drive. The merit of the two-sided system is not, of course, dependent on any difference in the two sides of the racket. It is in the use of the racket. For a parallel, one would have to refer to one of those efficiency engineers who, by taking photographs of certain laborers, reveal that they use seven distinct motions for lifting a shovel full of sand into a wagon, and then display photographs of more efficient laborers using only five strokes for the same operation.

If you prefer to believe such an array of authorities as George Agutter, William Tilden, Mlle. Lenglen, Vincent Richards, Dick Williams, Gerald Patterson, the Dohertys and W. A. Larned, the two-sided system is the most efficient. But, on the other hand, there are Bill Johnston, Mrs. Mallory, Anderson, Brookes and some others using the one-sided system and winning.

"For my part," says Agutter, "I can see no reason why a beginner should adopt the one-sided system of play when he may learn the two-sided game. Other things being equal the two-sided player has an advantage that is as sure to tell in a contest as the house percentage in a gambling casino. If a player has made a good start with the one-sided game, then of course, there are sound arguments to be made against a change.

"It was my luck to build up my game at Queens Club in London. For hours I would watch the playing of H. L. Doherty. He was not a strong man physically, but he got more out of his game than anyone I have ever seen on the courts with the exception of William M. Johnston.

"Doherty's style appealed to me for another reason. It was an absolute conserver of energy and therefore a good game to teach women and children.

"Chance entered into it somewhat, naturally, but I persuade myself that my judgment as a boy must have been sound because Doherty, up until the development of Tilden and William M. Johnston, has been called the world's best of all time by such authorities as Fred Alexander and W. A. Larned."

When I found Mr. Agutter reading a golfers' magazine at his home recently I thought I had trapped him in an indiscretion, but he was not embarrassed.

"I learn a lot about tennis from golf," he said. "The swing in tennis is as important as it is in golf, but how few tennis players realize this! The reason you do not hear more about swinging in tennis is that there are only seven or eight good tennis instructors in this country while there are hundreds of golf instructors.

"The first time, I think, that I began to realize that tennis and golf players could be mutually helpful was at Biarritz. I had been playing tennis and walked over to the first tee of the golf course. Arnaud Massey and a little Scotchman named Dunn were about to play.

" 'Want to try a shot?' Massey asked me.

" 'I don't mind,' I said. I never until then had taken a golf stick in my hand. I swung. The result was humiliating. They thought that was a fine joke on a tennis professional, but I offered to bet that they could not hit the ball if it was tossed to them, and that I could. They took me up promptly. Neither of them could do anything with that game of my invention, but I had no trouble hitting the ball. The point is that I had learned to time a moving ball and they had learned to time a motionless ball. That marked the beginning of my interest in golf as a means of improving tennis.

"I learned that golf instructors always taught their pupils how to use their wrists and shoulders and how to stand; also that they must always come back slowly and forward fast. All of this applies to tennis. Golfers, too, are more scientific about correcting a slice or a hook.

"Just take the follow through as an example. It is dinned into the ears of a golfer, but the tennis player hears altogether too little about it, yet it is just as important although few realize this."

Sometime ago, slow motion camera studies were made of the game of William M. Johnston.

When the pictures were shown before a gallery of critics who for the first time saw Johnston play tennis at the speed of lazily-floating cigaret smoke, the thing that captured the attention of all of them was the inevitableness of his follow through. "It is necessary for golf clubs to keep the swinging practice of players within reasonable limits," said Mr. Agutter. "Tennis playing will have improved vastly when players practice swinging to such an extent that club legislation is necessary to control them."

SOME SECRETS OF

The swing in tennis is just as important as in golf. Come back slowly and forward fast. Follow through. Practice swinging all the time.

Service well under control is worth seventy per cent. of the game. Get a bucket of balls, as Helen Wills used to do, and serve for half an hour at a time. You must get the knack of tossing the ball just exactly right. Speed is a matter of timing, so take it easy till you have control. Swing up slowly and forward fast. Instead of a fancy-twist service, most champions use a fast clean-hit first ball.

Don't wear yourself out dashing after the ball. Time it and play your strokes quickly and calmly. A fatal error is to swing at the ball too soon.

Expert tennis is not toe-dancing nor high kicking. To drive the ball correctly, the front foot must be on the ground. That allows the body weight to come into the stroke and assist the follow through.

Don't use your wrist in the swing back or your racket face will be twisted out of position when you hit. Use the wrist on the follow through.

To move in the direction the ball is coming, hop or slide sidewise with both feet so that you are always facing the net with your feet parallel to the baseline.

When the balls comes to your forehand, shift sideways by advancing your left foot or by moving your right foot back, and simultaneously start your racket back for the stroke.

For a backhand stroke advance your right foot or retreat your left after the same fashion, with the weight as in the forehand stroke always on the forward foot.

Unless you have become expert using the

Practice in tennis is as essential as practice in piano playing in the opinion of Mr. Agutter and in no department of the game does

"BIG LEAGUE" TENNIS

same face of the racket for forehand and backhand strokes, hold the racket so you can switch from forehand to backhand by a half-turn of the racket and use opposite faces for the two shots. It saves motion.

If the ball falls short of you when in position for a backhand or forehand stroke, step toward it with the forward foot first, swinging your racket back as you do so. If two steps are necessary, lead with the same foot as if you were dancing a two-step.

If the ball falls too close, retreat with the rear foot first in the same way. If you lift the front foot first, your body weight is falling back as you make your stroke and there is little chance to follow through.

Never turn and run toward the ball unless you are hopeless of getting it otherwise. Never turn to the sidewise position right or left until you are sure whether you will have to play a forehand or a backhand stroke.

As you grow more expert, get to the net oftener. Countless games are lost by good players who might have won if they had gone to the net.

The right foot-work is simple if you watch it. The rest is balance, timing, a good stroke, keeping your eye on the ball—and practice, practice!

These various pointers on how to play real tennis are explained more fully by the famous coach in this article. They are just as valuable for the "dub" as for the good player who longs to break into fast company. While the time to start learning tennis is "between eight and twelve," the application of certain rules and good coaching will help any one to more progress in a few hard lessons than in a lifetime of "just dubbing along."

it pay so well in his experience as in service.

"Service," Mr. Agutter will tell you if you are lucky enough to have him for a teacher, "is worth about seventy per cent. of the game to the server if it is under control.

"If you know you have a good service it helps your morale, and, proportionately, it discourages your opponent."

At the same time he will tell you that he finds it difficult to teach his pupils how to serve when he is standing right beside them coaching every movement. Nevertheless he believes there is more merit in a fast ball than in a slow one. In his opinion, Patterson, the Australian, has the ideal service, a rhythmical, perfectly timed fast ball that is, happily for the ambitious beginner who sees it, easily imitated.

One of Mr. Agutter's pupils, a high ranking player, began to have trouble with his service about three years ago.

"I noticed that he was trying different tactics when serving," said the coach. "He was standing differently and swinging the racket forward in a different fashion. I asked him what he was trying to do. He said he was trying to develop an American twist. I told him to leave it alone. He took my advice and set about developing a fast first ball and a fast second one with a little more spin. Nowadays I am lucky if I get a set from this player. If he had kept on experimenting with the twist I doubt very much whether he would have made the tennis history he has during these last three years.

"To the beginner I would suggest getting a lot of balls and serving for about half an hour at a time. When the knack of tossing the ball correctly has been acquired, getting speed into the stroke is just a matter of timing. Don't try to hit too hard at first. Take plenty of time until you have control and remember to swing up slowly and forward fast.

"The things the player should try to keep in mind when practicing service are: balance, gripping the racket, swinging, tossing the ball to the right height and watching it as long as possible. Few players toss the ball as high as they should. Some toss it high enough so they can play it with a snap of the wrist or toss it to where it is played with the elbow. Others play the ball at the top of the throw, making it difficult to time the stroke. Tossing the ball too high makes it difficult to judge on the way down and players with the habit are handicapped on windy days. However, I think they have a better chance to serve well than players who fail to toss it high enough.

"People who have never played ball games find it difficult to serve at first because they are not accustomed to looking upward, or, usually, to using the left hand. Before they can hope to serve well they must train themselves to toss the ball correctly. The style of service used by the best players is more consistent than any other stroke in the game—all of them grip the racket in much the same way and use the same kind of swing. It is noticeable, too, that most of the men who have won championships (Tilden excepted) have not used twist services. Instead of trying a fancy service they use a fast clean-hit first ball and a moderately paced second, with a slight American twist or slight curve to the left.

"Your success in learning to serve well will depend on how you grip your racket, toss the ball and swing. Don't think much about the ball at first. Instead, do a little practicing with racket swinging until you acquire confidence. Then learn to toss the ball over the head and slightly to the left of the line of balance, which should be directly over your left foot, the weight of the body leaning forward along the projected flight of the ball. The average player is handicapped considerably by a lack of knowledge of foot work. Try to use your feet correctly and the improvement in your number of good strokes will be noticeable."

One of the easiest ways for the good average player to improve his game in the judgment of Mr. Agutter is to go to the net oftener.

"Have you ever," he asked, "noticed how thin the grass is worn at the baseline on most courts? Well, if the players who wear it thin would go to the net more their games would improve spectacularly. People sometimes ask me why I don't teach my pupils to go to the net more than they do. I teach them all right, but they won't go. It is a failing of even the highest ranking players.

"Some players don't go to the net because they are afraid of being hit; others don't go because they haven't enough energy. There is no good reason for not going though, and countless games are lost by players who might have won if they had gone to the net."

Obviously a man without legs could never amount to much as a tennis player. The defense of a court calls for rapid movements, quick shifts. Yet, expert tennis is not so much a matter of toe-dancing as some people think.

"Often," said Mr. Agutter, "you will see photographs of players who are getting in a lot of gymnastic work with their feet. Occasionally such a player is shown with one foot almost as high as his head. The inexperienced player is apt to think that such exertions are a proof of the expert ability of the person photographed, but nine times out of ten the high-kicking player is anything but expert.

"Watch some good player. You will see, whether it is a man or a woman, that as they drive the ball correctly the front foot is on the ground. Obviously that is the place for it because it allows the body weight to come into the stroke and to assist the follow through.

Importance of Foot Work

"For practice take your position in the center of the court near the baseline, and facing the net.

"Now, suppose you are in doubt as to where your opponent is going to place the ball. It appears to you that he is going to place it to your forehand. The thing for you to do then, of course, is to move in the direction you think the ball is coming. The way to move is to hop or slide sidewise with both feet, so that when you have made your move you are still facing the net with your feet parallel with the baseline.

"If another step appears necessary hop or slide in the correct direction. Now if the ball does come to your forehand shift sideways either by advancing your left foot or by moving your right foot back and as you do this you should be starting your racket back.

"For a backhand stroke employ the same system except that you should then balance your body weight on your right foot.

"Never turn and run toward the ball unless you feel that you will be unable to get it otherwise.

"Do not turn to the sidewise position until you are sure which you are going to play, a forehand or a backhand stroke.

"Suppose you are going to return a ball forehand which is going to fall a little short of where you are standing. Keep cool and step forward with your left foot, swinging your racket backward as you do so. If one step does not appear to be enough, step again with the left foot, just as if you were two-stepping in a dance. Try to get the knack of using your left foot first when advancing toward a ball that has fallen a little short of your position. If you should form the habit of advancing with the right foot you will have difficulty changing.

"Now suppose the ball appears to be coming too close to you. You wish to retreat to a better position. Step back with your right foot. If another step is necessary use the right foot again, just as if you were two-stepping.

"Unfortunately the incorrect way to move away from a ball that is coming too close is the natural way, that is, to lift the left foot. If you make this mistake, and most untaught players do, then as you make your stroke the body weight is falling away from the stroke and you have almost no chance of following through. If you want to become a good player you will have to give a lot of attention to foot work, and yet it is simple enough after all. I have known a lame man who was an extraordinarily good player in spite of his handicap, but he had learned to stroke the ball well."

Balance and timing! Keeping your eye on the ball! It is the same old cry in football, in baseball, in golf and in tennis.

A few cardinal rules that Mr. Agutter would lay down for the tennis dub are these:

"Don't wear yourself out running madly after the ball. Try to time it and play your strokes quickly and calmly."

"Don't swing at the ball too soon. Remember that a fatal tendency even for the best players is to swing too soon.

"Don't use your wrist in the swing back, or you will turn the racket face out of position. Use the wrist on the follow through."

And practice!

The story of a young American who set out to win a fortune and a girl in Europe

The Adventures of Million Dollar Smith

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

"BOY!" said Laurette, "I've got a longing for pie à la mode—and lobster that hasn't died a lingering death before it's popped into boiling water—and strawberry shortcake—and coffee that doesn't taste like sheep-dip—and watermelon and fudge sundae—and clam chowder . . . "

"And a good, old-fashioned, day-after-Thanksgiving tummyache!" laughed Canfield Smith. "What's the matter? Don't they give you enough grub here in London?"

"I'm dieting!" she said severely, unreasonably.

"Then—what—"

"Look!" she shrugged very slim, very charming shoulders toward the window.

Outside, a thick fog oozed from the skies like an immense shutter, smoothly, evenly, as if sliding in well-oiled grooves. A shroud it seemed, punctured orange and vermilion here and there where a street-lamp was trying, without much success, to pierce the gray, sooty desolation.

"Homesick, kid?" inquired Canfield.

"You said it. Besides, my European engagement is nearly over—and I had a cable from Flo Ziegfeld to hurry across just as soon as I can and be starred in the new Follies."

"Oh!" came his regrettable pun—"to help him win the battle of Legs-ington?"

"Yes."

"When d'you think of going?"

"I give my last performance three weeks from Saturday. I'll sail right away—on the following Monday."

"I'm going with you, Laurette."

"That's where the well-known rub comes in."

"Why—don't you want me to?"

"Dont be a goof. You bet I do. But . . . "

"Well?"

"You see," she explained, "all the steamships are packed with Americans rushing home to show off their brand-new British accent and guaranteed all-Scotch D. T.'s. Finally I found there's a stateroom left—just one—on the *Gigantic*—and it isn't exactly a stateroom either!"

"What is it?"

"The bridal suite, Canfield!"

They looked at each other.

"And so . . . " she continued—slurred—stopped.

"And so—if you were my wife . . . "

"And you my husband . . . "

"Going to be, kid!" he said calmly.

"Great! Let's 'phone to the desk clerk."

"For what?"

"We don't know the ropes here . . . Ask him how to get a marriage license. . . . "

"Not just yet!"

"What d' you mean—not just yet?" she demanded.

"*You* know!"

"Don't be so stubborn!"

"It ain't stubborness. It's a principle."

"Sure!" she rejoined sarcastically. "It wasn't the alcohol went to my head. It was the sugar!"

"I can't help it."

"Don't you love me any more, Canfield?"

"Sure I do. More than ever."

"Then why won't you . . ?"

"I swore I wouldn't until . . . "

"Aw!" she exclaimed. "You make me wild!"

"Well—it was your own fault!"

"It wasn't!"

"It was!"

"It wasn't!"

But it *was*—in a way.

For—to go back to the Genesis of this tale—nearly a year earlier Canfield Smith, formerly a cowboy, had come into possession of the rich Dixie Glory mine.

His pockets full of money and large checks coming in every month as the mine panned out to be a small Bonanza, he had gone abroad to see the world. In Paris he had met Laurette de Roze, née Bridget O'Mahoney—the one and only Laurette, whose meteoric rise from San Francisco's Barbary Coast to Pantages's circuit, from Pantages's to the twinkling, stammering lights of Broadway and thence to the Casino de Paris and the London Alhambra, was the talk of all the theatrical green rooms and the Sunday supplements. He had fallen in love with her. But she had refused to marry him because he was too "flighty" and did not work.

Love him?

Sure she did! She had admitted it.

But she had a practical little head on those charming shoulders of hers, and had added that she "wasn't going to marry no man who doesn't earn his living. It ain't the jack. You've got that. It's the—now—principle of the thing. Ain't there some proverb about the Devil and idle hands . . ?"

SHE had warned him, furthermore, against his European acquaintances—"to them you're just an easy-mark, a typical American sucker!"—and she had been right since, when through litigation over the title of the mine he had lost it and had found himself suddenly penniless in Paris, all his supposed friends had turned against him. Embittered by the experience and, too, due to Laurette's insisting—if he had not been in love with her he would have called it nagging—that "I told you so!" and "you better go back to America where you belong!" he had decided to avenge himself on the Europeans by hurting them in their most vulnerable spots, namely—their pocketbooks, and had sworn not to propose to her again until he had earned a million dollars here in Europe.

He had made a bully start in Paris, winning a hundred thousand dollars at poker—draw, stud, and down-the-river, and, when Laurette had gone to Rome to fill an engagement and he, dutifully, had trailed along, had doubled his pile there by selling what he called a "swell line of fake ancestors" to various snobbish ladies with the help of an impecunious East Indian Rajah.

Indeed a good beginning. But two hundred thousand was not a million, and Laurette said so:

"You're eight hundred thousand smackers to the bad. And I don't want to marry any body except you—nor do I want to die an old maid!"

"Very well," he laughed. "You go and take the bridal suite for me and my bitter, I mean better half—while I'll look after the marriage license and the narrow gold ring."

"Oh!" She jumped up, delighted, and kissed him. "You've given up that crazy, stubborn notion of yours . . ?"

"Not a bit, honeybunch! But I'll get me the rest of my million before we step up to the altar."

"You're off your bean. You can't make eight hundred thousand berries in a little over three weeks—not unless you rob the Bank of England!"

"No? Well—I've got a hunch, kid!"

He had more than a hunch. He had an idea, a plan. But he did not tell her.

And so, leaving the hotel, he went to a small, shabby boarding house back of the British Museum and called on Señor Esteban Garcia y Machado, admiral of the non-existing fleet of the Central American republic of San Sonate.

He had met the admiral a few days earlier at a stag banquet given by the American Chamber of Commerce in London.

It was the usual sort of banquet, with the usual sort of toast-master securing silence for the usual sort of post-prandial oratory, English gushing over Americans and vice versa; and of course, as at all such functions, there were to be observed a number of gentlemen upon whom all eloquence was wasted and for whom periods had been polished, tongues silvered, epigrams coined, and "this reminds me" jokes rehearsed in vain.

Pulling solemnly at cold cigars, fingering their watch chains, the stems of their wine glasses, or their mustaches reflectively, their heads bowed over snowy, crumpled shirt fronts, their faces wreathed in vacuous smiles, they sat remote from current events deaf to the speaker of the moment and his most impassioned appeals to their patriotism and civic pride, plunged in an inner contemplation of the spirit worthy of an esoteric Buddha.

And Canfield Smith was one of them.

He was on the point of dropping off to sleep—in spite of the Honorable Jeremiah S. Higginbotham's splendid remarks that "blood is thicker than water!" and "the Bard of Avon belongs to both England and America!" and "the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack entwined into a symbol and bulwark of peace and justice!"—when suddenly he was awakened from his trance by the sobs, the distinct sobs, of the man at his left.

He had not exchanged more than a dozen words with him during the evening, having devoted most of his attention to the man at his right, Mr. Burton Pinkey, the famous New York publicity specialist and advertising agent, on a business trip to London to boost Teeka-no-Kora, the new American breakfast beverage guaranteed to be free of caffeine, tannic acid, alcohol, sugar, nicotine, spices, and whatever other ingredients make breakfast half-way enjoyable. But Canfield had noticed the other;

a very tall, very lean man, sallow-skinned, hook-nosed, wedge-chinned, the general sharpness of his features emphasized by the martial upsweep of a heavy, black mustache, and dressed in a gorgeous, dark blue, naval uniform, with braiding and epaulets of heavy gold.

Again the man sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Hello " asked Canfield, "what's wrong? Too many patriotic speeches—or too much champagne?"

"Neither!"

"What is it then?"

"It is," came the slow, dignified reply, with just the faintest trace of a metallic Latin intonation, "that my heart is shivered to pieces—my soul excoriated—and my spirit flagellated!"

"Gosh! What a swell herd of stem-winding words! Tell me more!"

The language was slangy, but accents and intention sympathetic; and the stranger introduced himself. He was Señor Esteban Garcia y Machado, admiral of the Republic of San Sonate.

"Pleased to meet you, Admiral. I'm Canfield Smith. Where's your fleet? Visiting British ports?"

"No, no! I have no fleet!"

"Well—where's your ship?"

"Ah—*valdame Dios!*—I have no ship!" Again the heart-rending sob.

"That what you're so upset about? Come—tell your Uncle Dudley!"

"You see," said the other, "for a week now my fatherland has been at war with the Republic of Santa Anna, a foul and stinking country—you may believe me, sir—inhabited entirely by the unwholesome descendants of unclean Indians with hardly a drop of Castilian blood."

And to Canfield's further friendly questioning, he related a simple but tragic story—tragic, at least, from his point of view.

For it appeared that, for a number of years, there had been ill-feeling, border troubles, and the threat of war between the two neighboring republics. A month or two earlier, San Sonate had sent its admiral aboard with instructions, also a handsome sum of money, to buy a gunboat in one of the British yards. He had started negotiations with Messrs. M'Corquodale, M'Eachrane, M'Murtrie & M'Kilree, ship builders, Glasgow, Belfast and London, for the purchase of a neat little craft, built originally for another small nation that had become bankrupt, complete from spanker boom to scuttlebutt and with a full complement of guns that were not too rusty for casual Central American warfare.

The deal had been nearly finished when Santa Anna had sent over its own admiral, Señor Juan Maria D'Alvarez, with similar instructions, but an even handsomer sum of money as well as a skeleton crew. Immediately the canny Scotch firm had switched to the higher bidder, selling the ship to Santa Anna, and, inside of twenty-four hours, the latter republic had declared war.

"THE gunboat," continued Garcia y Machado, "will harass our coast trade and bombard our port. Ah—my poor, unhappy fatherland! Ah—the cruel, unhuman wretches!"

"And what would you do if you had the gunboat?"

"Why—" exclaimed the other naïvely—"I would harass their coast trade and bombard their port. What else?"

Canfield suppressed a smile.

"Can't you buy another ship here, or perhaps in Holland or Norway?"

"No ship builder would sell to us in wartime. It would be against the law of nations. And so—*que cosa hay mas cruel?* here I am; an admiral—and no ship—no crew. . . . "

"But still you have the dough!"

"The—what?"

"The old pesetas!"

"Sir!" thundered the admiral. "Do you imagine that I would steal?"

"Keep your shirt on, old timer. I meant nothing of the sort. But I do mean that wherever there's the kale, there's a way. Tell me," he went on after a pause, "where's that gunboat now? Sailing across the Atlantic?"

"No. She is right here in London port. At the India Docks. Taking on coal and water and provisions."

"Isn't that against the law of nations, too?"

"No."

"Know when she's going to sail?"

"As soon as she is ready. Inside of three weeks, I should think."

"And you marooned here—an honest-to-God admiral, without the makin's! Now ain't that tough?"

"Very, very tough—by the Blessed Virgin!"

"Still," repeated Canfield, musingly, "you have the dough. How much dough, by the way?"

"Two million dollars gold."

"Gee! that's lots, boy!"

Canfield was silent. An idea was shaping in his shrewd, bullet-shaped head.

Then, cutting sharply through his thoughts, he became aware of clipped, nasal accents as the man at his right, Mr. Burton Pinkney, the famous New York publicity specialist and advertising agent, was praising his chosen vocation to the Englishman on the other side of him:

"Newspaper publicity—the printed word—there you have the whole secret of modern success! If people read it black on white they believe it's true—at least if they read it often enough. Give me enough money, and I can

"I brought wine," said the potentate, and, in his delightful broken

sell anything—not only my wares, but ideas, superstitions, even a new religion. Why—if you let me map out your campaign—you can sell safety razors to a Wop barbers' convention—digestive pills to the South Sea cannibals—illustrated copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the far, far mint-julep fastnesses of Virginia—tickets to a benefit performance for Armenian Relief to a Turkish Pasha—and Ku Klux Klan regalia to the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem. Just hand me the money. Give me *carte blanche* as to methods. Then watch my smoke."

" 'Strawd'n'r'y, 'strawd'n'ry!" drawled the Englishman, while Canfield Smith, his idea crystalizing in his brain, poked his countryman in the ribs.

"Look here!" he whispered without further preliminaries. "Are you willing to do a little business that will net you—oh—fifty thousand berries for a couple of weeks' work?"

"You interest me, stranger!"

"All right." He turned to the Central American. "Admiral, shake hands with Mr. Pinkney."

"Pleased to meet you, sir."

"I am charmed, señor."

"By the way, admiral," went on Canfield, "you've gone and hired Mr. Burton Pinkney."

"Pardon?"

"To the tune of fifty thousand dollars."

"But—but," spluttered the other, "I fail to understand.

"You'll understand in the shake of a lamb's tail. Let's go to my hotel, and I'll explain. Come on, gents."

So ex-cowboy, publicity specialist and admiral left the banquet and went to Canfield's room where, after a long conversation, they signed certain papers, shook hands, and parted with expression of glowing, mutual respect, and it was a few days later that Canfield told Laurette about his hunch of earning the rest of his million before they sailed home to America as man and wife, and went direct from her hotel to the admiral's boarding house back of the British Museum.

Arrived there, he pulled a morning newspaper from his pocket and pointed at a blue-marked half-column on the third page, with the headline:

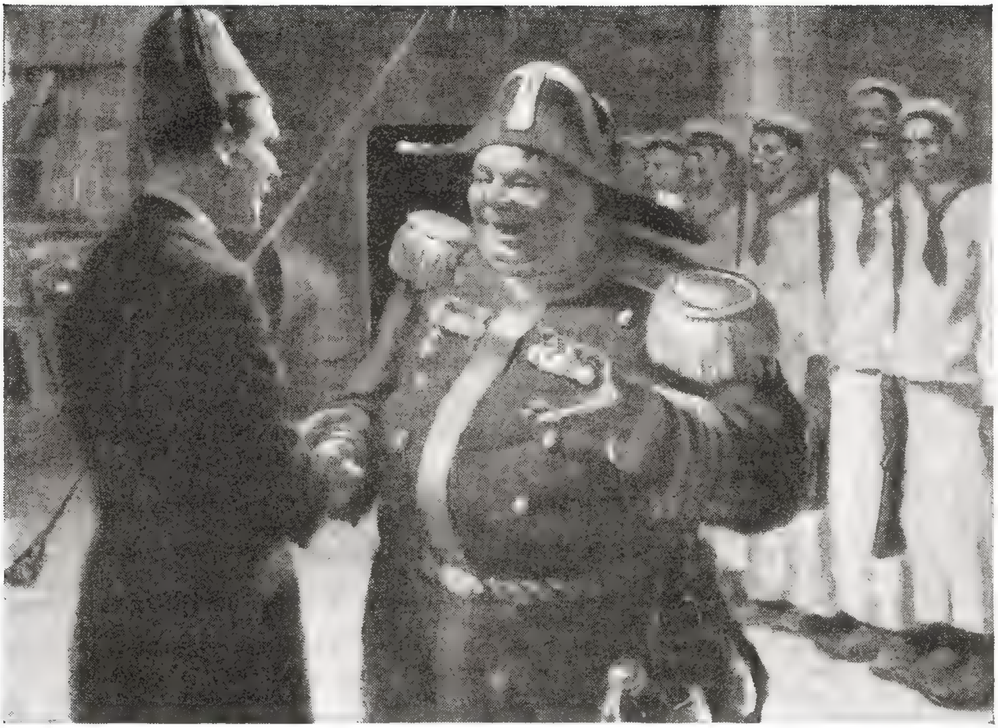
MEHMET ALI EL-GHAZI

SULTAN OF MASKAT

Entertained by the President of France

the article going on to say that, according to confidential information, the Sultan of Maskat was leaving for London at the end of the week. He would spend a week there but incognito, for reasons of state and the last lines, while not in so many words, yet gave the reader to understand that the matter was important and that the "reasons of state" boded ill for the British Empire.

"Are you ready?" asked Canfield.



English, "me like drinkee! Maybe a few bottles for your brave crew?"

"Yes," replied the admiral, pointing at a packed suitcase.

"We'll pick up my bag on the way to the station. Pinkney will meet us there. Foggy day, though. I guess we'll have a bad crossing."

"I am afraid so," sighed the other. "And I get seasick very easily."

"You're one hell of an admiral!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Garcia y Machado, unwittingly paraphrasing Napoleon, "I fight with my sword—not with my stomach!"

They found Pinkney waiting for them at the railway station whence the ex-cowboy sent a telegram to Laurette which read:

"Going to Paris on business back shortly don't forget bridal suite lots of love

(signed) CANFIELD."

DURING the next few days, there being a temporary dearth of divorce cases, blackmail scandals, and political assassinations, the London and too, the provincial dailies had a great deal to say about the Sultan of Maskat.

They caught the ball of news. They gilded and tinseled, embossed and embroidered it. They flung it wide, and caught it again.

The following morning—cut in below a screaming bit of editorial hysteria which accused the Liberal ministry in power of having sold the Empire to the Americans, the Hollanders, the Russians, the Portuguese, and the Fiji Islanders—the Tory *Times* brought a letter from "Old Subscriber" saying that the fact of the Sultan having been lavishly entertained by the French government while he intended visiting England incognito, was an insult to the Union Jack and a challenge to all Britons who never, never shall be slaves!

So the *Times* tossed the ball to its Fleet Street neighbor, the Daily *Graphic*, which acted up splendidly. For it printed a rotogravure portrait of the Sultan in a border of nautch girls, sacks of gold, brawny executioners, camels, and French cocottes and mentioned that France had loaned him fifty million francs.

"WHY?" demanded the tart, succinct word on its front page in four-inch Gothic.

This put the odium straight on the threshold of the Radical-Liberal Manchester *Guardian* which, after a short invocation to the manes of the late Mr. Gladstone, proceeded to prove that modern, meretricious, sabre-rattling imperialism was at the root of this as of all other evils, and that naturally—what with the League of Nations and the Fourteen Points and the Awakening of Subject Races—the Sultan of Maskat was right in making an alliance with France. For at least, with all its faults, France was a republic.

"Traitors!" shouted the *Times*.

"Short-sighted fools!" retaliated the Manchester *Guardian*.

Other papers joined in the chorus. Sir James Greatorex, M. P., Conservative whip in the House of Commons, challenged the government benches to explain; the Laborites demanded a new election; the editor of the Manchester *Guardian* was offered a baronetcy, the proprietor of the *Times* a dukedom; in the Burlington Arcade the young bloods shopped for neckties in the national colors of Maskat, green, rose, and purple; Miss Ermintrude La Fleur, the Gaiety chorus girl, began a breach of promise suit against the Sultan. In fact, from Wembley to Charing Cross, from the Tilbury Docks to Bond Street, all the great macrocosm of London commenced to stir and buzz like a beehive—and to turn out in its thousands with reporters and cameramen and even a deputation from the Foreign Office when, a week later, the Sultan of Maskat arrived at Waterloo station.

He was a short muscular man with a clear, light-olive complexion, humorous, twinkling, intensely brown eyes, and a nose that, starting in a haughty Wellingtonian curve finished disconcertingly in an undignified tilt to starboard. Dressed in a plain, blue serge suit, the only Oriental touch being supplied by a crimson fez and turquoise and silver ear rings, he walked with a decidedly rolling gait, like a sailor or a cavalryman. He was accompanied by two dignitaries. One was very tall and lean, robed in gorgeous, purple brocade, an immense turban of the same material shadow-blotching his face so that only his beak of a nose caught a point of sunlight, while the other was a stout, nondescript individual in sober black frock coat and black astrakhan cap.

The Sultan motioned the Foreign Office deputation away with a graceful wave of his hand, saying in delightfully broken English.

"I am—what you call—incognito, eh? No, no, no—no talkee, no talkee!"

He gave the same reply to the clustering reporters; and when the special feature writer for the *New Statesman*—the famous Ernest Royd, whose erudition matched his beard, who knew all about everything, and gloried in his mastery over seventeen languages—bowed before him and addressed him in what he fondly, and quite rightly, hoped was fluent and elegant Muskatese, spicing his speech with select quotations from the Muskatese classics, the Sultan asked him: "What language you talkee, Mister?" thereby gaining the undying affection of all the other newspapermen.

THE afternoon papers spoke of his arrival. They mentioned, too, that instead of putting up at the Ritz, usually the rendezvous of rich Oriental potentates, he had engaged rooms at the Tudor, a small hotel with medieval plumbing on the Strand mostly frequented by South and Central Americans—"doubtless for sinister political reasons," commented the Daily *News*.

Not a single reporter noticed that, in the same hotel, eagerly waiting for his gunboat, recently christened *La Libertad*, to get ready for sea, lived Señor Juan Maria d'Alvarez, admiral of the republic of Santa Anna.

A day passed. A second.

On the third another sensation—something about the young Earl of Vavassour-Brabazon having varied the monotony of last year's marriage to, and divorce from, a Sussex dairymaid by this year's elopment with his colonel's grandmother—boomed along and stirred the London streets and set the London tongues a-wagging, and so, quickly, the Sultan of Maskat passed into the limbo of negligible half-remembered things.

In fact on the following Saturday Canfield Smith called on Laurette.

"Just back from Paris, kid," he said—and mentioned having met the Sultan, Laurette, who read never a book but all the newspapers, was puzzled.

"Oh, yes. I've come across his name somewhere. What about him?" she replied.

"He says he's crazy to meet you."

"Bring him around some night after the show."

"Promise not to fall in love with him?"

"I love *you*, Canfield—even though you're as stubborn as a Missouri mule. You—with your million dollars—why—you got about as much chance to earn them as—"

"Maybe I'll laugh last, kid," he interrupted.

"Sure—and he who laughs last is usually the dumbest!"

Yes. The Sultan was almost forgotten.

But there was one man on whom he made a vivid impression, and this was Señor d'Alvarez, the admiral of Santa Anna, a short, obese, clean-shaven individual with avaricious eyes and a favorite pose in which he fancied he resembled Napoleon.

He met the Sultan on the day of his arrival at Tudor. He recalled, as reported in the British papers, the latter's success in borrowing fifty million francs from the French government, and—here was news unknown to his colleague and enemy, the admiral of San Sonate—he thought of recent exchanges of cabled messages in code between himself and Señor Roderigo Zelaya, the president of his country:

> "Cable money. Have no more. Nor credit. Can not provision ship.
> (signed) D'ALVAREZ, Admiral."

> "Treasury empty. You used last money to buy ship. This is a war not a tea fight. Hurry over. Bombard San Sonate port. Then collect war indemnity. (signed) ZELAY, President."

> "Can't sail without money.
> (signed) D'ALVAREZ, Admiral."

"Borrow. (signed) ZELAYA, President."

"No credit. (signed) D'ALVAREZ, Admiral."

"Get money or credit somehow.
(signed) ZELAYA, President."

"How? (signed) D'ALVAREZ, Admiral."

There had been no reply to his last cablegram. The gunboat had stopped taking on provisions. The few officers and the skeleton crew had received no pay for over a fortnight and were grumbling. And here now, like an answer to d'Alvarez' prayers came this resplendent and wealthy Oriental potentate who—he showed an extraordinary familiarity with Central American affairs—declared himself a friend of Santa Anna and an enemy of San Sonate; who seemed a good sport, spending money like water and entertaining the admiral at numerous dinner and theater parties, and who, when the latter finally took the bit between his teeth and mentioned a loan, did not shy off like the cold-blooded London business men, but replied in his charming broken English:

"All right, Mister Admiral. Some day we talkee money. I have plenty. Tonight we no talkee money. Tonight we dancee, eh?"

The Sultan excused himself, saying he was going to telephone to the Fireflies' Supper Club to reserve a table, and, strangely, it was Canfield Smith who a few minutes later called up Mr. Burton Pinkney, the publicity specialist.

"Burt," he said, "the sucker is swallowing the bait. Get the harpoon ready."

"A harpoon for a sucker?" laughed the New Yorker.

"This sucker is a whale!"

"When do you think that . . ?"

"Day after to-morrow—Sunday—late at night. I'll let you know the exact time. By the way—doing anything special Monday morning?"

"No. Why?"

"I want you to be my best man."

"Getting married?"

"Sure. Sailing directly after the ceremony—on the *Gigantic*."

SHORTLY afterwards Mr. Burton Pinkney communicated with Admiral Garcia y Machado—let us mention here that, shortly after the Sultan's arrival, his small retinue had returned to Maskat—and, later in the evening, the two, dressed in their shabbiest clothes, took a taxicab to the docks, east of the Tower.

Thence they proceeded on foot down Ratcliffe Highway, past "model tenements" that hide their feculent, maggoty souls behind white stucco fronts, past Jamrach's world-famed "Wild Beast Shop" where the spectacled proprietor boasts that, on a day's notice, he can sell you any animal from a white Siamese elephant to a blue Tibetan bear, past Donald M'Eachran's "Murray Arms" saloon bar where a nostalgic Highlander sells the cockney equivalent for Athol Brose, and turned into Shadwell's smelly, greasy, gin-soaked purlieus.

Here, the East India and Commercial and Victoria Docks spill over with taverns and sailors' boarding houses and ship-chandlers' and second-hand stores where every last mildewy curio a sailor, for reasons only known to himself, packs in his dunnage, from Korean brass to broken bits of Yunan jade, from white Gulg corals to bundles of yellow Latakia tobacco leaves, can be bought. Too, men from all the corners of the globe—men who go down to the sea in ships and come up from the sea, as often as not, in hansom cabs to spend the bitter wages of six weeks' battling with storm and rotten timbers in one night's scarlet spree amongst the girls and the pubs of sneering Limehouse.

Romance here!

Romance of the docks, where brown Laskar and sooty Seedee-boy and yellow Chinese finds that his money gives him the rollicking, ribald waterfront equality which the forecastle denies him!

Romance that starts with a double drink of gin and perhaps a chandoo pipe in the backroom of a Wapping tavern and winds up, quite possibly in a perambulator with a half-breed child peeping out, wonderingly, protestingly!

Brutal, sordid romance—romance of knife and pistol and thudding blackjack!

Romance of a hundred ports; of far, purple isles in nameless oceans and dozing lagoons below tropic skies; of steely clash of weapons from the Golden Horn to Maracaibo; of piracy and barratry and gun-running!

Romance of "no questions asked" when two gentlemen in shabby clothes but with gold in their pockets passed from dive to dive, picking out here a man because he had a crooked scar across his brows, and there one because his eyes were roving and reckless—here a man because he laced his English with great Spanish oaths, and there one because there was that on his shifty face which showed he had cheated the hangman.

"Think you can handle those birds?" asked Mr. Pinkney rather nervously, as they returned up Ratcliffe Highway.

"Sir, I can handle anything on the high seas except—ah—occasionally," with a little self-conscious smile, "my stomach in choppy weather. Besides, I noticed amongst the riff-raff one or two broken gentlemen whom I shall be able to trust."

In the meantime the Sultan of Maskat and Admiral d'Alvarez had gone to the Fireflies' Supper Club where, what with the former's fez and earrings and the latter's splendid uniform, they were quite the rage of the women—stout burgess ladies, mostly from Hempsted

Heath and Queen's Gate, the sort who employ two parlor maids, know DeBrett's Peerage by heart, and only rarely drop their H's.

But the admiral was not enjoying himself.

For, worried at having received no reply to his last telegram from the President of Santa Anna, he had left word at his hotel to forward all messages to the Fireflies' Supper Club, and it had been brought to him a minute earlier—a cable which announced grimly:

> "Have arrested your father and your three sons. Hurry here with gunboat, or I shall have them shot as traitors to the republic.
>
> (signed) ZELAYA, President."

He turned pale, and when the Sultan came back to the table after a fantastic one-step with a Bloomsbury butcher's widow whose flame-colored frock should have been higher up the back and lower at the ankles, the Central American, without another word, produced the cablegram.

"Señor," he said with dignity, "I throw myself upon your mercy."

"Mister," replied the Sultan with equal dignity, "my mercy is yours— So is my purse!"

Told by the other that fifty thousand pounds sterling were needed to finish provisioning the ship, to settle with pressing creditors and give the grumbling officers and crew their back pay, he made a grandiose gesture. He opened his pocketbook, drew out a wad of crinkly, white Bank of England notes, and passed over the sum required.

Followed a dramatic scene to this day remembered in the annals of the Fireflies' Supper Club.

For the admiral rose, dropped on his knees before the Sultan, and kissed his hands.

"I love you!" cried d'Alvarez.

"And I love you!" replied the Sultan.

And he raised the other from the ground and clasped him to his broad chest, whereupon the Bloomsbury butcher's widow remarked to a lady from Wapping:

"Stroike me pink! But ain't them Orientals just too 'eavenly for words!"

All the next day—it being Saturday—and far into Sunday afternoon, the gunboat *La Libertad* was a scene of commotion.

The squeak of block and tackle. The heaving and pushing and pulling and wheeling of great loads. The thud of hatch coamings. The patter of sailor's naked feet. The thumping of stevedores' hobnailed boots. The ringing clank of the engineer's hammer on coupler-flange and spindle-guide. The gurgle of oil. The noisy testing of follower-bolts. The sob and suck of the feed pumps. The deep basso of the crank throws. The sighing of the thrust blocks. The "yo-ho!" that is the chant of all the oceans where keels run. The whole salty, scarred symphony of the gray seas and a ship!

Hustle and bustle.

Hustle and bustle, too—that Sunday—in the life of Canfield Smith.

A telegram to a badly worried Laurette who, for a number of days, had not seen him nor heard from him:

> "Get ready for wedding tomorrow Monday morning, have license and ring."

Came a long conversation with Mr. Pinkney and Admiral Garcia y Machado, and finally a visit to a little tavern in Coal Yard Street, off Drury Lane, that ancient, crooked alley still fragrant with the memories of Nell Gwynne. There in the back room with its black, oaken settle and its neat, sanded floor, Dugald Grant the landlord—who had drowned his proverbial Scotch conscience in his proverbial Scotch greed—was waiting for Canfield.

"Got the stuff?" asked the latter.

"Here ye are!" Grant pointed at a large hamper.

"Sure it's all right?"

"Would ye care for a wee drappie?"

"Not I!" laughed Jack.

"Well," said the Scotchman, "there's always Jim." He stepped to the door, called out: "Jim!" And when a bleary-eyed individual appeared from the bar room where he had been wiping glasses: "Here's an American gentleman who wants to treat ye to a nip!"

"Thank ye kindly, sir!"

So they drew a bottle at random from the hamper, uncorked it, filled a glass . . . and it was late that Sunday evening that the Sultan of Maskat, followed by a porter who carried a hamper, boarded the gunboat *La Libertad* and shook hands with Admiral d'Alvarez.

"Señor," said the latter, "never shall I be able to express my thanks to you. You shall have the money back as soon as—"

"No, no!" expostulated the Sultan. "It is—what you call—a gift to Santa Anna!"

"The entire republic," proclaimed the admiral, "bows before you. And now—" as he led the way to the cabin—"your suggestion was charming. A little farewell dinner aboard before we sail. My officers are waiting—they wish to thank you in person."

"I brought wine," said the potentate, and, in his delightful broken English, "me like drinkee!" he pointed at the hamper. "Maybe a few bottles for your brave crew?"

"Not too much, your Royal Highness. Remember—we sail at midnight!"

"Oh!" the Sultan suppressed a laugh, "a few bottles will be enough—quite enough." Some hours later, shortly before midnight, a casual passer-by along the docks might have heard the sound of profound snoring issuing from a tight little gunboat that flew the national colors of Santa Anna, and, waiting and watching, might have seen a number of dim figures led by a tall man in a gorgeous naval uniform, leave a disused, ramshackle water-front warehouse, hurry to the pier, and clamber aboard.

There a gentleman in a red fez and earrings awaited them.

"Everything's cocked and primed," he whispered to the tall, lean man. "They're dead to the world—as full as the Atlantic. Gee! But those knock-out drops I bought at Grant's would make a fortune on the Barbary Coast."

"Speaking about fortunes," smiled Garcia y Machado, as he passed over an immense roll of bank notes, "here is yours—and well earned!"

"Thank you!"

"It is I who thanks you, señor! Ah—the entire republic of San Sonate bows before you!"

And Canfield laughed as he thought of Admiral d'Alvarez' similar words.

It was early the next morning, with the *Gigantic* thrusting outward bound through a heavy swell and the white cliffs of Dover racing away to the northeast, that Canfield turned to Laurette.

"How d'you like married life?" he asked.

"I'd like it better if you weren't so close-mouthed."

"What d'you mean? Asking for a kiss, are you, kid?"

"No. Asking for information. You haven't told me yet how you earned that last eight hundred thousand."

"I did, too! I told you I was an assistant pirate—and got kissed by a couple of Central American admirals—and—"

"Please be serious!"

"All right, Frau!"

And he began:

"You see—that evening at the American Chamber of Commerce banquet, when I heard that thin guy sigh I felt sorry for him—and so I . . . "

Learning

by Margaret Widdemer

I HAVE learned one thing now—
That simple words are true,
That there is great reality
In much I thought I knew,

That I have helped men's grief now
Because I have known grief,
That life becomes a higher thing
At falling of the leaf. . . .

I have learned one thing now—
But what good to say?
You can only learn it too
At ending of your day.

It Started *with a* Sandwich

Ten years ago Mrs. Fannie Riggs, then sixty-two, prevailed upon a druggist to sell a few of her home-made sandwiches. Now bread from her model bakery is sold in forty-six states

by Caralee Strock

A WOMAN of sixty-two walked timidly into a downtown drug-store in St. Louis and asked for the manager.

She was carrying a basket over her arm—a basket that contained a dozen sandwiches, fresh from her kitchen, and wrapped carefully in waxed paper.

Much effort had gone into the making of those sandwiches, for with them Mrs. Fannie Riggs hoped to earn a living for herself and her invalid husband.

"But this is a drug-store," the manager told her kindly, when she explained her mission. He feared that this gentlewoman obviously unfamiliar with the business world did not know into what kind of an establishment she had stumbled.

Mrs. Riggs summoned her courage and argued that a drug-store was the logical place to sell sandwiches. Wasn't the soda fountain becoming more popular every day? And didn't hurried business people often drink a malted milk instead of eating a regular lunch? And why couldn't St. Louis be as up-to-date as New York? The drug-stores there were featuring sandwiches at the soda fountain.

The new saleswoman had a host of arguments. She even insisted on taking a sandwich out of her basket and showing the manager how delicious it was. No ordinary sandwich, she assured him, but one made from whole-wheat bread which she had baked in her own kitchen.

Although he was not convinced, there was something about that sandwich and the maker's persistence which appealed to the manager. He finally suggested that she see the superintendent of the soda fountains and let him be the judge.

Mrs. Riggs tucked the sandwich back into her basket and prepared for the second interview.

It took several hours to find the soda fountain man. The drug company operated several stores and he went from one to the other, supervising the work. Mrs. Riggs wanted to lose no time so she followed him. She would reach one store only to find he had just left. So she kept up a continuous round of walking before she at last located him and repeated her sales talk.

Yes, there were occasional calls for sandwiches, the soda fountain man admitted. And her sandwiches did look tempting. Perhaps he had better give them a trial.

Triumphantly Mrs. Riggs transferred the contents of her basket to the counter, gave the sandwiches a farewell pat and went back home.

That evening the telephone rang.

It was the soda fountain man. Would Mrs. Riggs make three dozen sandwiches for the next day? Customers had liked them and called for more.

The little sandwich business which was to bring in one thousand six hundred dollars in one month, from that drug company alone, was started. The sandwich maker set about her work with a happy heart.

All of this happened ten years ago.

Today Mrs. Riggs is the owner of the Cap Sheaf Bread Company of St. Louis which is known from coast to coast as the maker of whole-of-the-grain bread. A fleet of ten trucks delivers bread throughout the city and suburbs, and the company sells bread in forty-six states.

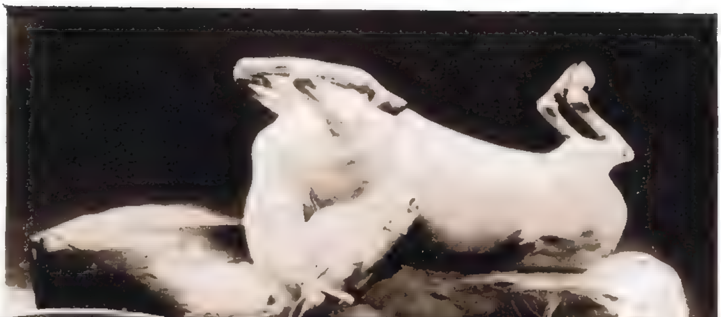
From a kitchen experiment the venture has grown until it now occupies all of a large building which houses milling as well as bakery and

[*Continued on page 180*]

Childhood memories of harvest time inspired Mrs. Fannie Riggs of St. Louis to build a fortune during the twilight years of her life.

At first all of Mrs. Rigg's whole grain flour for sandwich bread was ground in a little hand mill in her kitchen. A unique feature of the present baking plant is the mill where her grain is made into flour. All the operations are visible from the street show-windows.

The roll-up (right) is the most difficult of all the tricks to teach a horse. With his heels in the air he is trained to hold the trying position without moving.



The success of the statuary act depends on the ability of the animal performer to remain motionless.

Both horses and dogs must be trained to ignore distractions. They are accustomed to the ringing of bells, shouting, and pounding on pans so they will not be nervous in the ring.

For nearly thirty of his forty-five years Roy Rush has been a horse and dog trainer. In point of experience he is the oldest living trainer of the picturesque statuary acts which have been a popular feature of the circus for generations. He finds his greatest difficulty in overcoming the natural nervousness of blue-blooded performing animals. Patience, kindness and constant attention to his pets' health are responsible for his success.

Animals Trained *to be* Dumb

Roy Rush has to train nervous, high-strung horses and dogs to refrain from doing everything a normal animal likes to do. His charges have to learn motionless poses in the picturesque statuary act

by Earl Chapin May

THE gaily painted special circus train arrives in your town at four or five o'clock in the morning. Ten minutes after the circus cars are 'spotted' in the railroad yards they are being unloaded, and the heavy, rumbling wagons are rolling toward the circus grounds. The tents are barely up before the parade is winding through the principal streets. The last of the blue seats and reserves are hardly in place before the doors are open and the afternoon performance is begun.

"SUGAR, carrots and kindness," says this veteran trainer, "plus all the patience in the world and a careful selection of pupils, are the secrets of the game. The trainer cannot use or show a whip when he is dealing with the most sensitive creatures in the circus—the white Arabian horses and English white setter dogs. It's a delicate job."

That performance is run on a split-second basis. It is action, action and more action in the big top. Speed and more speed is the constant cry of the equestrian director. An act is allotted one minute, two minutes or, in unusual cases, eight minutes of precious time to get into the ring, thrill the multitudes and get out again. Sometimes twenty acts are on at once. One number treads upon the heels of another. Each moment allotted to each act must be a moment of motion. Even the man in tights and tinsel who balances on his head on a swinging trapeze near the dome of the canvas, while the official announcer bids all eyes behold him, is not permitted merely to balance. He must spin like a top and juggle various objects while poised upside down.

Speed is the rule of the road in circusdom from early spring until late fall. From one day to the next some part of the organization is always in motion. The great American circus is static in only one particular. There is only one exception to the law compelling constant motion in the world of sawdust and canvas—this is the "statuary act."

The statuary act reverses the circus order. It demands that the participating performers remain perfectly still while the public looks on. The principal performers accomplishing this unusual feat are horses and dogs. They are trained to take certain positions or strike certain attitudes, and to hold them. This training requires infinite tact, patience and knowledge of animal psychology. One of the oldest trainers of statuary acts—the oldest in point of experience—is Roy Rush of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows.

During most of the hours the Greatest Show on Earth vibrates in your town you will find Roy around the dog wagon. This is a traveling combination of canine hotel and kennel show. It is a massive structure done in circus red with sleeping apartments for a hundred dogs. It is parked in the circus "back yard," the teeming canvas enclosure between the big top and the various dressing rooms. There Roy keeps watch and ward over a mixture of whippets, wolf hounds, police dogs, poodles, spitz and bull terriers—and his most beloved white statue dogs, Rags, Freckles, Willie, Rex, Mina and Billie. What time Roy is not fussing over his dogs he is buzzing about the pad-room where Empress, Oceania, Miner, Pinky and others of his white statue horses are housed. Or he is in the big top, superintending his part of the performance—the statuary acts.

Roy does snatch a few minutes for breakfast, dinner and supper in the circus cook-house or dining tent but he is more interested in feeding his flock than in feeding himself. He is filled with horse and dog lore, is Roy. He should be. For nearly thirty of his forty-five years Roy has been a horse and dog trainer. It is not his custom to reveal the secrets of his art. He much prefers to let the performance speak for itself. But, properly persuaded, he will talk shop to one of the elect—a fellow trouper. And once started Roy rambles on, unfolding one of the romances of the white tents.

"The statuary act," says Roy as he chews on a dead cigar, "is one of the regular repeaters in the circus game. It is what wise birds would probably call a hardy perennial. It has been a feature of the circus business in this country for twenty-five years I know of. But long before that white horses and dogs were worked in posing or statuary acts in Europe.

"It must have been forty years ago that Marie Doré, daughter of the famous Paul Busch of the Circus Busch in Berlin, first went into the ring with a white posing horse. Marie Doré was one of the greatest performers the circus ever knew. She was a wire walker of the first order, a bareback, somersault or principal rider who, like May Wirth, was sure-fire—never missed a trick, and as a high school or menage rider she was equal to the best of our day. Busch was, in his time, the Ringling of Europe. He was always digging up novelties. It was old Busch who taught Marie to make her white horse strike several poses, and hold them, at the conclusion of her menage act.

"The novelty went so well that Teresa Rentz, daughter of another famous German circus family, soon came out with a white posing horse. Teresa was followed by the Russian, Salamonski. Then the Circus Schumann, another Berlin institution, went them all one better. Schumann introduced a white horse that posed, not in the open ring, but on a revolving platform or turntable, surrounded by a circular curtain which was lowered and raised between poses. Although American circus managers have greatly improved upon it, that is the type of act which has been repeating in this country for twenty-five seasons.

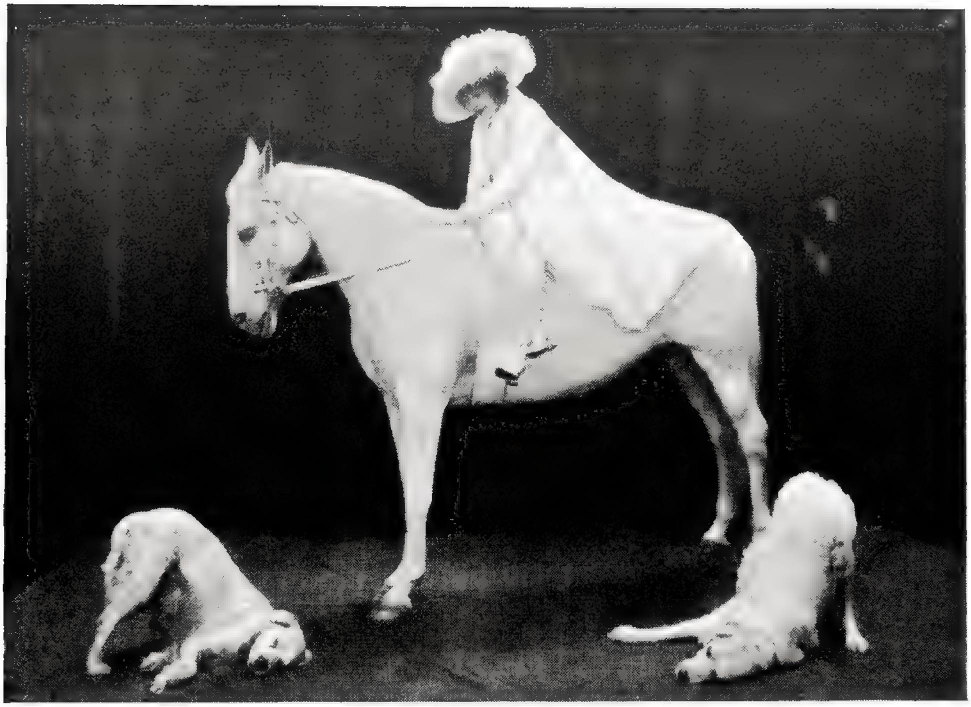
All the statuary dogs are pedigreed white English setters whose forebears have been hunting-dogs for generations. They are put into training when about a year old, and after six months often increase in value from $150.00 to $500.00. Most of them stay in the business until their fifteenth year, when they are retired to a life of well-earned ease.

"I got into the horse and dog training business through H. B. Gentry, originator and long principal owner of the Gentry Dog and Pony Shows that toured this country many seasons. "H. B." ran away from home to act as pony punk for the Morris Dog and Pony Act, playing vaudeville or variety houses. Then "H. B." started out of his native Bloomington, Indiana, on his own. I joined out with him, as a pony punk, when I was just a kid. I was with him eighteen years. In 1914 I came over to the Ringling show. I have been here ever since. I have trained many kinds of animals but have specialized on statuary dogs and horses, so I guess I know my business pretty well. I've grown gray and fat in it.

"It is much harder to train an animal to keep still than to do a trick requiring action." Roy's sunburned face breaks into a reminiscent smile when he makes this declaration. "George Denman, the head elephant man, will tell you it takes a lot of coaxing to make a bull stand still. George can do it by standing in front of his ponderous pachyderms and by talking to them—saying, 'Steady now. Steady. Watch out. Her I am,' and all that. But it is a bull's nature to weave and sway back and forth whether he is on the picket line or in the ring. Even when four tons of elephant lie down over George in obedience to George's 'Down!' George usually hangs on to him with his hands until he is ready to say 'Up!' But George can always fall back on his bull hook as an emblem of authority. The bull hook doesn't hurt the elephant but it shows that the trainer means business.

"When Mabel Stark wants one of her trained tigers to remain on a pedestal she keeps talking to him just as she used to talk to patients in a hospital ward or just as she would talk to a kid. But Mabel can, if she wishes, shake a stick or an iron rod or flourish a blank cartridge revolver at her pets.

"In training a ring horse to do the usual tricks the trainer can crack his harmless whip, just to show he is master. Alf Loyal seldom does it, but he can show a whip or spank a poodle when he is breaking it in. But he will tell you the hardest trick in his bag is to



The dazzling whiteness of the animals in the statuary act requires constant labor while the show is on the road. Once or twice a day the horses are thoroughly curried and rubbed down, then given a bath in blueing water to make them whiter. The dogs are bathed two or three times a week with antiseptic flea-destroying soap, then rinsed in blueing water, after which they are rubbed down with a light towel, then with a Turkish towel, thoroughly combed out, and put in the sun or breeze to dry. As a result of care and training their value soon increases enormously.

make his five French poodles stand still after they have been disguised as little horses and told to stand in their stalls.

"Even the hippo, a sluggish beast, will follow his trainer around the track and open and close his mouth at command much more readily than he will stand still, once he is out of the cage. It is the nature of all animals to move when they are out in the open, especially if they are in the midst of noise and crowds. That's why it is so hard to train statuary horses and dogs.

"Sugar, carrots and kindness plus all the patience in the world and a careful selection of pupils are the secrets of success in my game. One flick of a whip would ruin a statuary horse. The trainer cannot even show a whip when he is breaking in a statuary act. He has to use what you would call moral suasion. He has to have a heart. He is dealing with the most sensitive creatures in the circus—the white Arabian horses and English white setter dogs. It's a delicate job.

"The circus picks up the Arabian horses wherever it can. They are rather hard to get—the ones with the right temperament. Some are natural performers; some haven't it in them. Two weeks of experiment will tell me whether my pupil will make good as a statuary performer.

"The first thing with a statuary horse is to teach him to spread his feet—the two fore feet well out in front, the two hind feet well out behind. I do this by hand. Then I make the horse hold that position thirty seconds, one minute, two minutes. If he shifts his feet I put them back again. After two or three weeks of this the right kind of a horse knows what is wanted and does it. Every time he obeys a command I give him sugar or carrots. The sugar system is always the best in training animals.

"After the horse has mastered the spreading trick, I introduce him to the pedestal. For the next three or four weeks he is taught to keep his forefeet on the base of the pedestal. I put the feet up there by hand. Then I talk to him and make him keep them there. Once he learns what is wanted and that there is sugar for him every time he obeys, he is taught to put one forefoot up on the footrest that projects above the pedestal. That is trick number two. It may take six more weeks to teach him this—to take this attitude and hold it. By this time he knows what 'Hold it' means in the king's English.

"Now comes the most difficult of all the tricks—the roll-up. A normal horse likes to roll on his back, kicking his heels in the air. That's his way of saying all's well with his world. But in the statuary act, once he gets on his back with his heels in the air, he has to hold that position, without moving. Moreover, to make the picture more effective, he has to turn his head to one side and hold his nose against one shoulder. I teach him this with a sort of check rope or rein that draws his head into the required position. A horse naturally objects to this. It may take two months to get him used to it. The constant repetition—and sugar, do the business. When the routine is thus completed, the check rein or rope is abandoned.

"Now all this is done on the bare dirt floor of the ring or training barn. Then the routine is repeated many times on a turntable top, lying flat on the ground. This top is gradually elevated until a height of three feet is reached. Now my troubles really begin. The turntable is turned, at first a few inches. Usually the first time this is attempted the horse goes from there. I bring him back. In time—about six weeks—it is possible to swing the turntable clear around without causing the horse to break his pose.

Horses Hardened to Stage Fright

"He is a nervous, highstrung creature at best. If I did not know this I would find it out the first time I lower the curtain over him and his turntable. The chances are ten to one he will bolt on general principles when that big bag of red velvet descends upon and surrounds him. Sometimes I work on one horse a month before he will stand for it. Then comes the noise test.

"I know that when the season opens the band will be playing, the tent flapping, the audience applauding, men and animals moving about, all kinds of strange sights and smells greeting my living statue. I get my horse used to this by ringing bells and by shouting and pounding on tin pans while he is posing. Four times out of five the only signs of nervousness a statuary horse will show on the opening performance will be a champing at the bit and a switching of the tail. After two or three weeks on the road even these signs will disappear. Give me a pure white horse of Arabian stock and the chances are I can break him into a statuary act in six months.

"The statuary dogs are easier to manage. We get all ours from Monticello, Iowa, when they are about a year old. They are pedigreed, kennel dogs. Their parents have been hunting dogs for generations. It is easy to teach them to charge, pray and do all that kind of thing. In six months I can take a $150.00 English white setter and make him worth $500.00 to the show, much as I can take a $600 Arabian and make him worth $6,000. It's the keeping of my pupils fit that gives the most labor. I never have lost a horse or dog except from old age.

"The horses get the best of hay and grain, the most careful of bedding and cleaning. Once or twice a day they are thoroughly curried and rubbed down, then given a bath in bluing water, to make them whiter. The dogs are bathed two or three times a week, with antiseptic flea-destroying soap, then rinsed in bluing water, after which they are rubbed down with a light towel, then with a heavy Turkish towel, thoroughly combed out and put in the sun or breeze to dry. They are fed once each day on meat, bread and vegetable scraps from the cookhouse —the same food I eat. Before they are a year old, and once each year after that, they are inoculated against fevers, lung trouble and distemper. Just the same I always carry a complete dog medicine chest with me and about every Sunday give each dog a spoonful of worm medicine on an empty stomach. And on each Sunday, also, I generally give each dog some dog biscuit and some bread and milk, with a little sulphur in it to make his coat sleek.

"Each dog's sleeping compartment is heavily bedded each night with nice, clean, dry straw. Each compartment is screened against mosquitoes. Day and night, the compartments are open to the air, unless the weather is cold or wet—in which case the wooden door to each compartment is swung shut and only a little air comes through small holes.

"In fair weather my dog boys stretch canvas awnings from the dog wagon. Under this shelter from the sun, they erect iron lattice pens which are heavily bedded with clean straw. Here the dogs get much of their exercise. If the weather and ground is wet my dog boys carry the dogs from the dog wagons in the back yard into the big top for each performance and after the performance carry them out again.

"My whole dog family, white statuary dogs included, get along fine together. They very rarely quarrel. They are a happy lot. I know they enjoy their part of the performance and I can tell from talking with them that they are mighty fond of trouping. No dog gets better care than do my dogs, and no dogs see more of the country or are more admired.

"Naturally I get a lot of pleasure out of my work. So does my wife. She has helped me train dogs and horses for years. If anything happened to me she could carry on in the most difficult field of animal training. So we are quite content. And I don't mind telling you that after I leave this life and it is in the cards that I shall come back to this world, and I should happen to be reincarnated, as they call it, I wouldn't ask anything better than to troupe around as a horse and dog member of a statuary act. It's the most beautiful act in the circus business—and the circus business is the finest business in the world."

A Novelette Complete in this Issue

The Lizard's Tail

by William Orton

The unraveling of an ingenious cipher message leads to a series of dramatic adventures involving the British War Office and an international spy system

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

EIGHT years ago, on a midsummer morning, Captain Douglas Churchill, M. C., temporarily of His Britannic Majesty's War Office, strode down Whitehall swinging his cane in the light-heartedness of the early twenties, and reflecting—if his sentiments could be dignified by that term—that it wasn't such a bad war after all, and that London was a gay old city anyway. Entering that hive of multifarious activities by the staff door in Whitehall Place, he disdained the elevator, climbed two flights of stairs for the apparent purpose of saying good morning to as many people as possible, and clanked cheerily down the stone corridor to his room on the north side.

Closing the door with a lunge of his cane *à la rapier*, he leaned against it and with a twirl of the wrist sent his cap spinning through the air toward a peg at the other end of the office. It missed and fell on the floor. Solemnly pacing the length of the room, he picked it up, returned to the door, and repeated the maneuver, this time successfully.

"Done it in two," he murmured, "not so bad."

Then opening an inner door on his right, he glanced round the larger and more dignified office of his official superior to make certain that the general had not arrived in advance of his secretary—a contingency that had been known to occur on certain unfortunate occasions. This done, he extracted a small mirror from a desk drawer and scrutinized it intently to discover whether his mustache had grown perceptibly since he left home that morning. The inspection proving satisfactory, he strolled to the window and after a second's observation, indulged in a series of gestures of a highly unmilitary character directed, apparently, toward a window on the opposite side of the street. Much refreshed either by the performance or the object to which it was addressed, he changed his tunic for an older one hanging in the official cupboard, sat down with his feet on the desk, lit the first cigaret of the day, and opened his paper.

He had barely scanned the headlines of Lord Northcliffe's latest ultimatum to the government when a knock on the door heralded a lean individual in a loose tweed suit, who sauntered across to the official armchair and surveyed him thoughtfully from a pair of pale blue eyes.

"This life must be an awful strain on your nerves, Duggie," drawled the visitor. "It'd be a kindness to relieve ye of some of those cigarets." He reached a long thin hand into the box, dropped a handful loose in his pocket, and lit another in silence.

"Delighted," laughed Churchill, "to make my small contribution to your maintenance. What's got you out of your comfortable bed so early this morning?"

"Nothing."

"Well, when I had the honor of your company last spring, I seem to remember you generally rose in time for lunch."

"I said nothing's got me out of bed this morning," drawled the Scot, "for the simple reason that I never was in it."

"Dissipated old scoundrel," rejoined the boy. "Out of respect for your whiskers I won't ask where you spent the hours of darkness. But I'm curious to know whether the powers have found a use for your talents."

"As to my whiskers"—the visitor rubbed a hand over his unshaven chin—"I've observed they do grow quicker than some people's mustaches. And as to my talents, it would hardly be surprising if the empire had discovered a need of Jock MacIver."

"Congratulations—to the empire! If the question's not disrespectful," added Churchill, lighting a fresh cigaret, "where do they put objects like you?"

"Postal censorship," drawled MacIver, "this sort of thing." He pulled out half a dozen letters from an inner pocket, unwrapped one from a covering of tissue-paper, and tossed it on the desk. "Don't touch it," he said, as the youngster put out a hand. "Just look it over. It's an interesting specimen."

Churchill ran his eye over the contents and ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Dirty business, Mac—not worthy of your unique abilities. What? Why, this poking into other people's correspondence. I know it has to be done. Still, 'tisn't a job I'd care for. Why, there's something positively pathetic about this."

Slowly and carefully MacIver replaced the letter and its envelope in the delicate wrapper.

"Pathetic's the word, sonny," he said, smiling grimly to himself. "I'll be surprised if your chief doesn't find it damned pathetic inside twenty minutes. Isn't he about due, by the way?"

"He's due, right enough. But you can't see him before lunch Mac. No," added the boy, in response to MacIver's mildly elevated eyebrows, "you can't. Sorry and all that, y'know. But he's got a conference on the Thames estuary defenses this morning—very hush-hush business."

"Thought those plans were finished," said MacIver, so casually that the boy did not even wonder how he knew.

"They are. But there's orders and dispositions to be drafted, and the conference will last all morning."

MacIver leaned forward and extinguished his cigaret on the ash-tray. "Put it off, Duggie," he drawled.

"Put it off, man? Do you know who's coming?"

"I don't ca—"

"First and second sea lords, Chambers of the Ordnance, Cuthbertson of M. I., Archer—"

"Put 'em off, Duggie," repeated MacIver imperturbably. "Put 'em all off."

CHURCHILL leaned against the fireplace and laughed.

"Lord! Don't I see myself doing it! 'Captain Churchill's compliments to Lord Blandfield, V. C., C. V. O., K. C. M. G., and he's sorry the boss hasn't any use for his services this morning. Come around some time when we're not busy—with Jock MacIver!' Oh, yes—with Hollandaise sauce and bells on!"

MacIver apparently failed to see the joke. His brows rose a shade higher and the pale blue eyes looked up at the laughing face with a queer glint in them.

"Duggie, this thing's serious. I've got to see Kittredge, and you're going to postpone this conference."

The boy laid a mocking but affectionate arm across MacIver's lean shoulders. "Look here, Mac, you look as though you'd gone through a threshing machine and slept in a haystack. Are you sure what you want to see isn't the bottom of a nice little glass with a cherry in it?"

MacIver drew a long breath as a spare smile flickered across his lips. "Duggie, I don't blame you, but—" Before the boy could stop him he was talking to the telephone operator. "Admiralty please. . . . Yes. . . . Admiralty, hello. . . . First Sea Lord please. . . . That Captain Smithers? . . . This is Sir Malcolm Kittredge's private secretary—" A queer sound went over the wires as Churchill's ball of waste-paper caught MacIver's nose. "Would you be kind enough to inform the First Lord that owing to a slight mishap General Kittredge is obliged to postpone this morning's conference until tomorrow? . . . Yes. . . . Thank you very much. . . . No, not as far as we can say at present. . . . Certainly." The receiver clicked back on the stand with an air of finality.

"Well, now you have done it," gasped Churchill.

"All right, Duggie. Go thou and do likewise to all the rest of 'em."

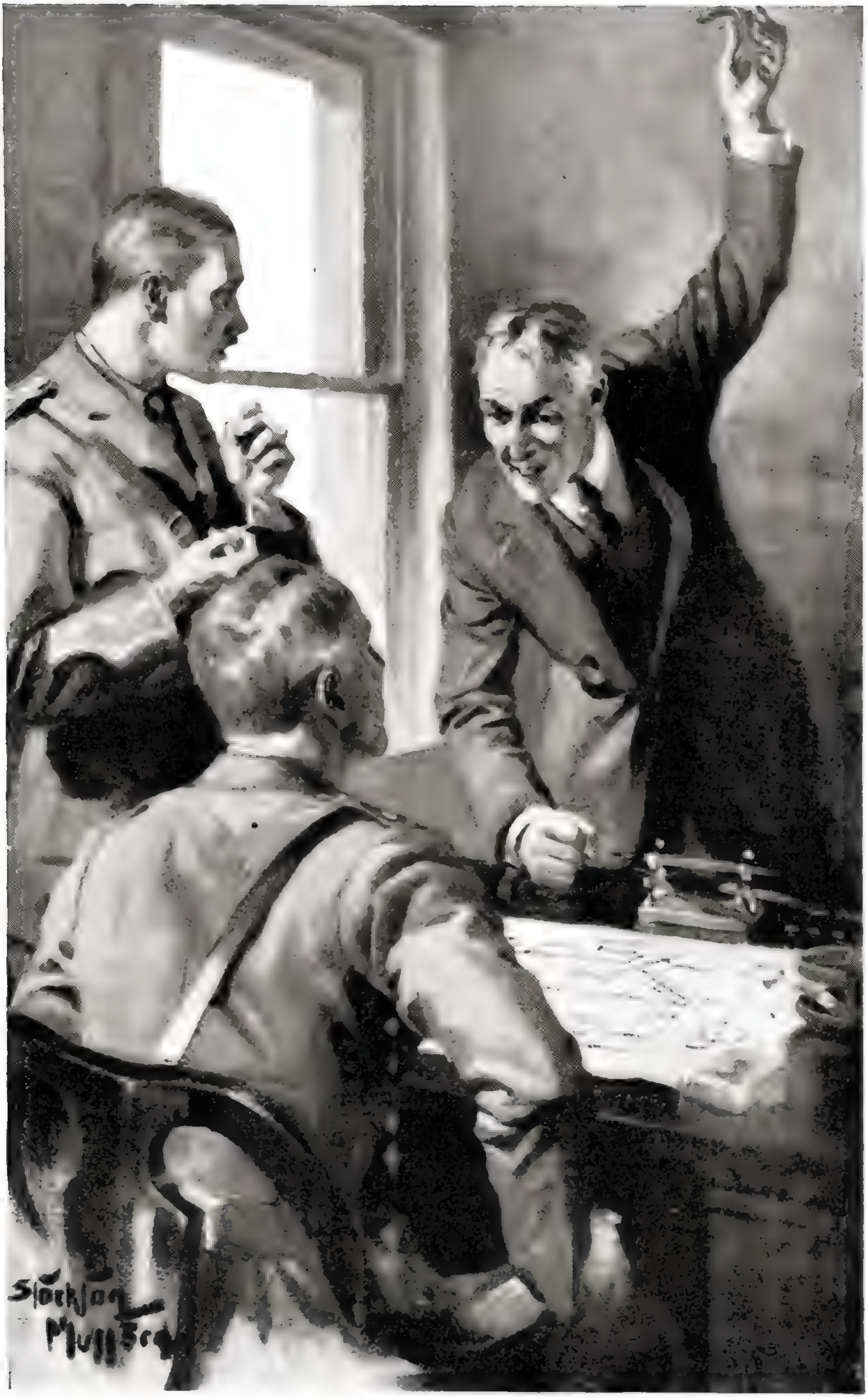
"But I—"

The door opened abruptly. General Kittredge, for all his fifty years, looked almost a young man as he stood there in his trim khaki with its scarlet tabs and hatband. Six feet to an inch, he bore himself straighter than most of the new army subalterns; and his dark eyes, illuminating a face that was at once powerful and refined, suggested an intrinsic right to command based on character and experience, rather than on mere office.

To Churchill's astonishment, his ascetic countenance lit up with pleasure at sight of MacIver, and he sprang forward and seized the lean shoulders with both hands.

"Good Heavens, Mac, wherever have you come from? I've been wondering all the year what's happened to you. Come along in. I've only a few minutes now but you'll lunch—"

The door of the general's room closed behind them as Churchill dropped into his chair staring and bewildered. Who the devil was MacIver? The boy had met him a few months ago at a house-party composed mostly of service people, where MacIver's mufti and reserve had seemed almost out of place. Yet MacIver had mixed only with the senior men, as if they knew something about him that the rest didn't; and so Churchill had maneuvered the beginning of an acquaintance with the quiet Scot—who turned



Suddenly raising it high in the air with a triumphant shriek as the whole figure of the man blazed with animation, he cried, "Man, I've got it! I've got it! The lizard . . . !"

out to have a more complete knowledge of the world, a wider experience of travel and adventure, than any man the boy had yet come across. Twice MacIver had materially helped him by enlightening him as to the inner meaning of what was going on in his own branch of the War Office—but without revealing the source of his superior information. And now here was MacIver being greeted as an old comrade by Kittredge himself the very minute after he, Duggie Churchill, had been advising him to go out and buy a cocktail. No, it really wasn't fair.

The buzzer sounded: Kittredge's voice on the telephone—Churchill shrugged his shoulders as he listened. Evidently it was serious—whatever it was; the conference was off: he was to put a clerk on to do the necessary postponing and himself report to the general's room. Kittredge's voice had a peculiar level inflection that he had come to recognize as a danger signal.

Entering the adjoining room he found Kittredge seated at the big desk in the center of the floor with his eyes fixed on MacIver who sat in the armchair alongside, in an expression of tense anxiety.

"Pull up a chair, Churchill." The boy noticed that the chief's eyes did not move as he gave the order. Between the two older men, on the desk, lay the letter he had already seen once that morning. MacIver turned to the boy with a friendly smile and nodded to the missive.

"Take another look at that very precious document, sonny. See now what you can make of it—but don't handle it too much."

[*See page forty-eight for facsimile of letter.—Ed.*]

Churchill surveyed the letter again with a puzzled frown. It was typed, evidently by a very inexperienced hand, on a quarto sheet of thin mauve paper, and was so full of errors and corrections as to be almost illegible. He shook his head.

"I should say it's from a young wife—or maybe sweetheart, but more probably they're married—to a husband just gone back after a leave. Just the natural intimate gossipy letter of a girl who wants to write and hasn't much to say. Really, I don't see anything fishy about it."

MacIver chuckled. "Fishy! That's a good word. Try your nose then, boy."

"That's it," added Kittredge, "your nose is what we want; you've more experience in that line, Churchill."

CHURCHILL raised the letter to his nostrils, a peculiar bitter-sweet perfume, faint but strangely fascinating, rose from the paper. So suggestive was it that for a moment the boy became all but unconscious of his surroundings under the spell.

He looked up with a start, "Jupiter! That's a wonderful scent. Nearly made me forget where I was, sir."

MacIver's hand slapped down on the arm of the chair.

"That's it—that's it," he said excitedly, "that's what it does: that's what it did. Oh, if only I could remember—"

Churchill was still pondering the strange aroma.

"It's not Morny's," he said slowly.

"No, and it's not Grossmith's and it's not Pivet's and it's not Rimbaud's—I've been to 'em all, and they none of them know what it is. But I've known it before, sometime, somewhere, and I cannot, cannot make my memory tell me the secret. And to think it's the only clue!" He dropped back in the chair with a gesture of despondent irritation of which Churchill could not guess the cause.

General Kittredge lifted the missive again to his aquiline nose. "You almost make me think I've known it too, Mac, but the association's gone, if ever there was one. Well, let's get on with it."

MacIver turned to the desk with an air of taking charge. "Now," he said, "the contents of this are going to be so staggering that I want to convince you beyond all possibility of doubting my interpretation; and to do that you had better approach the thing just the way I did. First of all, I want you to tell me if you discern anything suspicious on the face of the letter."

Kittredge shook his head. "I've tried. It's up to you, boy."

Churchill spelled it out again slowly, "Portable machine, I should say; Underwood, very likely. . . . No, she'll certainly never learn touch typing, she blunders too persistently. . . . Elizabeth was vexed. . . . Elizabeth Johnson presumably. . . . Wonder who she is. . . ?"

"There ain't no such animal," said MacIver.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, the thing's a cipher. And a peculiarly cunning one in that it succeeds in looking practically innocent. Nine times out of ten that sort gets through unsuspected."

"What made you suspect this, then?"

"Well, in the first place, let me direct your attention to the address. Doesn't it strike you as odd that she makes such a mess of the letter and yet types the address so neatly?"

"Oh, but she's probably done that so often she's got it automatically now."

"Possibly; though in that case it's odd she should still type so badly. But look at the first line. Notice any peculiarity about that?"

"Well," ventured the general, "it's curious perhaps that she does that without a mistake. She seems to get worse as she goes on, in fact."

"Precisely. Because she had to."

"You mean the blunders are not accidental?"

"Exactly. She's an expert typist, and the blunders are very carefully calculated. People don't put *z* for *y* by accident as she does in the second line; *a* for *o*, and *x* for *s* are hardly likely—they're nowhere near together on the keyboard. Genuine blunders are things like *i* for *o*, *h* for *n*, and sometimes *a* for *e* but *z* for *y* implies purpose. Then I found by a close measurement of spacing that some words have actually been written backward—you'll see how that fits later on. But look at the first line again."

Churchill examined the letter in silence for a couple of minutes. "Why," he exclaimed, "there's every letter of the alphabet in it!"

KITTREDGE leaned across to verify the announcement. "That's so, MacIver. Now, that's hardly an accident, eh—in one line?"

"I should say not. Coincidence wouldn't do it once in a thousand times. You might get—you often do get—all except half a dozen letters or so in a short space. But the rare letters—*v*, *k*, *x*, *q*, *j*, *z*—they're all in that one line. It was the sight of them so close together that roused my suspicion. Elizabeth J . . . vexed . . . quick . . . do you see?"

"M'm. That means a code, of course." Kittredge looked gravely up at MacIver.

"Precisely. That's the first and easiest step. It's a straight transliteration. Ignoring repetitions, this is it." MacIver drew a sheet of paper toward him and copied a string of characters from the first line of the letter under which he wrote the alphabet.

e l i z a b t h j w s v x d o f n y u g q c k p r m
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Churchill, following closely, at once raised the question: "But how do you know that's it?"

"You've hit it, sonny." MacIver smiled his dry smile. "How do I know? Well, from eight o'clock last night until four this morning I didn't know. I tried decoding the darned thing on this plan—tried every line backward and forward several times; couldn't make sense of any kind. In fact, I began to think I was wrong after all, that the whole thing might be a mare's nest. So I dropped it and tried another tack. First it occurred to me to verify the address; and there I spotted the one real blunder she's made. There's no such place. The numbers in Charles Street don't run anywhere near as high as 237."

"What!" Kittredge's face expressed his dismay as he realized the consequence. "You mean then that we've absolutely no clue to the sender?"

"None whatever, General—unless this damned perfume can be called one. That's what makes it so exasperating. The way I see it, this girl or woman or whatever she is was so pleased when she'd finally coded her message on this all-but-water-tight plan—and it took some doing, I promise you—she couldn't resist the temptation of a little unnecessary flourish; and womanlike, just gave herself away in doing so. Well, when I discovered that I went at it again. . . . Now, you notice on the back she's done some figuring?"

Churchill turned the letter over and sure enough, there were the figures:

1— 7—
10— 5— 8
21— 4— 8
32— 6—
40— 3— 6
9— —
53— 6—
£167—12—10

"People often do," remarked Churchill. "Looks as though she'd jotted down her accounts for the month or something of that sort on the back of a sheet and then used it later without noticing there was anything there."

"Precisely what she meant you to think, sonny. And plausible enough it would have been in a written letter. But not in a typed one. You can't help seeing the entire back of the sheet, you know, when you put it in the machine."

"By Jove, that's true! I never thought of that."

"The chances are then those figures mean something to the code?" asked Kittredge.

"To be sure they do. And what they mean is probably a string of numbers—of course the pounds, shillings and pence are a blind, and so's the total."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because it's correct. I'd have suspected it if it were wrong. Well, the numbers may be what they look like; but more probably they're rising series with the tens omitted so as to make it possible to write in shillings and pence. You notice how the pounds column rises? Well, on that hypothesis the numbers would be: 1, 7, 10, 15, 18, 21, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 43, 46, 49, 53, 56.

"NOW the next step is to discover what they refer to. And that's not so easy. Obviously they don't refer to the code-line, because—don't you see?—they could only give an alphabetical sequence with gaps in it, and it's not likely the letters she wants for her message would be as obliging as that."

"Isn't a sort of acrostic the most likely?" asked Kittredge.

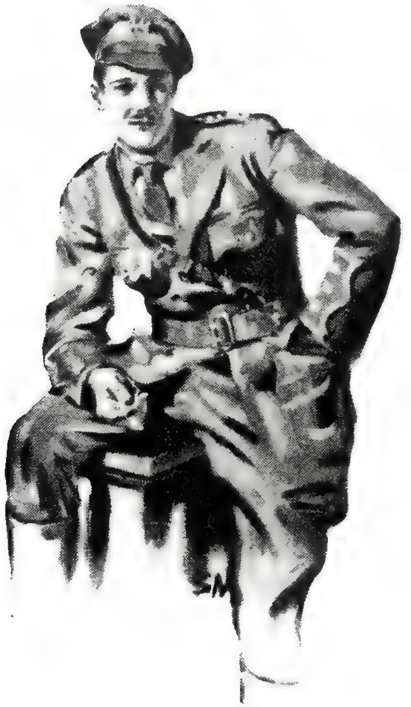
"It is as a rule. But in this case you see there are sixteen numbers and only nine lines—or say eleven at the most."

"M'm—that's true."

"How many letters will this size paper take in a line?" asked Churchill suddenly.

"Sixty or sixty-five as a maximum."

"Well, then, seeing that the numbers run



Churchill sat down and lit the first cigaret of the day.

into the fifties, aren't they probably to be read straight across the page on some line or other?"

"Good for you, Duggie. Now, which line?"

"Well, as you say Mac, not the first if that's the code-line. Try the second."

Churchill began counting carefully, jotting down the letters as he did so. "What do you make of this crossed-out 'Millquit' word, Mac? It's a familiar trick of the amateur to jam down the *x* to cancel a misspelling—I do it myself."

"Very likely, my son. But this lady's not an amateur and my guess would be that she misspelled deliberately in order to have an excuse for jamming down the *x*. Take it that way and what do you get?"

CHURCHILL pushed over the paper with the string of letters. MacIver smiled benignly. "Good enough so far. Now decode it and see what you get."

The boy figured it out by the alphabetical code MacIver had written, and surveyed the result with an expression of puzzled disgust on his face.

i g z u d b j f d u u o x x i q
c t d s n f i p n s s o m m c u

"Makes no kind of sense at all," remarked the boy, "no more than the other did. S'pose I was on the wrong tack after all. Try some other line, perhaps."

Kittredge studied the meaningless letters in silence.

"Mightn't these be key letters or initials or something of that sort, MacIver?" he asked at length.

"But initials of what?" interposed Churchill. "Where's the rest of the message?"

"Underneath," said MacIver.

Involuntarily the boy turned over the paper.

"No, no, Duggie," laughed the Scot. "Underneath that line you've been working on. See here, now," he continued, taking up the letter. "Look closely at this peculiar spacing. It's like a drunken man's speech. Sometimes she runs two, three or even four words together as you see; but at other places—for example, 'you and Bobby' in line two, 'was down' in line six, and so on—she puts the bar down twice in succession: really a rather unusual thing to do, you know. But queerest of all is line five. D'you see, she's actually used the margin release to get the *i* in if out of alignment—why, do you suppose?"

There was a moment's silence; then Kittredge's voice, "Could it be because she must have *f* at the beginning of the line?"

"Exactly. And why?"

Again the silence. Then the boy's voice in a sudden shout of excitement:

"I have it, Mac—I have it. The message is vertical—downward from the numbered letters."

MacIver nodded. "And that underlining, which looks the sort of thing a careless woman might do as she ran over her letter pen in hand, marks the terminal points. See how carefully she omits to underline single letters in certain words?"

But Churchill was hard at work on the manuscript, pencil in hand.

"Put us out of our misery, Mac," said Kittredge. "Is he right?"

MacIver nodded grimly. The general rose and stood over the boy watching the pencil-point spell out letter by letter the fatal message. But MacIver's eyes, under their drooping lids, were full of quick solicitude for his old comrade under the slow torture of that ordeal. He saw Kittredge's face turn white under the tan, and then ashen gray as the decoding proceeded. MacIver rose, took his arm in a steady grip, and led him back to his chair. The boy, with a hand that was damp and trembling, finished his task and flung the pencil wildly across the table.

"My God, my God," he cried in a voice that sounded strangled in his throat. Unsteadily he crossed the room and stood with his back to the other two, blindly facing the window. Kittredge sat as if petrified, his finger tips pressed white on the edge of the desk, his eyes staring fixedly at the slip of paper on which the doom of his work was written.

ioxfvagaghe xauzebadiau
completethames defences
uhokjdt dak bjbgaad jdih fouj-
showing new fifteen inch posi-
gjodu
tions

doygh ujza uadzjdt oqy xed
north side sending our man

xodzer ieuh qytadg
monday cash urgent

"CHURCHILL—the safe." Kittredge's voice broke harsh across the silence.

"Yes, sir." The old army discipline was in the boy's reply as he unlocked a small cupboard in the wall beside the fireplace, within which a narrow three-foot safe was built into the masonry.

"That wasn't there in Creswell's time." MacIver, under his casual manner, had become tense and alert, swift to fasten on any detail that might hold a clue to the enigma that now challenged his long experience of the secret service.

"It was not," answered Kittredge. "That's one of the things I had done when I took over. I work here at all hours, and it's safer as well as more convenient to have the papers on the spot."

"Any one beside yourself and Churchill know that combination?" asked MacIver, as the boy knelt in front of the lock.

"Not a soul. That so, Churchill?"

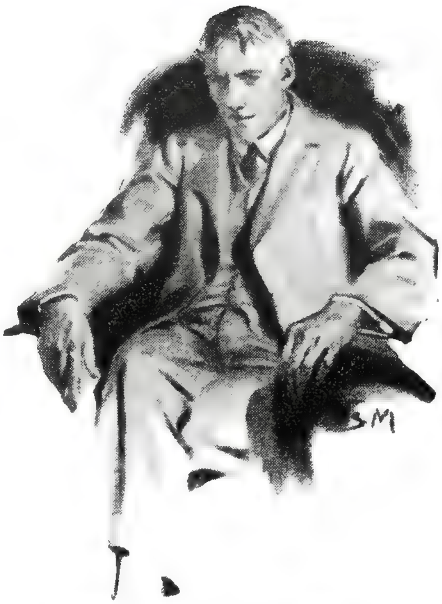
"Not a soul, sir."

"Haven't jotted it down absent-mindedly anywhere, have you—scribbled it on the blotting-pad or anything of that kind?"

Kittredge shook his head impatiently. "No, no, Mac, we don't do those monkey-tricks."

The bolts of the safe slid back and the narrow door, as thick as it was wide, swung open; Churchill drew out a roll of tough drawing-paper measuring about thirty-six by thirty inches and spread it without a word on the big desk, securing the corners with four small paper-weights which were apparently kept there for the purpose. The map—for such it was—was based on a reproduction of the one-inch ordnance survey of the estuary, on which the forts, battery positions and the principal observation posts had been drawn in. In the upper left quarter of the sheet was inset a projection to six-inch scale of a portion of the north bank showing in full detail the proposed emplacements of the two new fifteen-inch batteries.

Kittredge glanced at it for a second, and turning to MacIver, said abruptly: "Those plans have never left this office."



MacIver settled himself a little deeper in the armchair.

"Where were they drawn up?"

"Here."

"Copies?"

"None."

"Drafts?"

"Destroyed. I burned 'em myself in this fireplace."

"How many people have seen them?"

"Just those who were to come here this morning—Blandfield, Archer—"

"Yes, I know. No subordinates?"

"None whatever."

"H'm." MacIver took a turn up and down the room, lit a cigaret, and started on a new tack.

"When you were not here those plans were always in that safe, I take it."

"Without exception."

"So far as we know. I gather you were here sometimes at night?"

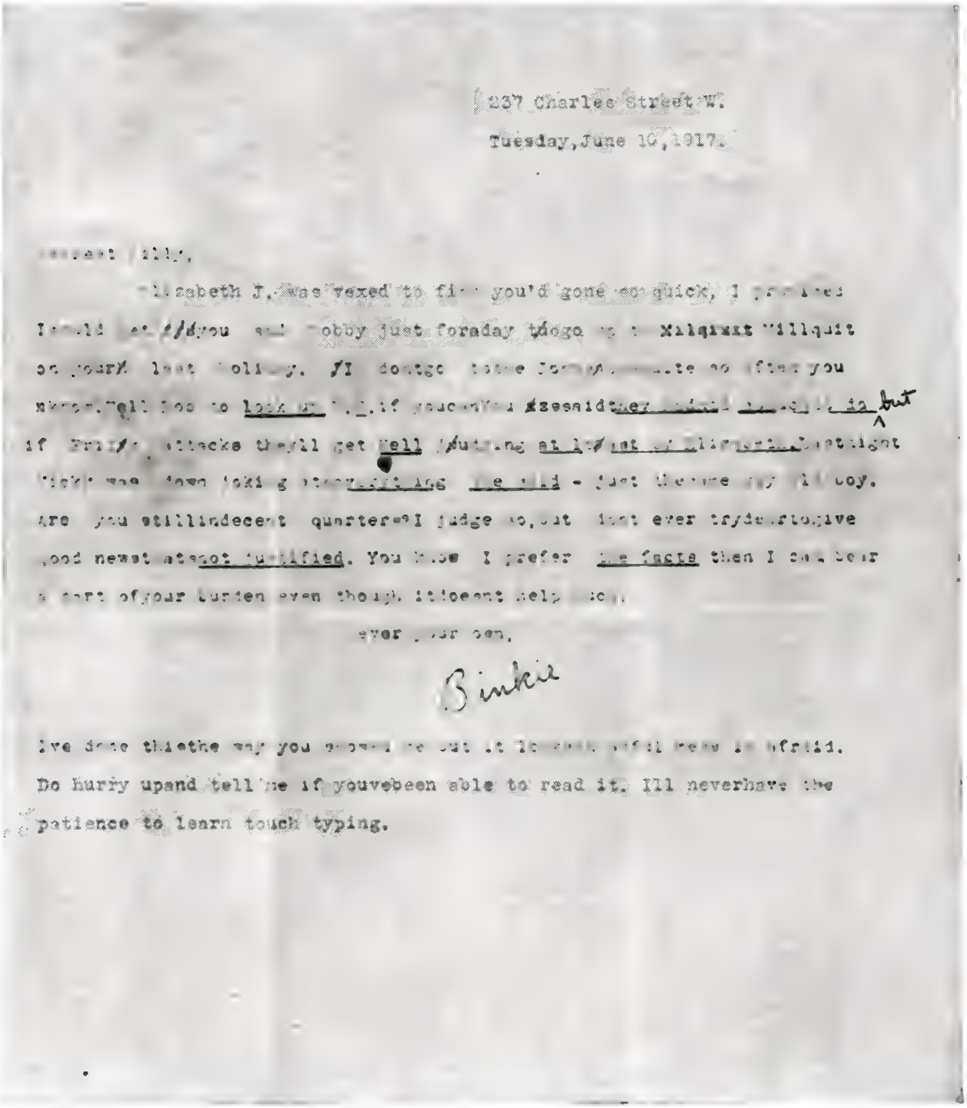
"Often. Both Churchill and I were in and out all times, Sundays included."

MacIver strode suddenly to the door, tried it, and found it locked.

"I've made a habit of using Churchill's room as a lobby since these plans were under way," Kittredge explained. "Don't want stray intruders, gold lace or otherwise."

MacIver nodded. "Who else in this corridor?"

"My department from here to the north end. The rest is M. I. 1."



237 Charles Street W.
Tuesday,June 10,1917.

[illegible]earest [illegible]illy,

[illegible]lizabeth J. was vexed to fi[illegible] you'd gone so quick, I pr[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] Bobby just foraday togo [illegible] Xilqixxt [illegible]illquit on yourX last [illegible]oliday. /I dontgo [illegible] [illegible] so after you [illegible]. [illegible] to look [illegible] if [illegible] Xsesaid [illegible] [illegible] but if [illegible] attacks they'll get hell [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] Nicky was down [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] - just the [illegible] boy. Are you stillindecent quarters? I judge so, but [illegible] ever try [illegible] to give good news that's not justified. You know I prefer the facts then I can bear a part ofyour burden even though it doesn't help [illegible].

ever your own,

Binkie

Ive done thisthe way you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Do hurry upand tell me if youvebeen able to read it. Ill neverhave the patience to learn touch typing.

A facsimile of the letter intercepted by Jock MacIver.

"They here at night?" MacIver asked next.

"There's always at least one orderly officer for night messages. If there's any liveliness—across the channel there's usually several—sometimes Brierly himself."

"What's the usual guard on these rooms?"

"Well, you've noticed the lobby opposite the elevator in the middle of this corridor? There's anything from six to nine men there during the day and a couple at night. Then at each end of the corridor there's another lobby. The building's a hollow square and those lobbies each command this and another corridor at right angles. Then each floor has its own night patrol, and there's the general guard-room at the north entrance."

How are they now about passes? They were getting pretty slack last time I was here."

Kittredge glanced at Churchill. "You'll know more about that, boy. They never worry me."

"They've tightened up allright now, sir. I had a hand in it myself. Fact, last week they refused to admit the new D. A. G.—he's fresh from Montreal y'know Mac—and there was none on the gate who knew him. Sent him back to his club to find his pass. Of course he couldn't, and they had to ring up A. G. 4 to get him into the building. That was a lively morning upstairs. But he sent down and commended 'em, all the same."

A long silence followed. Then MacIver turned suddenly to Churchill. "Ever noticed what kind of boots the night patrolmen wear?"

Churchill shook his head. "Army boots probably. They're all ex-service men."

MacIver sprang up, unlocked the door and looked back at the two khaki figures. "We'll try a little experiment. Let's see your watches—both got second hands? Good! Now I'm going to walk down this corridor at exactly sixty paces to the minute, and I want you sitting in your own rooms with the doors shut to note exactly the interval between your first clearly hearing my approach and my reaching this door. Understand? Now then."

Three minutes later he was back in the room with the experiment completed. "Well?"

"Eight seconds," said Churchill.

"Eleven," said Kittredge.

MacIver laughed. "And they say you gunners are deaf. Now, there's a correction. In the first place that's in the daytime, and the night would be a deal quieter. In the second, these light shoes I'm wearing make a deal less noise than your roundsmen do, I expect."

"But we were on the alert," objected Churchill.

"Precisely as any nefarious visitor would be. Suppose we say, then, there would be at least twelve seconds warning in which an intruder could get out of the way."

"But where could he get to?" asked Kittredge glancing round the bare room.

"Oh, lots of places. Under this pedestal desk. In the fireplace—look at the width of it. In the cupboard that I've noticed Churchill keeps for his wardrobe. Out of the window if he had it ready—there's room for a man to conceal himself from inside observation on the ledge of the stonework."

"H'm. Could he approach that way?"

"He could approach all right—if he could once get up there. But there are streets on every side of the building and they're pretty busy at all hours."

"Then you're suggesting—"

"Nothing. Only wondering intelligently. Or trying to. That's my job, you see."

MacIver paused again, lolling against the fireplace with his eyes fixed in a glazed stare at the opposite wall.

"How often do they change the guard, Churchill?"

"Don't know. Weekly, I should fancy."

"Yes. In that case, there ought to be some of last week's men on now. Suppose you go and see."

The door closed on the young officer and MacIver dropped lazily into the armchair again. Kittredge sat in a gloomy silence with MacIver watching his face under lowered lids. Presently the latter spoke, in a tone of affectionate banter.

"You're going too fast, Kit. Always your weakness."

Kittredge smiled an admission. "How so, Mac?"

"Well, your mind's already figuring out new positions for those batteries, eh? And we don't know yet you'll need to alter them. See, now! We've got the chappie this letter's addressed to—we may be able to intercept that side. Or we may get their messenger at the ports—we know when he's to travel and we'll warn the embarkation people. Then, as this is Wednesday, there's four full days yet during which those plans are probably in London. If we can get the typing lassie that'll be the best deed of all—though I admit it's a poor chance at present. But we'll get one of the three channels, so don't fash yourself overmuch yet awhile."

Kittredge shook his head. "I know, Mac, I know. But what worries me is the leakage here—here, in this building." He stopped.

"This mayn't be the only case, you know. There was that matter of the Dunkirk defenses—never cleared up. I don't like the look of it, Mac."

"Ah well, we'll see, Kit, we'll see. Nice rug you've got here. That's not government property, eh?"

KITTREDGE followed the obvious, almost peremptory lead.

"Why, no. Got it in Cairo—or rather, Miccawi got it for me—day after you left. Don't you remember how it used to hang in that bazaar up in the Muzhki?"

"M'm—yes. Maybe I saw it, but it wasn't rugs I was looking for then y'know. Matter of fact, I didn't leave."

"You said good-by, anyway."

"I did. Made myself scarce. I had to. Doesn't do for people like me to be seen hanging around G. H. Q. too much, y'know. You left first, Kit—for France, I fancy?"

"Yes. Shipped my tackle to Cox's and myself to Abbeville."

"Well, it looks good here anyhow."

Kittredge smiled. "You should have seen this room when I took it over. Like a fifth-rate hotel bedroom. You wouldn't know it now."

"Who paid?"

"Well, I paid for the walls. That was a matter of taste—Office of Works ruled so, anyway. They did the ceiling. Plaster was all dirty and cracked. I got buried twice on the Somme, and the one thing I can't stand now is the thought of anything coming down on my head."

MacIver nodded. "Ghastly."

"Of course, it's not a rational feeling. But you know how new troops'll wince at every bang in a bombardment until they've got their macintosh sheets over the trenches? I'm a bit that way now, I suppose. I know quite well it wouldn't stop bombs or archies; but it feels better, all the same, the way it is now."

"Looks better, I should imagine—what is it?"

"Oh, biscuit tin panels and light steel joists or something of that kind."

"That ventilator your doing, too?" asked MacIver casually, glancing at the grating let into the rear wall.

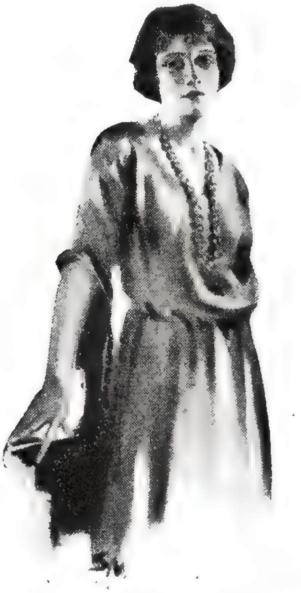
Kittredge looked up sharply, and laughed. "Examining me now, are you? Well, more power to you. No, that was there before. . . . Well, Churchill?" as the boy reentered the room.

"Two men here, sir, who were on night duty last week. Will you see them?"

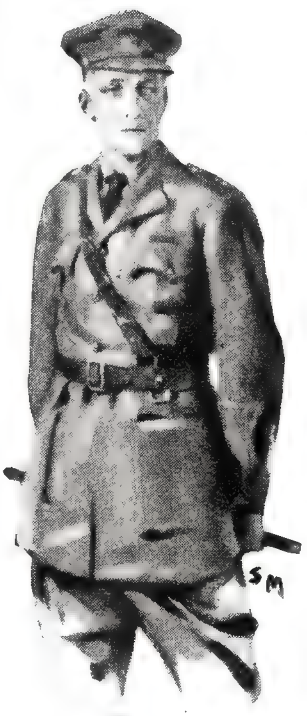
"Just one second, Duggie." MacIver motioned him to shut the door of the anteroom, and as he did so, rerolled the plans and tossed them over to Churchill to put in the safe. This done he turned to Kittredge.

"No questioning these chaps, General. If they know anything they'll tell it, assuming they're straight. If they're not, I'll know, anyway. Questioning will only give us away. You'll just say I'm inspecting arrangements generally in view of this spy scare and ask them if they think the night precautions adequate. No more. All right, Duggie."

The men appeared—one obviously a time-expired sergeant of the guards; the other a younger man with a wooden leg.



Short and rather full of figure, she moved with an unaffected grace.



General Kittredge, for all his fifty years, looked like a young man.

The sergeant, questioned as MacIver had suggested, reported everything satisfactory and expressed himself apprehensive of the future of the army and the empire if the number of men they had now couldn't look after a job of that size. The second was plainly nervous. Anxious to please, and fearful of differing from the sergeant, he stammered and hesitated.

"Well—well, sir—I dunno as it matters, really I don't, but—"

Churchill laughed: his company used to say his laugh was as good as a rum ration. "Come on, Simmonds, spit it out now. Sergeant won't eat you."

"Well, sir, 'bout a week back—Monday night it'd be, because that was my first night on—I thought I see a light burning under the door of this room 'ere. Course I thought it was you, sir, but no 'arm makin' sure like. But it clipped off sudden while I was still two or three paces off the door, and when I come to knock there was nobody there. So I unlocks the door—Cap'n Churchill's door, that is, sir, havin' no key to your Yale—an' goes in through the anteroom. I switches on the lights an' finds nobody an' the room all in order. Maybe I shouldn't ha' said nothin' sir, only—"

"Why didn't you report this, Simmonds?"

The sergeant's best parade manner came out before the officers.

"Why, I did, sergeant."

"Who to?"

"You, sergeant."

The sergeant, blushing like a beetroot, assented confusedly. "Quite right, 'e did, sir. Slipped my memory, what with my thinking he didn't know the building very well and might have been mistaken about the door."

" 'Course, I may ha' been mistook about the door. I may ha' been, since sergeant says so. But it did seem queer. Made me feel kind o'—well, kind o' creepy-like, sir."

"What did?" MacIver's voice sounded incisive. "The light going out?"

"Why, no, sir, since you arst—not the light, it wasn't. I might ha' been mistook about that, as sergeant says. But I could ha' sworn I heard a sound, sir, just as I switched the lights on, standing here in this room like. Kind o' slidin' shufflin' sound, sir—"

"Where?"

"Well, that's it, sir, as you might say, where? It weren't nowhere, sir—nowhere in particular, I mean. It was just—just—in the room, sir." The man made a vague gesture of his hand before his face, and promptly mopped his brow.

General Kittredge took up the examination now. "Did you inspect the room after that?"

"Every stick of it, sir. Looked under the desk and all over sir, I did."

"Fireplace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Window shut?"

"Yes, sir. Fastened on the inside, sir."

"And when do you say this happened?"

"Last Monday week, sir—ten days ago, 'bout eight o'clock."

Churchill broke in excitedly, addressing his chief.

"Why, but the—"

MacIver rose abruptly and crossed the room to the fireplace. "You know there's a safe here, Simmonds. Did the sound you speak of come from anywhere near that?"

"No, sir, nowhere near it. It was—kind of—well, of in the middle of the room, sir."

MacIver paused a moment, nodded at Kittredge, and the men were dismissed. Simmonds, following the sergeant, turned back to MacIver as the latter entered the anteroom to add in a stentorian whisper, "I weren't mistook, sir. I knows when I'm mistook an' when I ain't."

"WHAT was all the excitement, Duggie?" asked MacIver as the door closed on the orderlies.

"Why, the plans weren't half finished then."

"Were they begun?"

"Yes," answered Kittredge; "there was a draft and there had been a conference or two."

"Here?" Jock MacIver showed interest.

"Yes."

An irresolute silence followed.

"Better look up the rest of those night men sometime, Churchill," said the general.

"Yes, sir."

MacIver disposed himself once more in the leather armchair with his long legs spread over the rug. "Been a gay morning, hasn't it?" he remarked, as he lit a cigaret.

"Nothing else for it but lunch, now—and no overspeeding, Kit," he added, with an affectionate glance at the general.

"Well, come along, then."

MacIver settled himself a little deeper in the armchair.

"Thanks—no. I'll bide awhile and ruminate on this varra interesting spot."

"Well, if you won't—"

Churchill, hesitating in the door of the anteroom, finally turned and addressed Kittredge as the latter picked up his hat and gloves.

"Look here, sir—don't you think there's something queer—awfully queer—about that yarn of Simmonds?"

"Queer? I should say there was. I can't make the head or tail of it."

"Well—it's ridiculous I suppose—but I—well, I—I'd like to have a look at the floor, sir."

"By Jove, so would I, Churchill," said Kittredge, tossing his gloves again on the table. "That would be doing something, anyhow. Come on, let's roll up this rug."

Stooping together they commenced to do so until their progress was stopped by the big desk. "We'll have to shift this," said Kittredge. "You take the far side—perhaps Mac will move a bit—I think it'll roll without much effort."

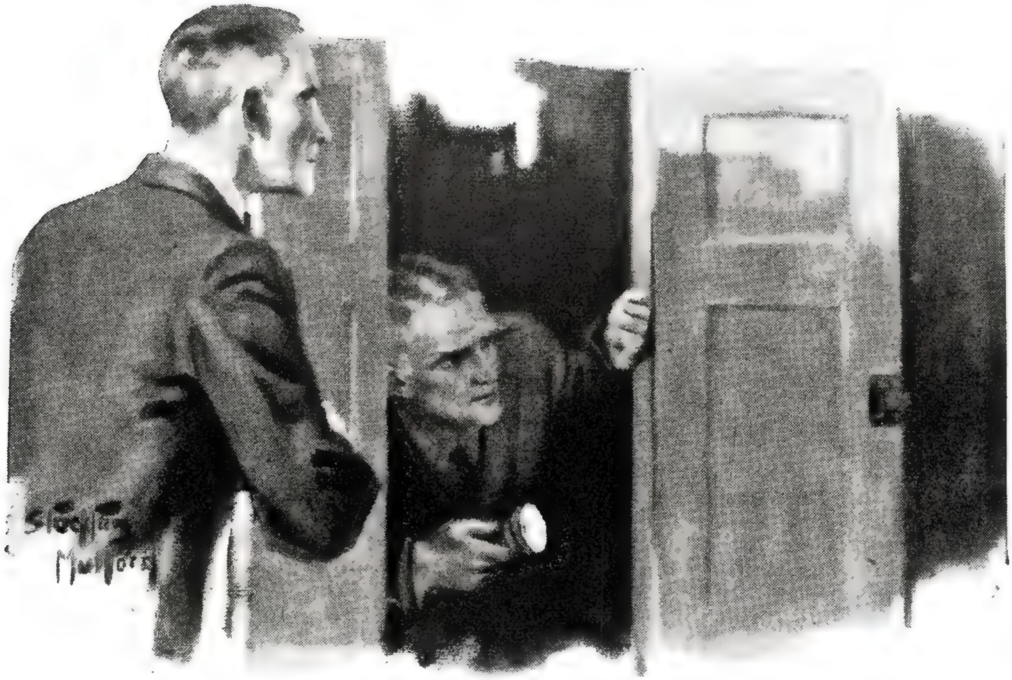
Together they put their hands to the edge and were about to apply their weight when MacIver's hand came down with a resounding bang on the top.

"No you don't, by Jiminy," he shouted, a sudden flame of excitement dancing behind his eyes. "You can get round it, on it, through it, under it if you like, but you don't move it—not one little fraction of an inch. If you please," he added, suddenly subsiding.

"But why not, Mac?" asked Churchill, somewhat crestfallen and baffled by the sudden display of energy.

"I cannot tell you why not, sonny," said MacIver, quietly again, "because I cannot tell just what's in my mind as yet. But I know you must not move that desk. And as for trap-doors," he added, kicking up the rug on all sides, "see, there's our old friend the regulation brown linoleum, six-foot width, been there ever since the year dot I imagine, perhaps two or three layers of it. No, there's no such pretty little magics about the War Office."

"I'm off to lunch," said Kittredge, shortly,



Kittredge, crouching within, flashed the torch full on Ibbert's face. Ibbert

and took his departure. The room became calm and silent as Churchill looked over the papers in his own office while MacIver, to all outward seeming, dozed in the armchair.

Presently the boy came in again and standing over MacIver addressed the inert figure a little shyly.

"Say, Mac—I'm afraid I was a bit offhand with you this morning. You're such an elusive devil, y'know. But I—well, come and have some lunch and I'll feel better about it."

MacIver opened his eyes in a quizzical smile. "That's really very nice of you, Duggie. If I didn't know you, I'd think you were beginning to take me more seriously than I take myself. But as for lunch—"

"Really, I'd be awfully pleased, Mac. And—well, there's some one I'd rather like you to meet."

MacIver's eyes danced with amusement. "Me? For the life of you, Duggie, be more careful of your reputation. Just take a good look at the object you're wanting to introduce as one of your friends."

"Oh, never mind all that Mac—I'll risk it. Really, I wish you'd come."

MacIver rubbed his hands over his knees in perplexity.

He hadn't the heart to refuse, but if there was one thing he dreaded it was the average young woman of the species known as "attractive." Finally he suffered himself to be borne off, scarcely protesting, to a little Soho café where the object of Churchill's regard was waiting for them.

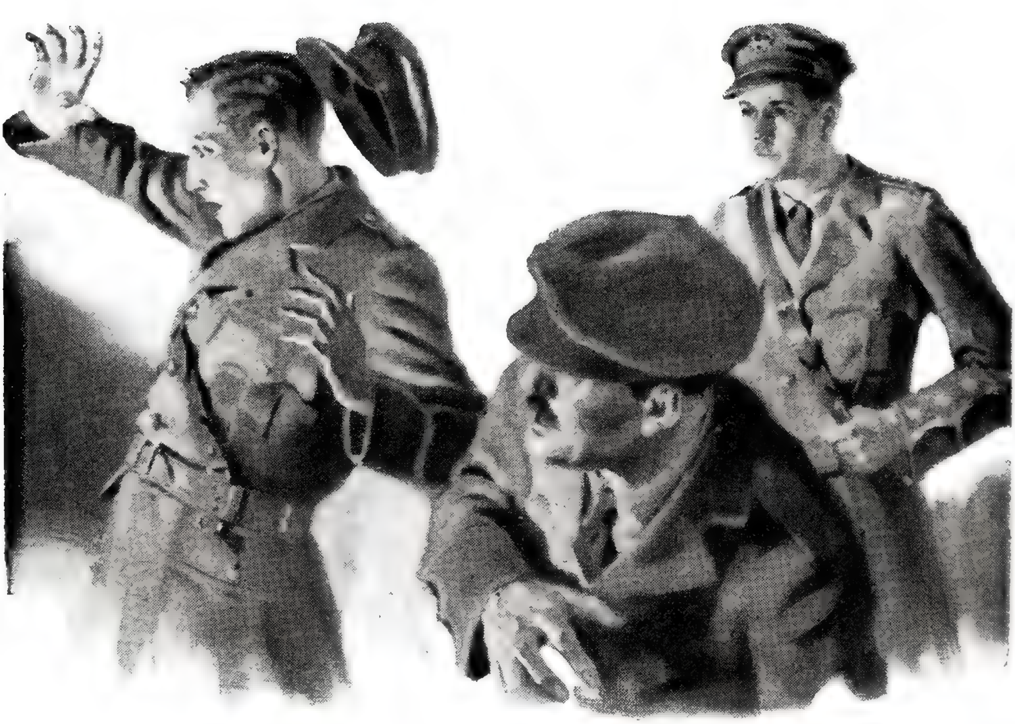
EVEN MacIver admitted to himself the charm of that slim little creature in her neat blue costume and unobtrusively captivating little toque. She could not have been twenty years old; but in her cool dark eyes—and it was hard, once she turned them on you, to look at anything else—there was the hint of an experience of the world much wider, thought MacIver, than Churchill was probably as yet aware of. Perhaps it was this experience that enabled her, from the moment of their introduction, to adapt herself so readily to MacIver's dry humor; added by the fact that from the instant she pronounced his name, MacIver had hailed her as a brother Scot.

At all events, the two of them got on surprisingly well; so well that MacIver, as if in acknowledgment of his really pleasant surprise, and to Churchill's still more pleasant astonishment, insisted on starting the lunch with champagne.

"But you know, Mac," protested the boy, "people like us don't drink champagne for lunch—not in war time, anyway—and not in Soho."

"I know it," smiled the Scot. "Very right and becoming of you. So we'll just make an exception."

"No, but really,"—it was Nora now, reinforcing her protest with a chubby little hand



staggered back, his arms raised above his head, trembling violently.

laid on his sleeve—"you must be careful, Mr. MacIver. The captain's head's not what it was before—"

"Excellent," continued MacIver calmly, "I always had hopes of it—ever since Fritz let the daylight in. So,"—as the waiter arrived with ice bucket and glasses—"we'll call this a celebration. For y'know," he eyed the little fountains playing over the rim of the glass, "I haven't had the privilege of lunching with two such charming young people since the good Lord knows when. So here's to ye."

"Well—" Nora set down her glass demurely as they turned to that excellent institution of the old world, so strangely neglected in the new—hors-d'œuvres—"it really is a celebration—for the captain. I haven't seen him for a week, poor boy."

"That's a libel, Mac. Anchovies and champagne are bad for any young woman's veracity. She sees me every morning."

"If you call that seeing—"

"Well, isn't it? Nora's in the Ministry of Mines, and her windows are exactly across the street from ours."

"So you exchange a silent greeting? How very poetical!" MacIver smiled his dry kindly smile at them.

"Like opening the day with prayer, you know," laughed the boy.

"Or Eno's fruit salt," murmured the girl. "Where were you last Saturday, Duggie?"

"In the office. 'Cos why?"

"I tried to get you on the phone, but couldn't."

"Storm upset the wires, perhaps. Why this sudden solicitude, fair one?"

"Put it down to the weather, Mr. Captain."

"Takes a first-class thunderstorm to arouse it, naturally."

"Naturally is right." She gave him a sudden smile full of tenderness. "You remember that one terrific clap, Duggie? We thought your building was struck."

"We thought that about you."

"I know. I saw Kittredge run up to the window and stand there gazing across."

"I ran, too. All eyes for the general, of course."

"Of course. He's the main chance, isn't he? But while he stood there there was another flash that looked as if it was right in the room behind him. I made sure—why, whatever's the matter Duggie?"

MacIVER leaned quietly across the table and carefully avoiding Churchill's eyes, steadied the boy's hand as it held the champagne glass half way to his lips. "I've heard"—MacIver's voice was leisurely as ever—"of people taking sherry on strawberries; but champagne on boiled turbot is a weird and perverse form of extravagance."

"Afraid I'm still a bit jumpy," said Churchill lamely.

"For which the goodness of friend Moet still provides a sufficient antidote," drawled MacIver, refilling the glasses.

"Really, you are jumpy, Duggie," said Nora. "You ought to get leave for a bit. What's the odds?"

"Well, up to ten o'clock this morning I'd have said—"

"Precisely what I think he'll be saying again this time tomorrow, my dear." MacIver, having thus delivered himself with an air of finality, lapsed into a long silence in which he seemed equally oblivious of the two young folk and the food on the table. But with the appearance of the devils-on-horseback he rallied, and the meal finished with the younger two in high spirits and even MacIver a little less dry than usual. He ordered *crème de menthe* for the children, as he called them, drank four liqueur cognacs in rapid succession over his own coffee, and rose to depart, leaving the others, as he cryptically put it, to get on with the other side of the war.

Churchill clutched MacIver's arm as the latter was moving from the table. "Mac, I must see you again. Did you notice . . ?"

"Yes, yes, sonny. I noticed, all right, you didn't need to spill the champagne. Don't breathe a word of it. And when you're ready you'll find me back on that verra interesting spot, Kittredge's armchair."

TRUE to his word, it was there Churchill found him an hour later, stretched full length in the armchair with the fatal letter in his hand his pale eyes staring vacantly up at the ceiling.

"Mac, did you hear what Nora said? The light. . . "

"I heard."

"And Simmonds too. . . "

"I know all about that, sonny." The languid drawl was in strange contrast with the boy's excitement. "But there's nothing we can do about it until tonight, and meanwhile, so far as I'm aware, they don't use portable typewriters in the War Office. And I'm in a hurry."

"Well, you don't look it," was all Churchill could reply to the enigmatic statement.

MacIver leaned back and closed his eyes, raising the letter once more to his nostrils.

Presently Kittredge returned, crossed the room with slow steps, and gazed down on MacIver from a face full of trouble.

"It looks black, MacIver," said the general, after a long pause, "black for me—black for all of us. Can you see any light?"

MacIver yawned and chuckled. "Light? Yes, Kit, I see light enough on this end of it—to the extent, that is, of seeing how it was done. But that's not enough to go on."

"You say you know?" The general's face expressed his amazement.

"In principle, yes. Method of exhaustion. The plans were purloined—shall we call it—at 11.48 A.M., on Saturday the fourteenth, with the building full of people, Churchill at his desk, all the doors shut, and you in this room."

Kittredge leaned forward over his chair staring at MacIver, inarticulate and incredulous.

"Impossible. Why, they were on my desk all morning."

"Exactly. Glad you agree with me. But you see that doesn't enable us to say where they are now—where else besides here, I mean. Which is what I want to know. And I've been doing my best to find out, but—oh, damn the thing." He flung himself back in the chair with brows knitted, eyes closed, and the letter held to his nostrils. Then shaking his head, he stood up and began to pace the room irritably.

"Can't you do anything, Kit?" he said, tossing the letter on the desk before the general. "No, of course not, your mind's too active. You don't eat and drink enough to dull it sufficiently. But sometimes that's the only way—the only way to give the subconscious a show. I tried it this very noon. After you'd gone. I saw I was getting nowhere on the main tack—brain too active—so I went out and feasted with the boy. Came back stupid as a cow. I seem to get a certain way,"—the walk was slowing down, the steps becoming quieter, more rhythmical—"but I can't make the whole journey . . . No, it's not here . . . far away . . . warmer . . . dark, cool spaces. . . " He had stopped, musing, in the center of the room, his fingers drifting idly along the desk. Kittredge watched him curiously as he stood there, his lips moving drowsily, a trancelike fixity in his gaze, while the long fingers trailed at random over the polished surface. A strange presentiment fastened Kittredge's gaze on those delicate fingertips as they passed unconscious over bell-pushes, clips, an ash-tray, the brass pen-rack, a paper-knife, a couple of pipes, the four paper-weights; lingering at random on a little lizard-shaped paper-weight of green bronze, rough and strangely cold to the touch; pausing on this, idly turning it over, lightly caressing the under side; idly weighing it up and down for a second or two in silence—and then suddenly raising it high in the air with a triumphant shriek as the whole figure of the man blazed with animation.

"Man, I've got it! I've got it! The lizard . . !"

"The pyramids . . . "

"The lobby of Shepherd's . . . "

"Yes, yes, that night . . . "

"Don't you remember . . . "

"She gave it . . . "

"Eugenie le Vallon."

"Eugenie . . . " The two men stared in each other's eyes across a tense silence. "You mean Mac, it was she . . ?" Kittredge's voice had sunk to a whisper.

MacIver nodded, tapping his finger ominously on the pale mauve sheet that still lay between them on the desk. "None other, I'm afraid, Kit."

"But it's impossible—impossible. Why, man, she was on our side then."

"Two years ago. That's a long time for a woman."

"No." Kittredge's face betrayed the conflict of emotions from which a bewildered horror seemed gradually to become dominant. "You'll have to convince me, Mac. That beautiful, brilliant creature—"

"But doesn't it all come back to you, Kit? That extraordinary faint scent she wore—her fondness for that peculiar shade of paper—"

Kittredge stopped him sharply. "The scent, yes. But the paper—I know nothing about that. She never wrote. And I don't see how you do, either."

"Well, Kit, I took the official liberty of looking into some of her correspondence with Morin."

"Intercepted, you mean? When she was in our service?"

MacIver nodded. "I always check up on the women, which ever side they say they're on. It's a sort of superstition I have."

"But how do you know she's in London?"

"I don't—yet. But I fancy Duranty can tell us." He picked up the telephone. "Special branch, please . . . Hello, Adastral? . . . I want Major Duranty . . . That you, Duranty? MacIver speaking. I want you to run over the index for Eugenie le Vallon—le Vallon—two l's. I want her whereabouts . . . Yes, in our service up to about the middle of 1915 . . . London, Marseilles, Alexandria, Cairo . . . No, that's all I've got. You might trace her through the Morin case—you remember Pierre Morin? . . . Alias? Don't know—Oh, you might try Vincent if le Vallon's no good. Elsie Vincent. I'm not sure of that, though . . . All right. Send up a special at once. General Kittredge's room on the second floor."

MacIver was smiling as he replaced the instrument. "That's a fantastic little theory of mine—the Vincent alias—but it may help him."

"I can't help thinking it's a thin case so far, Mac," said Kittredge, as MacIver lit a cigaret.

"Not so very thin, Kit, after all. There's not many women—Oh, and one little detail you didn't know, perhaps. It was Eugenie really, not I, who first got on to the trick of that trellis cipher Morin was using."

"It was, eh? Well, she was a wonderful woman. Mere child, too. Remember the way she led him right into the lounge that night while we waited over the coffee?"

"It was neat. She earned her beads, I'm thinking."

"And the rest—"

"Oh, the rest!" The light of reminiscence hovered in MacIver's eyes. "That was characteristic. She'd take the money—cash, it always had to be—and sign a receipt as if it were a baggage ticket, cold and businesslike as you please. But when you gave her that amber necklace—how her eyes shone. She'd have kissed you, I verily believe."

A short laugh, almost a bark, broke from Kittredge. "She did, Mac—damn it, she did."

"Ah, I missed that." The tone was judiciously disinterested.

"Next morning when she came to say goodby: just an excuse of course. Superstitious little devil. She'd been at the pyramids the day before and got that green lizard from Birmingham—remember I showed you?"

"Yes. Lucky you did. The luck's on our side if there is any. You see, it was the lizard," —MacIver picked up the paper-weight again—"the queer rough feel of the surface, you know, finally landed me. Reinforcing the association of the scent, I suppose . . . Eh, women, are kittle cattle."

"Assuming it's she."

"As to that . . . "

THE roar of another motorcycle sounded in the street below. Two minutes later Churchill entered the room bearing a sealed envelope. "From Scotland Yard," he said, glancing at the address and handing it to MacIver. "Didn't know you were my official senior, Mac—sir, I mean."

"I'm content to be your unofficial senior, Duggie," smiled MacIver. "Now, we'll see."

He drew a second envelope from the heavily-sealed wrapper, and opening this, extracted a neatly-typed index card from which he commenced reading odd phrases aloud, a queer amber glow burning behind his eyes. "Eugenie le Vallon, alias Elsie Vincent . . . Ha, corroboration of my little guess, General . . . Thirty-two . . . M'm, she didn't look it . . . Native of Wapping . . . Ha, ha, *vive la Cannebière!* H'm, no finger-prints . . . I ought to have got 'em when I'd the chance; one against you, Mac . . . Here we are Kit, dates and all; London, Marseilles, Alexandria, Cairo, Nice, Rome, Paris, London, December, 1916, 46a Mortimer Square. Well—" He tossed the card on the table. "That's good enough for a gamble. Put that in the safe, Duggie. You're detailed for duty in this room at nine o'clock tonight, boy. Now what do you say to a little social activity, General? Pick me up at Duke Street in half an hour and we'll make a call together. *Wiedersehn.*"

He seized his disreputable headgear and was gone before either could reply.

It was a completely transformed MacIver who alighted from Kittredge's two-seater at 46a Mortimer Square an hour later. The perfect cut of his blue suit, the fit of shoes, collar and hat, the touch of elegance in socks and tie, had taken ten years off his age; and the excitement of what he confessed was a gamble had brought a faint flush into the tan of his cheeks. He looked fully a match for the general in his khaki and scarlet, and it would have been hard to tell, apart from their years, which of the two was senior.

"Didn't bring a search warrant I suppose, Mac?" asked Kittredge as they mounted the steps.

"No. Time for that later if we want it. Clumsy method anyway. My work has to be neater."

But already the general was facing the first check. It turned out that 46a was a small apartment house; and on the cards was the name of neither Vincent nor le Vallon. They stood scanning the list together.

"Holroyd — Brown, solicitor — Lamson, R. N.—Mrs. E. Venner, top floor. Come on, Kit, that's the only chance. Same initials, anyway. Women are crazy about painting up their baggage. If we're to look fools, better get it over quick."

IN SILENCE they climbed the stairs and presented their cards to the neatly uniformed maid who opened the door. As she turned MacIver gave an emphatic nod to his companion. From within came the pleasant prattle of tea-cups and voices. Another instant they were entering an exquisite little drawing-room of blue and white, bowing over the hand of their young hostess, being introduced to a couple of other visitors—a youngster from the French embassy and a naval ensign—and saddled with tea and cakes, all—as it seemed to Kittredge—in a breathless whirl. But hardly had the older men sat down when the two younger rose to leave; and as she turned back into the room Kittredge took his first real look at the girl he had known in Egypt two years ago as Eugenie le Vallon.

Any one less like the international spy of popular myth could hardly have been imagined. She looked not a day older than twenty-six. Short and rather full of figure, she moved with an unaffected grace and modesty that was entirely disarming. Her hair, which had in its depths a faint bronze sheen, was bound in a coil about her shapely head; and beneath it her face, though scarcely beautiful, had that delicate magnetism of which perfect beauty so often falls short. Her simple one-piece gray gown was unadorned save by a red and amber necklace hanging between the mounds of her firm little breasts; and her gray-green eyes, as she looked eagerly from one to the other of her unexpected guests, had an expression of gratitude and confidence that was, to the general at least, positively embarrassing.

"It's really beautiful of you two to look me up again," she said, with a slight French accent. "However did you know I was here?"

MacIver, unruffled as usual, came to the rescue while Kittredge secretly admired her nerve in putting the straight question, assuming, as he could hardly help doing, she suspected their object.

"Why," said MacIver, "my department likes to keep in touch with people who've helped us."

"I didn't know I was as important as that," she laughed, "though, as you see, I cling to a souvenir of—your department. Won't you have some more tea, Major—I mean, General?"

Kittredge accepted a second cup and mentally kicked himself for having been beguiled into it; somehow it seemed not quite fair. But artlessly she followed up her advantage by turning the talk back to the events of two years ago, while in the reminiscence and gossip of former acquaintances their old relations, half business, half friendship, seemed to assert itself again. In spite of himself, Kittredge was almost beginning to enjoy the visit; until he heard MacIver's voice at a favorable opening.

"And the fact is, we want your help again, Eugenie."

"My help?" Ignoring the use of her old name, she turned anxious eyes to Kittredge, who nodded solemnly. Then, leaning forward with her elbows in her lap, looking at her white hands, "I'm afraid I'm not likely to be of much use now," she said. "I've rather lost touch with things since I settled here—is it anything serious?"

It was Kittredge's turn. "Serious and urgent. It's a matter that affects me personally very much, and it's one in which MacIver and I feel certain you can help us—if you will."

"Why, of course, I'd try—if you think it worth your while—placed as I am now. But really—is it official?"

Kittredge, conscious of an effort to keep his hand perfectly steady as he set down his cup on a tiny lacquer table, pursed his lips judicially. "Why, no," he replied, slowly, "not yet. I hope it will not become so. You see, it all depends—"

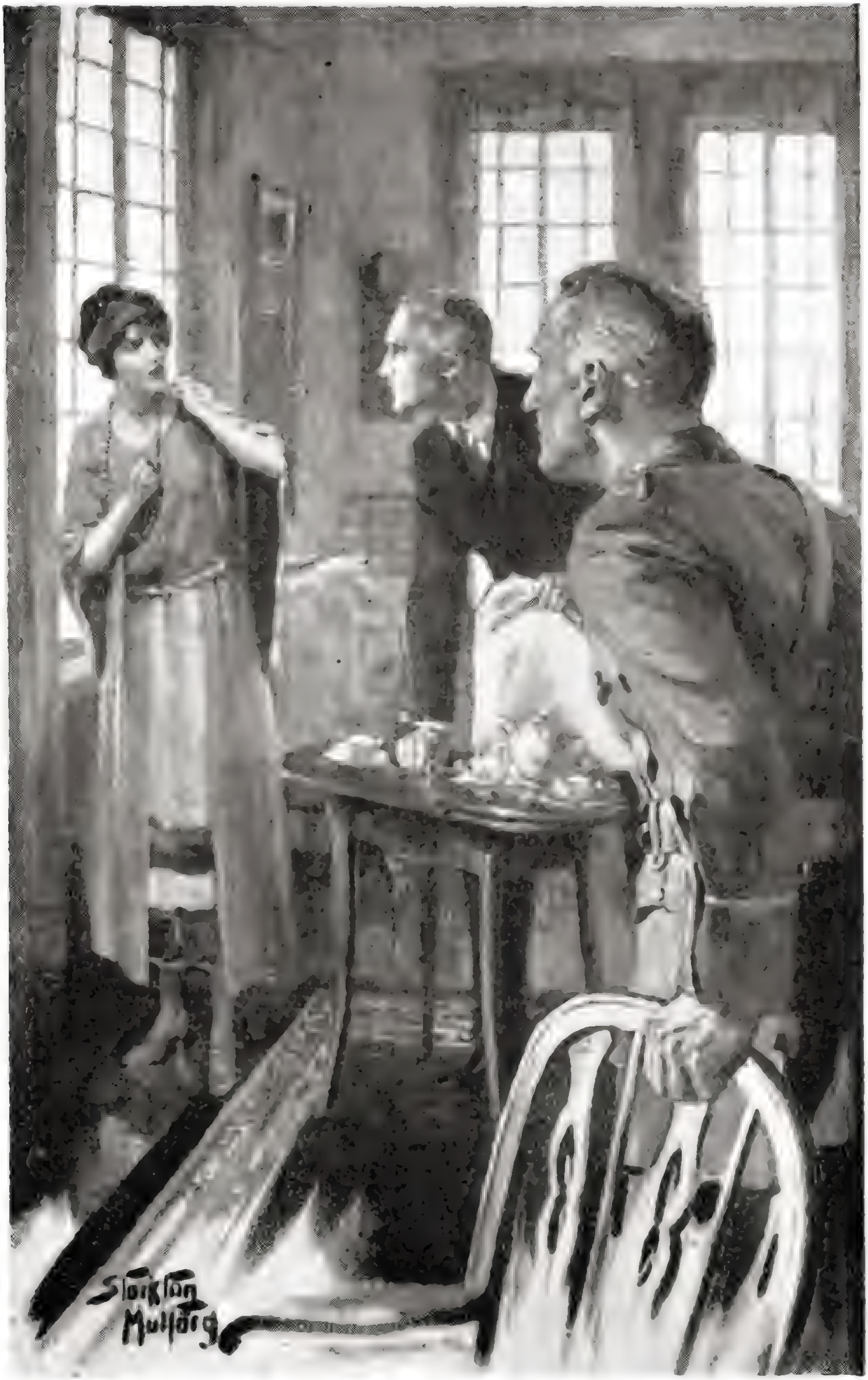
"—On you." MacIver quietly finished the sentence.

"In that case—" she rose and pushed a tiny electric bell—"hadn't you better give me an idea what it is you want?"

Clever of her, thought Kittredge, to bring in the maid like that at what she must have known was the critical moment. But MacIver went mercilessly ahead, ignoring the maid and the tea things.

"We want the duplicate plans of the Thames defenses," he said quietly.

There should have been a dramatic silence, tense with crisis. But she paused not a moment. Looking up, unchanged in attitude, voice or manner, she repeated with a puzzled



MacIver went mercilessly ahead, ignoring the tea things. "We want the duplicate plans of the Thames defenses," he said quietly.

expression, "The Thames defenses? It is something lost—or stolen?"

Kittredge nodded again—to himself; he seemed the only one of the three who was conscious of the slightest strain. "It is," he said, with an effort, "and I suggest you hand them straight back to us, Eugenie."

She put her hand on the arm of the deeply cushioned chair as if to rise, but remained looking from one to the other with a gathering light in her eyes.

"You mean that I—I—" She sank down again in the cushions. A note of subdued horror crept into her voice.

"But why do you come here and make that brutal insinuation? When have I been disloyal? What possible excuse have you?"

MacIver, as if resigning himself to the prospect of a struggle, tapped a cigaret on his case. "As to that, Eugenie, I can't say—though I might guess. You may perhaps have heard the name of Elsie Vincent. But there's just the one thing for it now—"

She looked at him with the light gathering in her eyes. Then suddenly turning on Kittredge with an impetuous gesture: "Do you believe this of me, General?"

Kittredge summoned all his resolution; but he could not keep the pity from his voice. "I'm afraid it's no mere matter of belief, Eugenie."

She sank back with a gesture of helpless indignation. Then with a little laugh she picked a cigaret from the box, lit it, and smoked a second or so without speaking, while something hard seemed to change the expression of her eyes and lips. "I can see you need me, right enough," she said at last, blowing a perfect smoke-ring, "to go and blunder in this egregious, masculine fashion. And then to come here and show me your blunder so—so naïvely—so—so—" she shrugged her shoulders.

MacIver regarded her gravely and rather sadly. "I don't know of course, Eugenie," he said slowly, as if picking his words, "what particular temptation you may have been under, or what particular necessity"—she winced at that, Kittredge fancied—"you may be in. But it would be best for you—best in every way, you understand—to end this promptly."

He paused. She gave no slightest sign of having heard him. MacIver, still tapping the cigaret, looked up fixedly at her under drawn brows. "Would you like to know the particular branch of the service I'm in at present?"

She gave a brief glance of uninterested curiosity.

"The postal censorship."

And then came the silence—sixty full seconds of it, ticked off on the little gilt clock. Suddenly and without a word she rose and left the room, returning a moment later with a roll of paper secured by a rubber band. Standing close to Kittredge she handed it to him, looking up weakly at his eyes. "Believe me," she murmured, in a voice now low and trembling, "I'd no idea this would injure you, General."

MacIver put the cigaret back in his case and rose to leave. "And even that's not true, Eugenie. You must have known. Come, Kit."

Kittredge, rising, stood with the roll of paper in one hand and his cap in the other looking awkwardly down at her. "I'm sorry; very, very sorry," he said gravely.

MacIver was eying the precious burden as if fascinated by it. Suddenly, as Kittredge turned to leave, he slipped it from the general's arm, snapped the band, and unfurled—a sheet of plain paper.

"Come now," his voice, addressed to the motionless back at the window, had a ring Kittredge had never heard before.

"Drop these silly tricks, Eugenie."

She wheeled about with a low cry, her face drawn and old. Then stooping, she snatched a folded package from under the chair cushions, flung it wildly across the floor, and collapsed with her face in her hands.

Not a word passed between the two men until the car was far down in the whirl of Oxford Street. Then as the traffic held them up for a minute, Kittredge pulled an old pipe from his pocket and stuck it unlighted between his teeth. MacIver, looking straight ahead, said as they moved on again, "Sherry's, I think, General."

SEATED at length in a quiet alcove, MacIver pushed back the glasses and drew the document from his pocket for a brief inspection. It was an exact duplicate of the drawing in Kittredge's office save that in the upper left-hand corner, pointing away from the map, was inscribed what appeared to be a small curved arrow, about an inch and a half long.

"I wonder now what's the meaning of that?" mused MacIver, as he refolded the plan.

"The girl could probably tell us. I suppose there'll be an opportunity to question her when she's—" Kittredge suddenly preferred his glass to the end of the sentence.

"M'm. I doubt if that's worth while. I fancy we'll get all the information we want without bothering her. Probably she'd tell nothing, or nothing reliable, for fear of implicating her accomplices."

"Why shouldn't she? If she can turn round on us like this, why wouldn't she turn round on her present associates?"

"Ah, it's different, Kit." MacIver's tone showed how different it was. "She was never loyal to our side."

"Oh, come, Mac, look at the risk she ran."

"I know. But it wasn't the side she was loyal to—it was you, Kit. Women are never loyal to mere causes, ideas, principles, the way men are. Such things hardly exist for them. They're loyal—if we must use the word—to particular objects or persons that immediately affect them. And when those objects change, they change too. That's as far as they get. And they always want money—plenty of them take money from both sides."

"You're too much of a cynic, Mac."

"No, I'm no cynic. Call me a realist if you like, but that's different. When a woman like Eugenie goes bad, I blame the men for not looking close enough after her. In this case I blame myself partly for not having had her under careful observation. It simply never occurred to me."

Kittredge considered this in silence and then asked, "Was that why you didn't question her?"

"Well—yes, on the whole. And I wanted to end it quickly—you noticed, of course, she's pregnant?"

Kittredge stared at him in something like horror. "Good God, no! I never noticed that."

MacIver nodded, as if to himself. "It was my letting her see I was aware of her condition that finished her so quickly. And the quickest way was the kindest, under the circumstances. Then she's hard up—very hard up I should say, judging from the little signs about the place and the wording of that message. And there's no evidence of any husband— Ah, it's a tangle she's in, the little Eugenie."

"What'll we do with her?" Kittredge's face was gloomy over his glass.

"Candidly, I don't know at present—and I don't want to be asked. Do you?" he added, rather sharply.

Emphatically Kittredge shook his head. "I'm not prepared to judge her."

"You see," continued MacIver placidly, "though you don't realize it, your instinct tells you you can't apply the same standards to women as you do to men. Anyway, we'll probably have the man in our hands tomorrow morning and . . . well, she'll keep quiet after that."

The general drew a deep breath or two. As if in desperate perplexity, he burst out with: "How—why—what makes them do it, Mac? Do you know?"

The Scot emptied his tumbler. "Sheer recklessness," he said, rising. "All this running about loose in a world full of men's things they never get within leagues of understanding. Come, old boy, time for that good meal you haven't had in days. And then a very pretty little dénouement, I'm thinking."

But the dénouement was what no man could have foreseen.

IT WAS past nine when they finished dinner at the Service Club. After cigars were lit, MacIver rang up the office and gave a few instructions to Churchill; then they walked leisurely down Whitehall, watching the play of the searchlights in the summer sky.

The War Office was strangely silent in comparison with the day's activity, though here and there rooms were occupied and orderlies passing to and fro along the corridors. Churchill greeted them as they reached the general's room.

"I've seen the rest of the night men, but they've nothing to report."

MacIver nodded. "All right, Duggie. Got those plans?"

"Had to take them down from the walls. Here they are."

He pointed to two large frames leaning against the desk, one of which contained the printed plan of the entire floor of the building on which Kittredge's office was located, the other a plan to the same scale of the floor above. These were usually kept hanging on the walls of the main corridors for the guidance of all and sundry.

"Can you take them out of the frames, do you think?" asked MacIver.

"I suppose I could, if necessary."

By dint of some violence and a pair of pliers the plans were duly extracted and laid on the desk. MacIver, meanwhile, had produced an inch tape, and with Kittredge holding the end carefully measured the distance from each wall to the edge of the desk. This done he sat down and noted to scale the exact position of the desk on the plan showing Kittredge's room. Taking up one of the sheets of glass for a drawing-board, he laid on it first this plan, then that of the upper floor, held them to coincide, clipped up the edges and traced the outlines of the general's room and desk on the surface of the third-floor plan.

"That ought to locate the leakage pretty neatly, General," he remarked, releasing the third-floor plan.

Unfolding next the duplicate they had recovered that afternoon, MacIver scrutinized it for a minute under a lens. Churchill, glancing over his shoulder, saw at once from the slight blurring of the lines that it was a photographic enlargement, and said so. MacIver, assenting, handed him the lens and asked whether he could get anything more from it.

"Nothing that seems of any importance," said the boy, after a brief examination.

"As for instance?"

"Well, the horizontal lines appear a little thicker than the upright ones, if you think that important."

"What would it suggest?"

"Possibly that the lens of the camera was not

[*Continued on page 172*]

The story of an earnest young man who had a serious purpose in life and of a spirited girl who upset a canoe

The Little Upstart Brook

by William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo

THEY have an odd way with names in Connecticut. It is an engaging way, although a little confusing, perhaps, if you are a stranger in those parts. Expecially is this true when it comes to rivers. It is a baffling thing to come upon a brook and learn that it shares the name of a river with the Mississippi and the Amazon. And you might put it, and not stretch the truth too far, that it was because of this that the events that make up this tale came about; because of the way that, in Connecticut, they give such names to tiny streams, calling them the Mianus River, or the Silvermine, or the Saugatuck. Some of these do, of course, just before they pour themselves into the Sound, attain a certain breadth—at high tide. But most of them just go on being brooks or, at the most, creeks.

You grow used to such things in time, of course, and come to think nothing of them. It surprises you when week-end guests look puzzled, when you speak of your river, and ask where it is, when all the time they are standing astride it, with one foot on one bank and one on the other, listening, or pretending to listen, while you tell them how, next year, you mean to build a dam and have a swimming pool. That was the way it was with young Pemberton, Grant Pemberton, who owned a house on the Mahackon River, and land upon both banks, and perpetual water rights.

Now, Grant Pemberton had been born in that house he owned, just as his father and his father's fathers, for two or three generations, had been. All his boyhood had been spent there. He had fallen into that river, and paddled about in it, and caught trout in it—he said, and he was a truthful man, in the main, so he probably had, although no one ever does, any more—and gone swimming in it, in the pond, just above his place, made by the sawmill dam. He would have told you that he knew about all that was to be known about that river.

But he didn't, at all. He'd never followed the Mahackon to its source, and he didn't know what became of it after it went gurgling by his house; whether it flowed into another stream, or went on and on alone, and grew up, finally, into a tidal river, and was pointed out by people passing along on the big Boston boats. Nor did he care about these things. Other subjects, in his view more important, occupied his mind. Just so was he about his house, which was a very lovely house indeed, as well as a very old one, and in which only Pembertons had lived since it had been built, long before the Revolution. He was the only Pemberton left to live in it now, and he meant to do so no longer than he must.

They say it is a fine thing for a young man to have a purpose in life, and if that is so, there was something fine about Grant Pemberton, for if he had anything at all it was a purpose in life. He meant to become a great critic; the first, he put it, rather modestly to himself, in American letters. Already his first important book was planned; it was to deal, exhaustively, with the life and work of Lawrence Sterne.

For the present he was, of necessity, marking time. He had his house; he had, pending the coming of his twenty-fifth birthday, a modest income, then to be increased by the transfer to him of his entire patrimony. Then, too, he would be free to sell his house and to go abroad and there make his home, in an atmosphere better suited to serious literary labor than that of America.

Yet, although he was marking time, Grant was no idler. Scholarly essays and reviews, signed G. P., appeared with some regularity in the more dignified weeklies; occasionally, even, he was represented in a British review. His days and many of his nights were full of pleasant labor. Save when he had need of a library more extensive than his own, he stayed at home. For exercise and recreation he walked abroad, along back country roads. For company he had Mrs. Bradford who, in his mother's time, had been the help, and her husband. They lived with him. Under some odd arrangement they fed him and took care of things, and farmed the land. He had no cares of any sort; he spent money only on books. Small as his income was, he had not, in any single year, spent so much as half of it.

So it was that on a certain hot Sunday afternoon Grant sat under an apple tree near his house, reading the proof sheets of a work he was to review. In the house Mrs. Bradford was busy with preparations for supper; outside, somewhere, her husband was cultivating a corn field, for crops pay no heed to calendars, and seem to dislike days of rest. The Mahackon sang on pleasantly and quietly, a hundred feet away. Grant stretched his arms and reflected upon life. A pleasant thing, so free it was from care and trouble.

But trouble has a dogged and persistent way with it. Few men escape it, and it visits you, when once its mind is made up to do so, without regard for your diligence in erecting barriers against its coming. It came to Grant that Sunday afternoon down the river and right over the sawmill dam. It came in a canoe that was abruptly catapulted over the dam and smashed to kindling on the rocks below. The trouble was Kathleen Vane, but that, just at first, Grant didn't know; he only saw as he ran down to the bank that a girl in a yellow dress had been spilled from the canoe.

Not much was left of the yellow dress by the time he had her ashore. But she was neither dead nor, it seemed, very much hurt, although she limped a little, when he let her go, and sat down on the grass, rather suddenly. He thought he knew her as he stood looking at her, and making concerned, questioning noises, but he was not quite sure.

"I—I'm all right!" she gasped. "But—oh, dear—you never realize how few clothes you wear nowadays until something happens to some of them, do you?"

And:

"Why do they call *that* a river?"

And:

"Oh! You—you're Grant Pemberton! Is *this* where you live?"

But he didn't have to answer, because Mrs. Bradford arrived just then, and gathered her up, and carried her off into the house for overhauling and repairs, which was, all things considered, just as well. Grant drew a long breath. He put his proof sheets away. He went down to the river to see whether the canoe might, perhaps, be salvaged. He knew there was small chance of that, but he wanted something to do.

He did know this girl. He knew her perfectly well, although he had not seen her for two years. Just as she had known and remembered him! He—oh, of course he'd remembered her. Not all the time. But often enough. When things went wrong, and he was blue. And sometimes when, as he walked, he came upon sheer beauty unawares, so that the sight of it caught his breath. . . .

What of it, though? It didn't matter; it couldn't. That time, two years ago—it had been an interlude. He had been, for a space, a little mad. It was different now. He was older; he knew his mind. Yet when, a minute or two later, he heard a step, and turned, and saw her coming toward him across the grass, he felt strange. He remembered afterward, thinking in a puzzled way, that it was as if he were afraid.

She was wearing a dress of Mrs. Bradford's, and still she looked exactly what she was—an unusually, an amazingly pretty girl. She came straight toward him, and he met her calmly enough.

"I hope you're none the worse for your experience," he said. "And that Mrs. Bradford's taken good care of you? Miss—you are Miss Vane, aren't you?"

SHE regarded him with very cold, very stern eyes. Blue, they were, those accusing, examining eyes of hers with little gleaming points of some other color in them. And she tossed her head so that her mane of short hair gleamed too. Tawny hair it was, not gold, not red, but between the two colors, like a very handsome lion's.

"I'm Kathleen Vane, yes," she said, with a certain emphasis upon the first of her names. "You know it perfectly well, too, so don't pretend you don't!"

"I'm not pretending," he said sulkily. "Why should I? I asked you if you weren't, didn't I? I wouldn't have done that if I hadn't known you were, would I?"

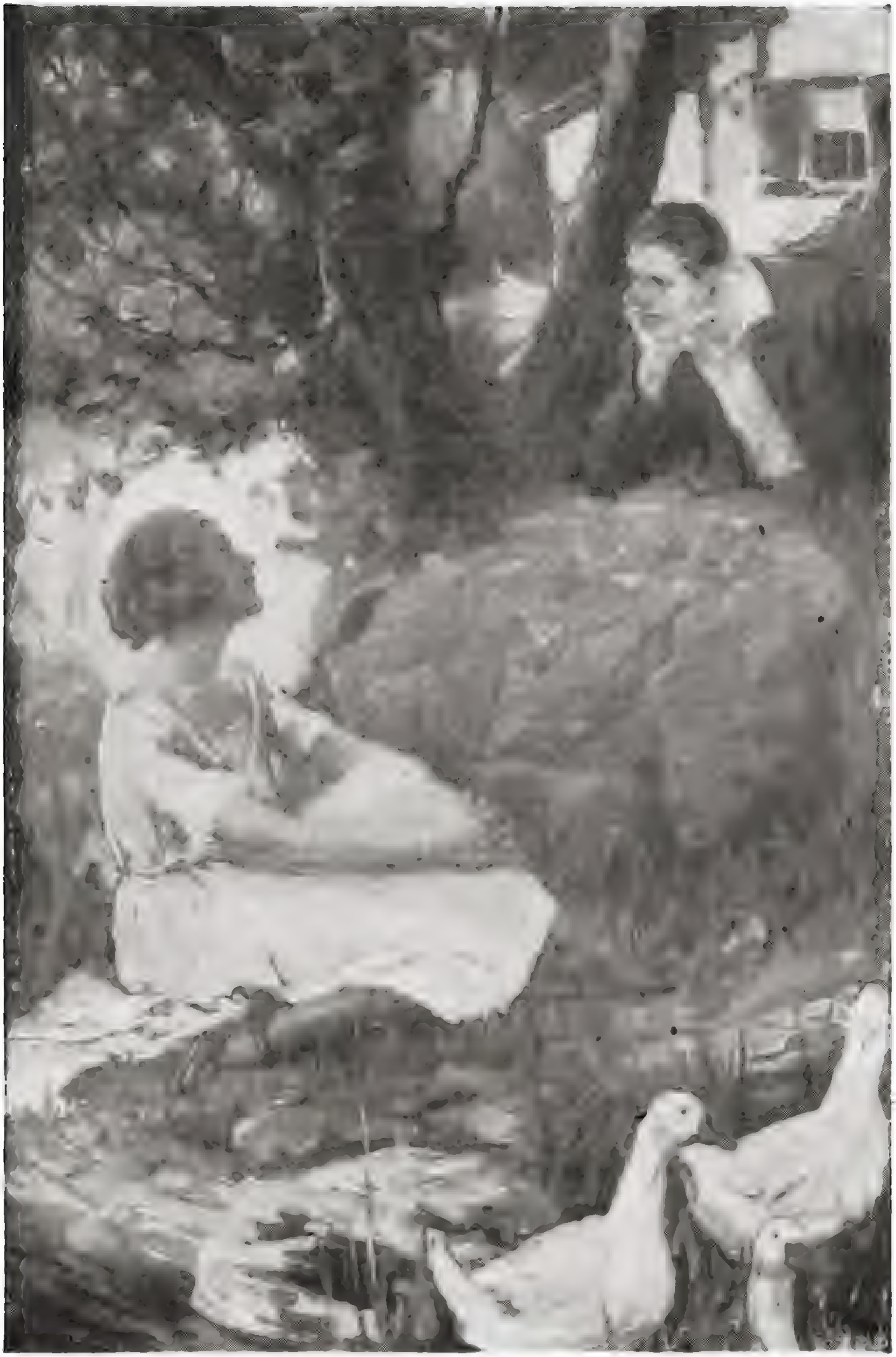
"I don't know," she said. "I don't know what you'd do. I never knew such a man! I suppose that's why you're so very interesting."

"Well, but I want to know if you're hurt—"

"No, I'm not! No thanks to you and your river, though! River! Why do they call *that* a river?"

"Because it is, I suppose. It's the Mahackon River—"

"River!" she repeated, contemptuously. "Who ever told that it was a river? It's just a nasty little upstart brook, that's what it is!"



"I'm Kathleen Vane, yes," she said with a certain emphasis upon the first of her names. "You know it perfectly well, too, so don't pretend you don't!"

He made no answer to that. There wasn't any that he could think of.

"Where does it go from here?" she said.

"Oh, down that way—" he said, vaguely, waving his hand.

"I know that! I mean—does it flow into another river, or does it grow up and get to the Sound all by itself?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"You don't? You live here, don't you?"

He said, rather stiffly, that he did. And then all at once, he felt oddly arrogant.

"I've lived here all my life!" he said. "All my people have always lived here."

He'd never been proud of that before!

"And you don't even know where that—that river comes from, or where it goes!"

"Well—" he said, with all the conceit gone out of him.

"Haven't you any curiosity?" she asked him. "Don't you *want* to know where rivers go and all about them—and roads—and, oh, everything?"

She went too far. He was indignant.

"I am planning," he said, "a trip around the world, when certain work I have undertaken is finished. I—why, I told you about that! Don't you remember?"

"Yes," she said, surprisingly meek, all at once. "But I thought you didn't—"

And she looked at him. It was a look to make him hot all over; to start funny little pricking sensations in him, to do queer things to his pulse.

"Of course I remember—" he said. "I don't forget things—"

She looked at him again.

"Oh—" she said. "Don't you?"

He didn't. Not when she looked at him like that. But he couldn't say anything.

"Mrs. Bradford's a dear," said Kathleen, with what seemed like irrelevance. "She's drying my things, and trying to mend them. And if she gets them mended enough you might drive me to where I left my car—"

"Car! You came in a canoe—"

"Oh, yes! But only a little way. I found it when I came to this—this river, and they didn't seem to be using it, and I thought it would be nice to paddle a little way and see where it went—the river, I mean. And I found out—"

"Wasn't it your canoe?"

"Of course not! Why don't you listen?"

HE STARED, and it was in his mind to admonish her about what might happen to people who took canoes that didn't belong to them.

"I'll pay for it, of course," she went on, just as if he had spoken what was in his mind.

"I haven't any car," he said.

She stared.

"But—but—how on earth do you get about?"

"I walk. I'm not decrepit."

"But—how do you get over to play golf—or whatever you do play—and swim—and everything? And where do you go to—I've never seen you anywhere—"

"I don't," he said, after a moment. "I can't afford that sort of thing, or a car—"

"Why, that's absurd!" she said. "You can afford them! When you own this place and have thirty-five hundred a year as well, and will have mo—"

SHE stopped abruptly, and grew a little red. But he ignored implications another man might have found.

"I have other uses for my money," he said. "My plans—"

"How," she said, "do you ever expect to write anything if you just bury yourself alive?"

"A critic," he said, with dignity, "must be detached. "The critical mind functions best in a rarefied atmosphere. It is true that later, when my real work is done, I may write a novel—the outgrowth of observation of the world, not a mere collation of parochial experience."

"Oh—" she said. "I—I see. You think there's nothing to write about here in America?"

"America!" he said, scornfully. "Drabness—monotony! Whoever pleases may write about them—not I! It is time that books held glamour again—color—romance—adventure! Read Sterne—Smollett—Fielding! Here in America there's just a colorless dead level—"

"That river isn't level a bit," she said. "And my knees aren't colorless—look! They're yellow already, and by tomorrow they'll be black and blue!"

"Stop that!" he said. "Pull your skirt down! It's not proper—"

"Stuff!" she said. "It's just as proper as if I were in a bathing-suit, isn't it? And you're blind, anyway, so it doesn't matter."

But she did pull her skirt down, with a discouraged sort of sigh. And she got up and went toward the house, and reappeared, presently, in what was left of the yellow dress.

"You'll have to come with me," she said. "I'm much too unstrung to go home alone after that smash. They'll send you back, all right."

"I was going with you, naturally," he said, stiffly. "Do you suppose I'd have let you go alone?"

"I don't know," she said, venomously, "what you'd do! I don't see how one could! What are you going to do with this place when you go up the Congo?"

"Sell it," he said, promptly. "That's all I'm waiting for—to be able to sell it and get the rest of my money—it's in trust, you see, till I'm twenty-five. Then I can live abroad, and travel—"

She looked about her—at the old, rambling house, with the wings that spread out along one side, at the orchard, and the old, sunken, walled flower garden, brilliant now with tall delphinium and many-colored hollyhocks and all the glorious show of summer in full tide; at the river, rushing noisily along at the foot of the slope that ran down from the house; at the fair fields of standing grain and waving corn.

"I hope a crocodile eats you on the Congo!" she said. "*Come* on!"

He walked along with her in a morose silence. He wondered why he had ever wanted, two years ago, to kiss this—this termagant girl. And he wondered still more—a great deal more—why he wanted again, now this minute, to kiss her. But he was, after all, writer enough, or critic enough or enough of both, perhaps, to understand that life and love were like that. You planned your life, and set a goal of work for your attainment. And then a girl came along, with a smooth cheek and red lips and a way about her, and it all went—unless you were careful, and watchful—oh, eternally watchful; unless you steeled yourself, and kept your purpose in mind all the time—he was doing that now as he walked along by her side with her hand touching his now and then as she swung it. With her hair blowing loose in the wind, and the sun warm upon the curve of her cheek. . . .

They came to the road when suddenly he stooped by the mail box and picked up a letter.

"That's funny—" he said. "I—I guess John must have let it drop yesterday when he got the mail. And—"

He was tremendously excited, all at once.

"I've been waiting for this!" he said. "Do you mind—may I just look at it? It's from my lawyer—my trustee, you know. I want to anticipate things a little—borrow some money, so I can go abroad sooner—"

He ran down, as one is likely to do, if one glances at one's audience and sees only an upturned chin and a resolute little mouth.

"Now I can make definite arrangements," he exclaimed eagerly.

Silence. Silence upon that loose, dirt road. Tiger lillies aflame along its sides. Memories of wild iris had bloomed before them, and of violets, earlier still. Yet not quite silence, either. For in the woods a thrush burst forth in song, and a quail called softly—'Bob White, Bob Whi-ite," and from the stone wall a squirrel peeped out and scolded them.

But between them silence endured, and presently they came to her car; a savage looking little car with no nonsense about it.

"Thank you so much," Kathleen said, a little coldly. "I'm quite all right now. You needn't come any farther."

"I shall see you home, of course," he said, quite as stiff as she. "It's nearly dark—you shouldn't be driving about alone."

She laughed.

"But this is America!" she said. "Where nothing ever happens to one!"

"Something happened to you this afternoon—"

She didn't look at him, exactly. And yet she did, out of one corner of one eye.

"Oh? You noticed that? I didn't know."

He climbed in beside her, disdaining answer. Something, he very presently began to think, might happen to them both, and that at any moment. He could see the speedometer very plainly, and he hoped it was out of order, as the pointer leaped gayly to hover between the marks indicating forty and fifty miles an hour. But he was disposed to think it was quite accurate, that speedometer. Plague take the girl—why must she do such things? Steal canoes, and fall over dams, and drive like mad, and make a man want to kiss her. Oh, he did!

Then all at once, they swept around a curve and were moving sedately along a wide, black road with other cars before them and behind them and beside them and weren't dead at all—either of them. And she turned and looked at him and laughed.

"WASN'T that glorious?" she said. "Laugh—oh, laugh, Grant! I can't stay mad when I drive like that! Here's where I'm going."

She swung into a driveway, and up toward a big house where, from a huge veranda, the sound of talk and laughter came to him.

"Do you live here?" he said, in a queer voice, his hand on her arm.

"No!"

"Then where? Tell me, Kathleen!"

She laughed.

"Sha'n't! Never! *Jamais de la vie!* If you want to know—find out! I did—about you."

"But—"

That was all. People were running down. A young man was on the running-board.

"Kathleen! For Heaven's sake—we were just going to send out a search party! Where've you been?"

"Oh, around! Mr. Stewart—Mr. Pemberton. Will you stay for supper, Grant? They'll let me ask you—"

"No—no—thanks. I must get back—"

She didn't urge him. Within five minutes he was being driven homeward by a chauffeur. Questions surged in his mind, but he asked none of them. He didn't—oh, he mustn't care where she lived! Near or far—what could it matter to him? That fellow Stewart—talking as if he owned her! Going to marry him, probably. All right. What of it?

Dourly, that night, he laid his plans. The business of the money could be arranged, Judge Nichols said. Later, the house would be sold. But he would be in London by that time. In Chambers, somewhere near the

Embankment. Not so convenient for the British Museum, of course, but he hated the sound of rooms in Bloomsbury. Drab, that sounded, and bleak. The Temple—or did you have to be English, and a barrister, to have Chambers there? He'd find out.

MEANWHILE—he had work to do. That paper he had to finish, about that newly discovered batch of letters from Hester Thrale to Samuel Johnson. Tremendously important, they were. They proved that Boswell had been wholly wrong about a deeply significant month in Johnson's life. He turned to his shelves. He had, he thought, all the books he needed to confirm his deductions.

What had Kathleen meant when she had said that no one had told her where he lived? No—not just that—that she'd had to find out. But pure accident had brought her tumbling over the dam. Hadn't it? It must have!

Two years ago. How had it been? What had happened? Nothing, really. He'd met her at that house party, one of the few things of the sort he'd ever gone to. He'd been tired, run down; he'd accepted Judge Nichols's invitation because he had needed a rest. And Kathleen. She had stirred him—moved him. The whole thing was queer and jumbled in his memories as if he hadn't, at the time, been quite himself. He couldn't have been. He'd been so tired.

He'd loved her voice. It had soothed him, rested him. And he had loved to look at her; she was so beautiful, so vivid, so full of color. And that day when he had wanted to kiss her. Oh, well—when he had kissed her! He hadn't wanted to remember that; he hadn't dared! But he had; he had kissed her! And he was glad he had!

But he had his life to live; his work to do. There'd been no place for her in that life of his, so carefully arranged and planned. He'd known that; so had she. He'd told her all about himself—about the way he had dedicated himself to letters. Some one must in this crude, new America. There had to be a start. Before a crass materialism swept all before it.

And so he had come back. To his old house and the old, tumbling river that must have swept down this valley since the ice had gone down before it to make its gorge; that had seen Indians stalk their game; stern men in homespun, come to seek a new home of freedom, and their sons, in buff and blue, resolved to keep that freedom for their sons; and their sons, in turn, eager to die lest a dream perish from the earth.

It had seen the railway come, that river, and along its banks, no doubt, factories stood now, before its course was run, and its strength was used to turn their wheels.

For that America, seeking always a use for beauty and casting off the highest use that beauty had. Beauty! As he sat, thinking, remembering, his eyes half closed, with the drone of insects in his ears, his mind roamed backward. Lines of great verse took form within his memories—as if the book lay open before him! Whole pages of old Sterne's great prose appeared. Beauty! Who sought it now, who knew it when it came? Beauty . . . and, with all memory fading to make room, Kathleen's face and the far echo of her laugh, and all his peace in flight.

He snatched at a book and opened it at random.

"Sir," he read, "you appear to have only two subjects: yourself and me, and I am sick of both."

So Boswell! Fool! Well, there were other fools! But he went on. Those letters—they had been written from Bath. Boswell, he had always felt, had never understood Hester Thrale's flight from the care of Johnson after he became a paralytic. Well, then—to set him right.

THE Mahackon laughed that night as it swept over its rocky bed. It laughed, perhaps, at the gleam of light from Grant Pemberton's study windows. Or at a memory of its own, perhaps, as now and then it snatched a strip of yellow linen from the rock it clung to, or tossed some fragment of a green canoe high in the moonlight!

Boswell was corrected; so were certain proof sheets. And Grant Pemberton walked one morning to the station. He sat—his shoes all white with dust—in a train bound for New York. He had to see his trustee, Judge Nichols.

"Well, young man!" said the judge. "Your check is ready. You want exchange on London, I suppose?"

Grant hesitated.

"Why—er—not—just yet," he said. "I—there are some things I must attend to here before I sail—I'll let you know. Judge—where does Miss—Miss Vane live?"

Judge Nichols looked surprised.

"Miss Vane?" he said. "Oh—Kathleen! I remember! She was at the house when you were there, wasn't she? Why, I don't know, exactly, Grant. The Vanes are from the West, but I think they have a summer place somewhere up the Sound. Greenwich? Shippan? I can't remember—somewhere up that way—"

"I see," said Grant. His lips were dry; he got up nervously. "Thank you. I have an engagement—I'll let you know about the money—"

Well—he had tried to find out, hadn't he? He was unreasonably angry with her, all at once. But that was what people said about girls—that they delighted in tormenting one!

What a silly thing—not to know where she lived. One always knew where people lived; one looked in directories, or something. But this girl—

It was rather late when he got home. And there was something for him that had come in the mail. It wasn't a letter exactly. It was a sort of map, done in colored crayon on a big sheet of wrapping paper and it looked like one of those very old maps they used to make in the days before every one knew everything about the world. A river ran through that map, amid trees, and fields, and things. And a pool was marked on it—and a house, that was labeled "Grant Pemberton's House." And there was a tiny picture of a canoe being upset. Beyond that, the river was just a wavy line, and there were no markings for trees, but just the scrawled words, "Terra Incognita," and a long way down, a great big question mark.

"JOHN!" said Grant. "John Bradford! Where does the Mahackon River run below here?" John Bradford scratched his head.

"The river? I guess it runs clear down to the Sound—I don't know, Grant, for sure."

Grant recoiled. Who knew anything? One must find out for one's self! But that was what she had said—just that. He would. Wasn't that true of anything worth knowing? One mustn't just ask questions. How often had Boswell found that out, with the flail of Johnson's tongue beating down upon him! And—oh, all of them! Sterne—he hadn't sought wisdom in books! He'd gone abroad through life upon his quest.

Dawn! The sun was just rising in the east, and Grant, his bare feet wet in the grass, shouldering the old canoe of his boyhood and carried it to the Mahackon's bank. Afloat, then, with the dawn song of a thrush in his ears, and the river snatching greedily at the canoe bearing him along with it—whither? He would know soon! Soon enough!

Through summer woods the river wound its way now swift, now sluggish, as it came to wide meadows and spread its banks to right and left. Through solitude sometimes; sometimes past houses that sent their lawns down to its very brim. Past a great factory once where, perforce, when his craft grounded upon sharp rocks, he had to land and make a portage, until he found water again, but the water was now colored by an acid—ugly yellow from some dye.

Down, down, always down. Twice he shot through short rapids—where the water foamed and beat about him angrily and it took all his skill and all his strength to steer clear of a jutting rock and a rotted stump of stunted willow. Then, all at once, a broadening of the stream and a recession of its banks and a queer push against his craft. He now had to use his paddle to make headway—no longer just to steer a course—and knew therefore, as well as by the salt air in his nostrils, that he had come to a place where the tide rose and fell. The upstart brook had become a river in its own right and title.

And now, as he went on, he looked about him. He had no sort of knowledge of this stream on which he rode. Far away he saw smoke, but from what town it rose he could not guess. And before him was a long bridge with great towers rising high on either side of it. Along the river's banks were houses and from their grounds long piers came out into the water. Before him, far beyond the bridge, he saw an island. The sun gleamed upon the golden sand of a long beach, and beyond that, he knew, the Sound must stretch, and far away, he figured, was Long Island and the hills over which the morning sun came creeping up.

A wind was rising now behind him and it helped him on against the strong push of the flowing tide. His thoughts were racing in his mind. What had she meant? Something—he knew her well enough for that. All her few words were ordered in his memory now. He must come in his quest to this river's end. But where was that? The island—beyond that was the Sound—for him, the open sea!

The shadow of the bridge fell upon him. Across the bridge thundered a long train. He was clear now of land on either side; in a wide estuary, and here the high seas ran high for his small craft, and water came aboard, and rippled about his bare feet. A queer chop was in this water; it was hard to steer. Time and again the canoe's bow fell off and with each yaw a new sea slapped its way aboard, so that, at last, he had to pause and bail. And he began to see that this quest of his might have an odd and empty ending after all. For, with all the strength he had, the point of that green island with its yellow beach slipped ever farther to his left—as if the wind were driving it, not him. Of turning about he never even thought—and that was well enough, for even though he did not think of that, his one chance now was to stay before that ugly, choppy wind.

Now he began to fight. Not in all the sheltered years of his young manhood had such a need as this come upon him. And all his body answered to the call, strong, vigorous, untrained—instinctive in its fighting as the mind that drove him on and on. He gained; he lost. For a dozen strokes he had that half-circle of golden sand bow-on before him—then it fell away, and he must fight again to bring it back where it should be.

Touch and go—so it was bound to be! His mind was clear and sane. To reach it—or to be swept by, a score of yards away! Nearer, nearer. Dimly he saw a white house through the green trees and a flash of blue where flowers were, and blue smoke rising mistily from a brick chimney. And then they were all gone—those good and homely sights—and he saw only white horses flinging their manes against the sky, and the hot sun cold upon green water. And then saw nothing, while mind and soul and body came together into the last effort he could make, and thews and sinews ached, while from his throat strange cries arose.

Until, all at once, there was peace and quiet about him, and the tossing waves were still, and the canoe slid slowly along, its keel grating on the yellow sand, and he stepped out into the water and dragged the canoe after him. He flung himself down, panting, on the sand the sun had warmed—and lay there.

So he lay when a light step roused him, and he looked up. And she stood before him, her lips parted, the sun upon her hair, slim and brown and straight, ready for the sea.

"I came," he said. He rose and faced her. "I—I found you out!"

Nothing at all she said, but looked at him and waited.

"I—I followed the river—and I know now where it goes—where it comes!"

"I—I knew all the time—" she whispered to him.

"Will you—will you come back with me, and find out where it begins—with me? Then we'll know everything."

She only looked at him. And suddenly, with some of that swift strength that the wind and the sea had awakened in him, he took a step toward her and took her in his arms. He held her close—and kissed her! She was tense in his arms until his lips met hers, and then, all at once, she quivered, and all of her was yielding to him.

"I—oh, I love you!" he said. "The things I thought that mattered—and nothing does—but that—"

"Only that!" she said. "And I—I knew—all the time—"

Grandfather Gives Thanks

by Faith Baldwin

WHEN all is said and done,
  The simple things are best;
Cool rain and goodly sun,
  Hard work and easeful rest.
When one has reached the end,
  And these have been bestowed,
Warm love . . . earned bread . . . a friend . . .
  How fair has been the road!

To sit awhile and dream
  Before my open door;
To watch the sunlight gleam—
  What sane man asks for more?
To see my garden grow,
  What dearer thing there is?
To hear the great winds blow . . .
  Child-laughter . . . memories . . .

A hand close-clasped in mine,
  My own green bit of sod,
And in my soul, divine,
  The living Grace of God.

A Pioneer Camera Man

In the days when it was considered undignified to have your picture in the papers, T. C. Bigelow was "shooting" camera-shy celebrities and paving the way for the modern news photographer

by T. C. Bigelow

MR. BIGELOW, proprietor of the New York Illustrated Press Association, started thirty years ago what was then a unique line of business. At the age of sixteen he was contributing country correspondent to metropolitan dailies. Later it occured to him that photographs would add interest to his news stories, and the idea quickly took hold with editors. Then he had to undertake the task of inducing prominent people to come to his studio for arranged sittings.

EXPERIENCE in securing up-to-the-minute portraits of celebrities and people of note for the last thirty years has not only brought me all the thrills of the chase in running down the person of immediate interest in the public eye who may be unheralded today and fêted tomorrow, but has also given me personal contacts in unexpected places that made these "scoops" memorable.

One of my biggest "scoops" was the time I myself was "scooped." Yet I have never regretted that I kept faith to a sense of loyalty. It had to do with a spectacular incident in the bristling career of the late Thomas W. ("Tom") Lawson.

About twenty-five years ago Lawson launched his publicity campaign against the Greene-Cananea Copper Company and pursued it in the vitriolic style for which he was famous. He not only attacked the status of the company and stated that stock was selling at a price higher than it was worth, but also affirmed that prospects for the output had been exaggerated. The consequent depression of the stock on the market so aroused Colonel Greene, president of the company, that he was quoted in the newspapers as saying that Lawson's motives were questionable. Moreover, he "would deal with him as he knew well how to deal with such offenders!" Incidentally, Greene mentioned the fact that he "had three notches on his gun."

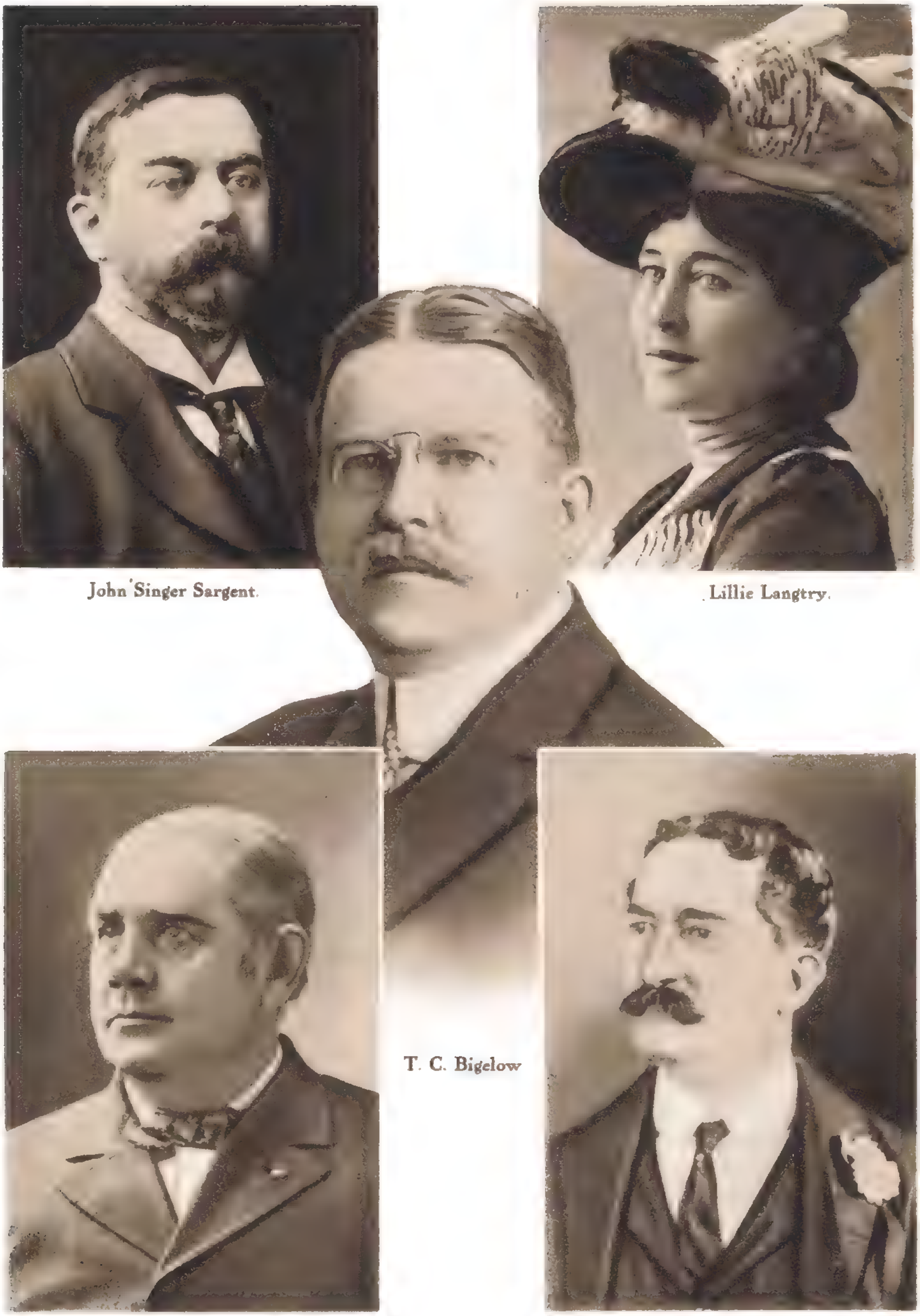
This was the situation when, one evening, about nine o'clock, looking over the register on the Hotel Touraine in Boston, I noticed a simple entry, W. C. Greene, New York. That was all. But it startled me. Was that *the* Colonel Greene? If so, would there be another Boston massacre in State Street within a few yards of the spot upon which history records that Crispus Attucks, the Revolutionary Negro, was killed? (Lawson's office windows looked down on the spot where Attucks fell.)

This bolt out of a clear sky put me in a quandary. I wanted a portrait of Colonel Greene as no good ones had previously been taken. Yet, if I notified him that he had been discovered, he might go back to New York. If I secured a "scoop" of an interview, I might explode the bomb before it could do harm. On the other hand, I felt a sense of loyalty to Mr. Lawson for granting me a rare concession, an interview criticising the Boston Stock Exchange. Mr. Lawson was accustomed to issue statements, but the occasions were relatively few when the reporter could obtain an audience. For, like other men who have influenced speculation, "Tom" Lawson was shy—so shy, indeed, that he was accustomed to ride the short distance of a little more than a block between his office on State Street and his permanent quarters in Young's Hotel rather than appear on the public thoroughfare.

After careful reflection I decided to call Mr. Lawson over the phone at his home, 1 Charlegate East, in the Back Bay section of Boston. I told him that Colonel Greene had arrived quietly in the city and was alone. Lawson laughed. He said somebody was playing a joke. Then, somewhat impressed, he said perhaps the secretary had registered in his chief's name. I explained to him that it meant a "scoop" for me, and Lawson promised to respect my confidence adding that he would go around to the hotel in the morning.

This closed our telephone conversation, but within twenty minutes an "unknown" party had phoned every paper in Boston the news of Colonel Greene's arrival. The next morning

[*Continued on page 164*]



John Singer Sargent.

Lillie Langtry.

T. C. Bigelow

Mark Hanna.

Thomas W. Lawson.

T. C. Bigelow and some of the celebrities who figured in the early days of his career as a photo news gatherer. The custom of having a staff artist make "sketches from life" gave way very slowly to the camera man, who was long held in suspicion by the people whose portraits he took

Charles D. West specializes in running down credit crooks. Behind the pile of snow-covered junk in the upper photograph, he found half a million dollars worth of stolen silks and laces. Below is a typical seizure of merchandise obtained on false pretenses by cleverly organized criminal gangs.

Zephon, Crook Catcher

After a lifetime spent in tracking down all kinds of criminals, Charles D. West says that it takes the most brains to land a credit crook. Some of his most exciting experiences in matching wits with business criminals

by George Witten

"WHAT! Do you mean to tell me that that little round-faced man with the big smile is 'Zephon?' Is that the great detective I've been hearing about? Shucks! he looks more like a Methodist minister!" My companions gazed at me incredulously.

BY THE oddest of coincidences, Zephon was the name of the first professional detective mentioned in history. He was an investigator for the royal house of the Ptolemies in ancient Egypt. No one knows how or why Charles D. West was tagged with the name, but he has been known throughout the criminal world for years as Zephon and is justly proud of his title.

"That's the man," I laughed. "He doesn't quite answer to the popular conception of a Sherlock Holmes, but I guess Sherlock hasn't got much on him."

We were at a luncheon conference of the National Association of Credit Men, meeting to discuss ways and means of curing the great credit crime wave that has spread over the United States in recent years. My friend had asked me to point out "Zephon," officially known as Charles D. West, head of the Investigation and Prosecution Department of the Association. West is the man by whom I have been trained as an investigator and with whom I have often worked.

West will tell you that he is not a detective, yet he has detected more crime and unearthed more criminals than most of the best known detectives in this country. At one time he was the terror of railroad bandits, but for the past eight years he has been running down credit crooks. He says it takes more brains to land a credit crook than any other class of criminal, and he ought to know, because he has handled all classes of crime. Credit crimes are intricate and subtle; the thieving is done by brain work, and the evidence is generally buried under a mound of legal technicalities. West loves to unravel these tangles. He loves to match his brains against other shrewd brains. He is contemptuous of thugs and gunmen, and says that any mediocre mind can outwit them.

"Thugs and criminals of violence haven't gumption enough to be anything else," says West. "Show me a man who can rob only with the aid of a gun or a lead pipe, and I'll show you a fool."

How he got the name of "Zephon" I don't know, but he is known as Zephon throughout the criminal world. The name was tagged onto him when he was a young man, and now he has grown to be proud of it.

There is nothing spectacular about the way Zephon works. I have seen him in the midst of an investigation of a million-dollar robbery, when every one else was going around with knitted brows, suddenly start telling funny stories, and laughing as though crime and criminals didn't exist; then a few hours later I have seen him unfold a chain of damning evidence against a defrauder that brought an indictment from a Grand Jury.

Once he went before a Grand Jury with a pocket full of burnt nails and half a dozen chunks of molten glass and secured the indictment and warrant for arrest of three clever crooks. The case is listed as the "Garland Case." Three men calling themselves "Garland Brothers" opened a jobbing house for perfumery and fine toilet supplies. They ran a legitimate business for nearly two years, dealt squarely with their customers and paid promptly for their shipments. They were rated as a good house to do business with, and were respected by the trade.

On a Sunday night, when the three "Brothers" were all away on a fishing trip, the building in which they occupied the basement and first two floors was burned to the ground. Their entire stock, books and all, was completely destroyed. Apparently it was a case of unavoidable bad luck, and even their competitors sympathized with the unfortunate men.

Garland Brothers filed a petition in bankruptcy, a receiver was appointed, the insurance collected and the creditors paid a few cents on the dollar. Then, as far as the authorities were concerned, the matter was closed. But some of the creditors were not satisfied. For, during the bankruptcy proceedings, it was found that just previous to the fire Garland Brothers had placed a number of large orders with several firms for shipments far in excess of what they had been accustomed to order. Most of these orders were for expensive imported perfume.

When the case was handed to Zephon it seemed hopeless. "You go down to that building and look around," he instructed me, "I'll meet you there in a couple of hours." Then he put on his hat and hurried out of the office.

I went to the charred heap of ruins and felt that I was wasting time on a fool's errand. The shell of the building looked just like a hundred other such old-fashioned brick buildings that had been gutted by fire. Inside there was nothing but a black heap of ashes with a few burnt bricks and some twisted iron bedsteads that had fallen down from the tenement floors above.

With a feeling of disgust I spread a newspaper across the crumbling remains of a window sill, sat down, lighted a cigaret and waited for Zephon to come. After a couple of hours of complete boredom I saw his short, stocky figure come with bouncing steps through the open doorway. He was carrying a small spade, and his eyes twinkled with mischievous humor.

He commenced digging little holes all over the place, and every once in a while he'd reach down and pick up a nail or chunk of molten glass.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" I asked.

"That's my evidence," he chuckled, "that's what's going to land those phony brothers in the pen!" He has a decided Southern accent, and the happier he gets the broader his accent.

Convicted by a Perfume Bottle

We went back to the office and Zephon spread the nails and pieces of glass on a table; then he took a new, unburnt nail of foreign make from his pocket and compared it carefully with each of the burnt nails. As he made each comparison his smile grew broader and he became more excited. Having satisfied himself as to the nails he pushed them aside and pulled the glass before him. He examined it closely and compared each piece with a beautiful cut-glass perfume bottle he held in his hand.

"It's a shame to do it," he said, "but I guess we'll have to. Get out the torch, we've got to burn this bottle."

We laid the beautiful bottle down on a sheet of asbestos, then held the terrific flame of the acetylene torch against the top. Slowly it melted and formed into an iridescent pool. We turned out the torch and waited for the molten glass to cool.

"You see there is no comparison," said Zephon, as he placed the other pieces of glass on the asbestos. They were a dull gray-green, while the melted bottle looked like an opal.

"We've got those fellows cold," he said. "Just before the fire they had shipped to themselves over six hundred thousand dollars worth of imported perfume that only comes in bottles like the one we've just melted. They've stated under oath that this perfume was in their storerooms the night of the fire.

"These bottles are made of what is called lead-flint glass, and there isn't a piece of that kind of glass anywhere around the building. These pieces I picked up are just ordinary bottle glass. That proves that the perfume wasn't in the building when it burned down, or the lead glass would still be there.

"But that isn't the only proof we've got. The cases that perfume was shipped in were nailed together with nails like this." He held up the foreign-made nail which showed a distinct difference in molding when compared to the American-made nails he had brought from the building. "We'll get those fellows in jail first, and maybe we can make 'em tell where the goods are. But if they won't, we can trace 'em."

The Garland Brothers when arrested refused to tell anything and maintained they were innocent of fraud. However, through the long routine process of examining records of shipments at the railroads the perfume was located just before the date set for hearing the case. They had shipped it to a western city, and had had it put in storage there, where they would probably have left it until they were sure suspicion had blown over; then they would have turned it into ready cash, probably at about forty cents on the dollar.

When the goods were found the "Garland Brothers," who were not brothers at all, saw that it was useless to fight the case, and pleaded guilty to charges of arson, fraud and perjury, asking for mercy. They are now serving long sentences. If you speak to Zephon about this case, he will always say: "I sure did hate to burn that beautiful bottle just to send those crooks to jail."

One day I saw him gazing with an amused smile at three letters spread out on his desk. "Now, ain't that funny," he said as I looked over his shoulder. "Here's Kansas City, Saint Louis and Topeka all sending in the same sort of complaint at the same time, and in each case the absconder answers to very near the same description, but with a different name. Names are the easiest things in the world to change.

"Now, let's see," he was thinking out loud, "St. Louis says that Frank Thomas came there about a year ago and opened an exclusive women's wear shop. According to his bank deposits he did quite a volume of business, became well established and secured the confidence of the banks and wholesale houses. Last month he placed a number of large orders, and the goods were shipped to him. He has suddenly disappeared, leaving behind two unpaid clerks and a store almost devoid of stock. He is short and dark, of foreign appearance, has a slightly foreign accent, is thirty-five to forty years of age, has dark brown eyes and straight black hair, prominent nose and chin.

"In Kansas City, James Murray did practically the same thing. Murray is a little dark man, about thirty-five years old, has snappy black eyes and black hair, large nose and forceful chin.

"Fred Wallace is the man complained of in Topeka. Wallace played the same game as Murray and Thomas. His description says he is of stocky build, forty years old, dark hair and eyes, big nose and chin, and a slight foreign accent."

Zephon mulled through a well-filled notebook for a few minutes, stopping from time to time to write down a name. With a list of seven before him he sat silently thinking, then scratched his pencil through three. "Bring me the records of these names," he said, turning and handing the list to a clerk.

The records set before him, he opened the first, glanced hurriedly through it, and put it aside. "Can't be him," he explained, "he only came out of Leavenworth less than a year ago." He turned to the next one and hesitated, then pushed it aside. "No," he said, "he's over fifty."

"Here he is!" he exclaimed, as he studied the third folder. "Petro Kikorik; Syrian by birth; thirty-nine years of age; beady brown eyes; straight black hair; large hooked nose; heavy chin; well preserved teeth; five feet five inches in height; weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Been in this country from childhood. Has a weakness for women, and is almost sure to be found in company with one. Pleaded guilty to charge of using the mails to defraud, and sentenced to three years at Atlanta. Released from jail two years ago.

"That's him. We'll have Petro back in jail within two weeks!" He rose from his chair and turned to me. "You start at once for Topeka, and trace the shipment of those goods. Wire me information at the local headquarters in Kansas City. I'll send Johnson to St. Louis! We'll land this bird before he has time to get rid of his loot!"

Five days later I sent Zephon a code message: *Goods shipped Louisville Kentucky*, and two hours later received a code reply: *Meet me Watterson Hotel Louisville.*

When I strolled into the lobby of the Watterson after a night in the train I found Johnson waiting for me. "The chief's up in his room," he said. "He won't show himself outside, 'cause this Syrian bird knows him. He sent him up last time. You an' I gotta handle this alone. I've been here two days and have got our man spotted. He's traveling under the name of Dearborn, and has opened a store on Jefferson Street. There's about half the goods stored there, but we've got to locate the rest of 'em before we pinch him. He's got a Jane he's living with at a rooming house down on Fourth Street. Zephon wants you to take a room in the same house, an' when you get a chance go through Kikorik's things. You gotta keep away from the hotel, and telephone your stuff in to Doctor Sumner here."

With these instructions and the address of the Syrian, I went to his rooming house and secured a room on the third floor. Late that afternoon I saw Kikorik and a peroxide blond go into a room on the second floor. I told my landlady that I had heart trouble and found two flights of stairs too much for me, and she gave me a room on the second floor, across the hall from the Syrian.

Tracking Down the Crooks

Under pretense of being a stock salesman I had no trouble in getting on speaking terms with Kikorik and his "wife." They laughed at my offer to sell them stock in a zinc mine, and said they took all their gambling out in poker. The blond coquettishly asked me if I'd like to play.

"Sure thing," I replied, "have you got any friends here to make up a party?"

"Yes, there's Mr. and Mrs. Stacey living near here. They're old friends of ours and like to play. Come to our room about eight o'clock. We're going to dinner with the Staceys and will bring them back here."

I found Stacey a companionable fellow and his wife very pleasant. Kikorik proved to be a good host. He had two kinds of wine, plenty of Scotch, cigarets and cigars on hand. I had a wonderful evening playing "penny ante," and lost twenty-six dollars and forty-three cents, which I charged to expenses. About one o'clock the whole party was thoroughly drunk. Thick tongued good-nights were said, the Staceys went away supporting each other, and I pretended to stagger across the hall to my room.

For a few minutes I moved about noisily, then switched off the light, and sat down to wait. When I was sure that my friends across the hall were in a sound sleep I went quietly to their door, listened a minute, then inserted a pass key in the lock and stepped in. By the light of my electric torch I could see that the sleeping drug I had poured into their last drink was working, like a charm. I couldn't have wakened them if I had tried.

Locking the door and pulling down the blinds first, I switched on the lights. Hurriedly I searched all their belongings, but not a paper of consequence could I find. Kikorik was lying on his back, snoring disgustingly. His trousers lay in a heap on the floor; I picked them up and took a bunch of keys from the pocket. Here I found something of value; on the ring was the key of a safe-deposit box. That was where he kept the papers we wanted. Taking the number of the key I put the bunch back in his trousers pocket, switched off the light and went out. I slipped quietly down the stairs and out of the house to a telephone booth. My call for Doctor Sumner was answered by Zephon. I told him of my evening's experience, and gave him a minute description of Stacey.

"Great guns, man alive!" come back over the wire, "you've blundered into one of the biggest crooks in this country! He's been mixed up in several cases, but we've never been able to get the goods on him! What's he supposed to be doing here?"

"He says he's got an auto repair shop!"

"Meet me at police headquarters right away!" Then he hung up.

Accompanied by two local detectives, Zephon, Johnson and I went to Stacey's repair and junk shop. It had turned very cold and a heavy snow was falling. One of the local men went ahead to see if Stacey kept a watchman to guard the place, but as we approached he signaled that there was no one about. It was then nearly three o'clock in the morning and the whole city was wrapped in silence. Opening the door of the repair shop with a skeleton key we made a thorough search, but found nothing of suspicion. Around the side of the building was a pile of junk, now partly covered with snow. Behind this pile of junk in a shed we found half a million dollars' worth of fine laces and silks stored, and in the garage beside it was a large truck loaded with valuable booty and ready to be driven away.

Leaving one of the local detectives and me to guard the loot in Stacey's junk shop, Zephon sent Johnson and the other local man to keep watch on Kikorik's store; then went himself to get warrants for the arrest of both men.

"Didn't I tell you we'd have Petro Kikorik back in jail within two weeks," chuckled Zephon, when we met at the Watterson after the local police had served the warrants. "Gosh a'mighty! We got two birds with one stone!"

Kikorik and Stacey are now serving a five-year term in Atlanta and when they come out again Zephon says he will have their movements watched, because recently his force of has been greatly increased, and he is now able to keep a close tab on all known credit criminals.

Keeping under cover is an unswerving principle of Zephon. Of course he himself is now well known in the criminal world, but that does not matter so much. For he seldom does any foot work now, but is the directing brain that guides a number of younger men through successful solutions of criminal mysteries and tangles. False whiskers and disguises seldom enter into Zephon's work. Any crook can recognize the average disguise, and it immediately puts him on his guard. Poses Zephon often uses and advises his assistants to use. His favorite poses are a doctor or a minister, and he can play either rôle perfectly.

A few years ago he set out to get evidence against a "fence," who was giving the authorities a lot of trouble, but who had proved too clever to get caught with the goods. This fellow made his headquarters in Detroit, from where he would smuggle stolen goods across into Canada at different lake points. Zephon went to Detroit as a revivalist preacher and rented an old shed down near the waterfront. Here he held meetings every night, and in the day time he preached on street corners.

Combines Preaching with Sleuthing

The local papers wrote him up, at first humorously, but in time they and people in general began to take his preaching seriously. He acquired a big following and became a well known character around the docks and freight yards. All the time he was watching the movements of the "fence," who was well established in the local business community and well thought of socially.

Finally a large shipment of shoes, which Zephon knew to be stolen, arrived consigned to the man he was after. Keeping a close watch of the shipment, he informed the Federal authorities, who always come quickly when Zephon calls. They know that when he sends for them to make an arrest he has already secured sufficient evidence for a conviction.

The arrest of this man, caught in the act of superintending the transfer of the stolen shoes to a lake freighter, caused a big sensation in Michigan, and the papers were loud in their praise of the detectives for landing this master criminal in jail. But no one connected the arrest with the jolly little preacher who had been ardently striving to save lost souls, and who shortly afterward disappeared.

"Don't you feel like a hypocrite when you go out preaching?" I asked Zephon one day.

"No, I don't," he replied. "I never say a word that isn't true, and if I convert people to right thinking it's just that much good done.

Zephon has for years been an unknown guardian of the nation's welfare. It is only now, after years of silent service, realizing that through the many crimes he has unearthed and the many criminals he has placed behind the bars he has become well known in the underworld, that he will allow himself to be given publicity, and will talk about his adventures. Zephon has reached the stage where publicity can't hurt him in his work for he has ceased to do actual investigating himself, and has become the guiding brain of a great law enforcing organization.

A new kind of prize-ring hero makes his bow in

Buddy's One Idea

by William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by James Reynolds

I'M IN the show business as a regular thing, press agent, company manager, house manager—that sort of work. That's my cakes and coffee. Prize fighting's just my fun.

I'm not a prize fighter myself. No indeedy! I'm a fan. I like to watch fights and I like to bat around with fighters. I get many a kick out of watching them in the ring and many a laugh out of listening to them elsewhere. My idea of an evening's real fun is to sit at a table with a couple of prize fighters and managers in some dump where they think the eighteenth amendment is a law to make 'em keep the front doors of saloons closed on week days as well as on Sundays, and listen to them broadcast. That's comedy.

Feeling that way about it I naturally got acquainted with a lot of fight people in New York and that's howcome I met Buddy Cushman.

For a fighter Buddy was a good looking youngster with more education and better manners than most of the knuckle shovers. By that I mean that he could read without getting brain fever, write without sticking out his tongue, and count other things besides a house without using his fingers to keep tab on all numbers above ten. He was a lightweight and when I first ran into him he was in New York on his first trip East, he was looking for a manager who wouldn't automatically go South as soon as he got fifty dollars all at one time, and a chance at a metropolitan showing. He was comparatively unknown then, just a kid who'd been hitting them and taking them out in the sticks for a year or so. None of the managers around town who were in well enough to do him any good would take him on and Buddy was just wise enough to know that none of the petty larcency cigaret moochers who were willing to sign him up would be any use. I met him on parties a time or two and then he looked me up and propositioned me. He wanted me to manage him.

"Not for me, kid," I told him. "I don't belong. I love to sit near-by and watch the animals, but I have no ambition to get on the inside of the cage and swap bites with 'em. Not me!"

"I'll make a pot full of money for you if you'll take me and handle me right," the kid insisted.

"What guarantee have I got of that?" I asked him. "Suppose I did fall for your proposition, which I won't, the chances are ninety to one I'd waste a lot of time and get nothing out of it. How do I know if you can fight or not?"

"Listen," Buddy says. "I'm going to be the champion."

"All right," I says to him. "Go ahead and be one. Now I'll tell *you* a story."

"I'm going to be the champion," Buddy said again in that queer, stubborn way he had like a fellow reciting a piece he had learned. "And you're going to be my manager. You know the game and I think you're on the square and I want you to handle me."

"I appreciate the compliments," I told him. "But that card's not in the deck. I'm not going to be anybody's manager, now or ever!"

"What I want I get," Buddy says.

"That's big talk, kid," I told him. "I'll give you a chance to prove it. You want me for a manager. Let me see you get me."

He never batted an eye.

"I will," he says, "because I just got one idea. That's why."

"One!" I says, acting surprised. "Oh, Buddy, that'll never do. That's much too many for a prize fighter. It'll clutter your head all up."

"No kidding," Buddy says. "I'll give you the dope. I was born and raised in a little tank town off the main line out in western Nebraska. My father and mother both died before I was ten years old and I got stuck to live with an aunt and an uncle that didn't want me around. They had nothing on me. I didn't want to be around neither. They were tough people to live with, believe me. They were always bawling me out and telling me I'd never amount to nothing! They didn't get fun enough out of telling that to me, either. No. They had to go spread it all over town. Any time my uncle got talking with a bunch of guys, he'd find a spot to tell 'em what a total loss I was to the family and bet his judgment that I never would be any good to myself or anybody else. Same way with my aunt. Any time she got together any place with a bunch of dames, she'd put me in the grease and fry me right. Tell 'em what a trial I was and how I'd never behave and I wouldn't work and couldn't learn anything and all like that. Oh, they were a fine pair of big-hearted people! Between 'em they made a Patsy out of me all over town. It got so everybody in the place just took it for granted that I was the Queen of Spades in a heart game. They marked a K. O. against my record before I ever climbed into the ring. Nothing I could ever do around there would change it with 'em. You know every little town's got a guy that the mothers show their children to and tell 'em if they don't be good they'll get to be like him. I was that guy out in my home town. The day I was eighteen I went down to the railroad station and bought a ticket to as far away as the money I had would take me. That was Omaha. All the way down to the train I was trying to figure out some way to make a lot of jack and come back and knock this home town of mine pop-eyed. It was a good idea, but there was no sense to any of it. I worked around Omaha for a time, doing this and that and not getting anywhere and by and by I began to think these home town jobbies were right about me.

"Then I read a piece in the paper that set me right. This piece said that if any guy that had just a little something would get one idea and ride it through, it'd carry him clean to the top. There was a lot more, but that was the main part. So I says to myself: 'All right, kid, I'll get one idea and I'll never have another as long as I live.' Then I had to pick out an idea to have. I thought them all over. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, business men, and finally decided that the thing for me to do was to get the idea that I was going to be the champion lightweight prize fighter of the world. I had the size and I was strong enough and I'd done pretty well in the few street scraps around town that I'd had, so I says to myself, 'I'm going to be the lightweight champion!' That's my idea. I never think about anything else. If I meet a guy I wonder if he can help me be the lightweight champ and if he can't I don't want to see him any more. I never do anything without that one idea in my nut and that's going to win for me. And you're going to be my manager and help me."

Well sir, the kid's earnest fanaticism sort of touched me. Anyhow I wasn't doing anything at the time. Just hanging around town looking for a job. And I figured there might be a laugh in handling a fighter for a little while, so I decided to take him on.

"All right, Buddy," I told him. "I'll try you for a little while anyhow."

"There you are," he says to me. "You asked me to prove it and I did. I told you you were going to be my manager and you are. You see? It works. Nothing can stop me. I got just one idea and as long as I stick to that I'll keep right on going up to the top. You'll see."

WELL sir, it certainly looked as if the kid had something in that one idea philosophy of his. He certainly gave it a good workout, I'll say that for him. He dreamed fight when he was asleep and thought fight when he was awake. Apparently he never had anything but fight in his mind. If you wanted to talk to him you had to talk fight. He wouldn't permit himself to give a thought to any other topic. He wouldn't permit himself to give a single stray thought to women, war, horse racing, politics or any other subject that didn't have to do directly with the business of socking.

"No use being half-way about it," he'd tell me when I'd tell him he ought to have some real relaxation. "This one idea system of mine will work if I just play it a hundred per cent."

Within a couple of months the kid had me believing his stuff. He went through the set-ups as easy as a sharp razor going through thin air. And the tough ones didn't give him much more trouble. Pretty soon the New York sport writers began predicting big things for him and whenever I sent him against a tough one in town he made their prophesies come true. Within five months after I got him I dropped him in at the main spot at the Garden against Frisco Jolson, who was considered the logical contender at that time, and Buddy punched Frisco's ticket for a through trip to bye-bye land in the beginning of the eighth.

While the referee was counting Jolson out and the bugs in the Garden were screaming their heads off, I was crouched down on the steps just outside the ring in Buddy's corner, rearranging my whole life. I'd gone into the thing just to pass away the time between jobs and here I was with a real lightweight prospect, a sure shot at the championship and an even-money chance for a real fortune. That lightweight title is a million-dollar proposition these days, particularly for a good-looking, well-mannered kid like Buddy, what with the vaudeville angle and the movies and the syndicate stuff and all the side lines that the champ has to pull from. For the first time, right then, I began to think of managing Buddy as a real

Five months later at the main spot at the Garden against Frisco Jolson, Buddy punched his ticket for a through trip to bye-bye land in the beginning of the eighth.

profession instead of just a vacation side line.

I sat up till four o'clock that morning, writing press stuff and planning an immediate campaign for Buddy and after a two-hour sleep, a bath and breakfast, I was back at it again. About nine o'clock in the morning Buddy came in. I showed him some of the stuff I had written and gave him a fill in on what I had in mind for us in the immediate future.

It was a good profitable program, but the kid didn't seem to enthuse over it.

"What's the matter?" I asked him a little bit nettled. "Ain't you satisfied with it?"

"Sure," he said, "Oh, sure! That's fine! The only thing is—well—I was thinkin':"

"Thinking what?" I asked him sharp. "What's on your mind?"

HE SEEMED sort of flustered. First time. I'd ever seen him act that way. Hesitant Indecisive. Wouldn't look at me. I could tell he had something on his mind he didn't like to spring on me. I wondered if he was going to try to give me the gate as his manager and I began to get mad.

"Let's have it, son," I told him short and sharp. "If you've got a brick in your hand, hit me with it and see what happens. Aren't you satisfied with the way I'm handling things?"

"Oh, sure!" the kid said in earnest this time. "It ain't anything like that. The only thing was, I was thinking—I'd maybe like to—lay off and go home for a little while right now."

"Home?" I says. "What do you mean home. Back to Nebraska? Out to Tannerstown?"

He nodded sheepishly and blushed as confused and embarrassed as a ten-year-old kid caught writing mash notes in school to a pigtailed sweetie.

"Yes, sir!" he admitted. "I thought I'd like to."

"You can't do it now," I told him. "You're riding the wave. Now's the time to cash in! After you win the championship—if you do—Why then you can lay off for a while and rest and do whatever you please. From now till then we got to be busy. What do you want to go home for?"

"I guess you wouldn't understand," he sort of mumbled, looking at the floor.

"I'm certainly not going to understand it if you don't swab the hot mush and marbles out of your mouth and tell me what it's all about," I told him. "You sound like bad news over a bum radio from station MOAN in Gloomsburg. What's it all about?"

The kid took a long breath and looked at me. "I want to go home and cash in while I've got the chance," he said defiantly.

"Cash in!" I said. "What do you mean cash! In Tannerstown, Nebraska? Even if it is your home town I can get you more jack for one fight in Boston, Philadelphia or New York right now than they'd pay you out there for being eaten alive in the main street at high noon by a wild Nubian lion, especially imported at great expense for that one event."

"It isn't a matter of money," the kid said.

"What isn't a matter of money?" I asked him. "Think quick and tell me what isn't a matter of money, any time, any where!"

"This isn't," Buddy insisted. He got redder than ever. "I'll come clean," he said. "I want to go back home to Tannerstown and high hat 'em while I'm sure I can get away with it.'

"All right," I said. "You can do that, but what's the rush? Wait till you've had your chance at the championship."

"I'm scared to," he admitted. "If I got licked I couldn't get by with it."

"What?" I said. "You mean to say that those yahoos out in your home town wouldn't whoop it up for one of their own boys that fought his way up to a chance at the championship, even if he did get knocked off?"

"You don't know my home town folks," Buddy said bitterly. "They'd pass the raspberries to the loser no matter who licked him. Why if I went against the champ and took one on the chin in the last minute of the fifteenth round, after winning all the way up to that point and then went back to Tannerstown, they'd all say: 'Uh-huh! Told you so, you smart aleck. Went and got yourself licked, didn't you? Whoever told you you could fight? I guess you learned better, hunh?'

"Say! All they know about an alibi out in that home town of mine is that it's no good. You can't find a man, woman or child in that town who'd stand still long enough to listen to you tell what you almost did. Right now I got 'em hooked. They think I'm good. They're afraid I am, anyhow. If I go back now, they'll give me the glad hand just on the chance that I may take the champ and be the boss of the lightweights. They won't take any chances on passing me the cold potatoes now. If I do come through they want to be able to tell the traveling salesman what good friends of mine they are. I know how things are going out there. I been sending clippings of the stories of all my fights out to the Tannerstown *Bugle* and for the last couple of months they been running them. Got 'em so excited now that the editor of the *Bugle* telegraphed to me yesterday asking me to wire a story about the fight—if I won. I want to go home while they're hot and get a thrill out of being somebody in that little old burg where the best career of any of the cracker-box prophets ever gave me was life at hard labor in the state pen."

"Don't be fatwitted!" I urged him. "With all this publicity you've got from licking Jolson and the more you're going to get in the ballyhoo for a scrap with the champ, you can be cleaning up large jack every week from now on. At the very least it'll take you a week or two to go out there to Nebraska and swell around—and why lose all that dough just for the sake of highhatting a bunch of old yahoos? It isn't worth it!"

Buddy looked at the floor and shuffled his feet and got red again.

"I didn't tell you all of it," he mumbled. "You see—well—you see, there's a girl in it."

"Oh," I says. "A girl, huh? Ain't we got fun!"

"We used to like each other pretty well when we were kids in grammar school," Buddy explained. "We liked each other pretty well afterwards, only her father and the rest of the folks around town that were always knocking me finally got her convinced that I'd never amount to anything. She didn't exactly give me the gate. She told me she'd wait for me and give me a chance to make good. Promised she'd marry me if I did."

"Oho!" I said. "Well, that's different. You're going back to get married, huh?"

"I don't know," said Buddy, very glum. "This prize fight thing don't go so big with her. She probably knows there's a difference between prize fighters and sneak thieves who specialize in robbing poor boxes and snatching pennies out of blind men's cups, but if she does she don't think that difference amounts to anything. The better I do in this fighting game, the less she thinks of me."

"Well, what's the play?" I asked. "What kind of a line are you going to give her if you do go back?"

"The town's all set to give me a big welcome if I show now," he explained to me. "The editor of the *Bugle* will write a lot of stuff telling everybody what a credit I am to the town and how modern prize fighters ain't the tough plug uglies they used to be, but all love flowers and read poetry when they ain't working and go around watching little children play and everything like that. You know the gush. Then there's a minister out there in one of the churches who ain't a bad guy. He was captain of his college football team and done some boxing of his own in an amateur way when he was in school. He'll front for me. Thompson, this editor of the *Bugle*, tells me he can get the parson to slip in a piece in a sermon some Sunday about how prize fighters aren't such bad guys if they behave themselves. You see, maybe if I go out there now and get the glad hand from everybody and the editor goes to bat with a piece in the paper and they give me a big dinner and all like that, with a lot of the people in town she thinks amounts to something, there eating and making speeches, why maybe she'll get over this idea she's got about prize fighters and everything will be jake, see?"

"I get you," I said, my mind's eye watching dollar bills we might have made in the time it would take to go out there and pull all this stuff and get back, melting away like snowflakes falling into an open air blast furnace. "How soon do you want to start?"

"How soon can we get a train?" he asks me, beginning to show real signs of life.

"You want to take the first one that you can make, I suppose," I said.

That was it. He owned up that he did.

"All right," I said. "I'll go along with you and do what I can to help you. But listen, Buddy. How does all this fit in with your scheme of only having one idea and sticking to that and not paying attention to anything else?"

"A guy can't help having a girl, can he?" he says. "T'ain't like I was running around with this dame here and that dame there. I only got just the one."

"All right, Buddy," I says. "I'm with you. One idea you got I hope you keep and one girl you'd like to have that I hope you get. Let's go!"

BUDDY took a flash out of the drawing-room window as the train drew into the station at Tannerstown and then turned to me and grinned.

"They wouldn't turn out that big a gang for the governor of the state," he said, as we got up. "I seen the town band and the mayor and the chief of police in that one peek. Can you beat it? And when I left here three years ago nobody seen me off but the station agent and when I bought my ticket and told him I was leaving he says: 'Well, that's one less for the census taker to credit us with, but maybe we'll get cheaper burglar insurance around here now.' "

I looked out the window as we walked down the aisle. There sure was a gang on the platform. A band in trick uniforms, and men and women and children, all done up in their Sunday best. Looked to me more like a turn out to meet a visiting evangelist than the gang on hand to whoop it up for a home-coming prize fighter."

"It's a big day for you, Buddy," I said to him.

"I'll say so," he says. "I never figured this town would turn out a crowd like this to see me unless they had a pot of hot tar and a bag of feathers to help out the entertainment."

As soon as Buddy poked his nose out of the car the big noise began. The crowd yelled and applauded and the band played that grand old apple-sauce tune, "Hail, The Conquering Hero Comes." The mayor of the town and the chief of police grabbed Buddy as he started down the car-steps and split him up between them. They hoisted him onto their shoulders and carried him through the cheering crowd to an open automobile, all covered with flags and bunting.

Nobody paid any attention to me so I missed out on the parade. I took care of our stuff and legged it down to the hotel in time to hear some of the nice things they were saying about Buddy. They'd put up a little speaking stand in front of the hotel and the big wigs of the town were broadcasting from there while Buddy sat in a chair all covered with bunting and gave the crowd an eyeful. The minister he told me about, said his nice say, telling them all that Buddy was a credit to the town, and an example for the clean living, athletic youth of the nation. The chief of police did his stuff and a couple of other important-looking birds both said pieces. Then the mayor got up on his hind legs and did one of these "man who" pieces. He sure sounded important. If the occasion had been a convention of all the nations of the globe and he'd been nominating Buddy for the job of the King of Everywhere, he couldn't have gone any stronger. And all the while this was going on Buddy sat there looking as glum as a playwright at the first night of a sure-fire hit that some other guy wrote.

WHEN the mayor finally got around to introducing him, Buddy got up without so much as a grin on his face, ducked his nut a couple of times, like he would if he was taking a pair of quick bows before a hostile fight crowd, mumbled a few words that nobody heard and sat down again. A little bit later I got him alone in our room and called him for the way he was acting.

"Act happy," I told him. "You'll get in wrong if you keep on going around with the lights out and the shades all down while these people are giving a party. What ails you?"

"To hell with 'em!" Buddy says. "*She* didn't show up!"

I'd forgot all about the "she" part of it.

"I ain't seen her nor any of her folks," Buddy went on.

"Oh, well," I said. "Maybe something happened. Maybe some of her folks is sick or something."

Buddy's face got white. "Maybe she's sick," he said. "I never thought of that."

He grabbed a 'phone and called a number.

"Hello," he said when he got his connection. "Is this Mr. Sutherland's house? Is Nellie there. . . ? Oh, is this you, Nellie? Are you sick. . . ? Huh. . . ? This is Buddy Cushman. I just happened to think you might be . . . If you ain't sick why'n't you come down to see me? Lot's of people did. . . . Oh, now listen. Wait a minute. . . . Well, lemme tell you . . . Well, what . . . I see . . . Tonight, huh. . . ? All right. Good-by."

He hung up and shook his head.

"The trip's a bust," he groaned. "She didn't fall for this stuff at all. Prize fighting's typhoid with her. She says she's ashamed of the minister and everybody that showed up at the station to make a fuss over just a cheap prize fighter."

"A cheap prize fighter!" I said. "My God! Wouldn't Rickard laugh if he heard that line. Ain't she got any idea what I got you for your end with Frisco at the Garden?"

"It wouldn't make any difference to her if I got the deed to the mint," Buddy said. "If I got it prize fighting, the dough would be counterfeit to her."

"Well," I said. "What a snooty young wren you picked out to pester yourself with."

A minute later I opened my eyes and looked around. I was on my back on the floor and Buddy was standing over by the bed feeling the knuckles on his right hand.

"I'm awful sorry," he says to me. "I took a sock at you before I had time to think. You mustn't pan Nellie Sutherland when I'm around."

"Funny how much we think alike," I says to him. "Just this minute I had it in my mind not to do that any more."

"I wish I'd never learned prize fighting," Buddy said, still rubbing his knuckles.

"Your ideas and mine still have that same look about the eyes," I says, rubbing the sore spot on my jaw. "Do I draw another smack in the features if I suggest that the best thing for you to do under the circumstances is to go and see this sweet, lovely, reasonable creature now that you're out here and have a little talk with her?"

"She won't lemme come out to the house," Buddy said. "I was going to ask her could I, but she said no before I got a chance. She'll be at the party tonight and I'll see her there."

"The party?" I said. "What's doing?"

"It's kind of a church thing," Buddy told me. "An entertainment and dance to get money to bring one of them Chautauqua things here next summer."

"If she won't let you come to the house, why is it she'll come and see you at the party?" I asked him.

"She explained about that," Buddy says. "She says the party wasn't got up for me in the first place so she didn't mind going to it."

"Now ain't that sweet of her?" I says without thinking and got ready to duck.

He didn't swing at me that time. An expression come over his face that made him look just as bright as a stranded jelly fish in an absent-minded moment.

"She's wonderful," he says. "She says there ain't anything personal in the way she feels about my prize fighting."

"Did you tell her how much that meant to you?" I asked him.

"I didn't think to," he says. "I'm awful dumb about things like that."

"Yeh," I says. "Things like that and other things."

He took a long trembly breath that sounded like a young calf with the croup trying to call for its mama.

"You can't beat a good woman, can you?" he says.

"No," I says. "That's one trouble with them."

"You wouldn't think a girl like Nellie Sutherland would bother with a fellow like me, would you?" he went on.

"I never saw Nellie Sutherland," I reminded him, "so I can't be a fair judge of her. I've seen so much of you that the same thing goes. From what I gather though, she doesn't seem to be bothering about you much, one way or the other."

"She ain't mad with me," Buddy said. "She's going to see me tonight. Ain't that something?"

I took a long chance at kidding him. "I can hardly believe it," I said in an awed voice, looking him straight in the eye."

"Neither can I," he says back at me in dead earnest.

And I had to go out in the hall to laugh for fear of getting socked again.

ALONG toward the night the kid had what he thought was a bright idea. All lovers in trouble have that same idea and they all think it's bright. The hunch was that I would talk to his fractious sweetie and fix things up.

"Maybe she'll listen to you," he says.

"Not a doubt of it," I told him. "She never saw me before and don't know anything about me. She'll probably do anything I say."

"Well, it might help," says the kid in kind of a hopeless way.

He was certainly sunk in deep water with all hands, that boy!

Before the entertainment and dance, they gave him a dinner at the hotel. He wouldn't eat and he wouldn't talk. Just sat there glowering at his plate while the party dined around him. The home-town folks were beginning to mutter about the way he was acting. I got up and saved the day with a little speech. Told 'em how modest Buddy was, how he was so overcome with the attentions that were shown him by his old friends and neighbors that he scarcely dared trust himself to speak. That went big.

"He's greatly moved by the welcome we've given him, isn't he?" the mayor whispered to me, looking at Buddy sitting across the table there, acting as though he were a guest at a club where he'd just been blackballed.

"He's just a big-hearted, simple boy," I told the mayor.

"That's right," the mayor said. "I can remember he always was big-hearted."

"Yeh?" I said. "Well, I can remember the rest of it. And if ever I forget it, all I got to do is to look at him."

After the dinner they took us over to the big hall where the entertainment and dance was being held and I met Buddy's trouble face to face. If somebody had handed me a million photographs of girls and told me that one of them was the picture of the girl that Buddy had been raving about and asked me to pick her out, I wouldn't have got around to Nellie Sutherland's photograph until somewhere way up in the nine hundred thousands. She was a nice girl. You could tell that by looking at her, but you wouldn't look at her unless somebody asked you to. If you knew her and anybody told you that a friend of yours was going to marry her, you'd say: "Well, she'll make him a good wife." Like that. She wasn't very big and she wasn't very little. She wasn't very pretty and she wasn't very ugly. She wasn't very dark and she wasn't very light. She wasn't very well-dressed and she wasn't very anything. Just nice, unobtrusive, stubborn, little old-fashioned sort of a girl with a nose and a mouth and a couple of eyes and some hair and the normal number of hands and feet. But if you could see Buddy look at her, you could figure out how you'd look if you'd met Cleopatra when she was at her best.

He talked to her a minute about nothing much, introduced me and then beat it. We talked about the weather for a minute and then I started in to do my stuff. I made a strong spiel and climaxed it by telling her that Buddy loved her. Of course that wasn't any news to her, but I thought I might as well mention it.

"I know," she said very primly. "I love him, too."

"Oh," I says. "Then everything's all right."

"No," she said. "Everything's all wrong."

"About this prize fighting thing?" I asked her.

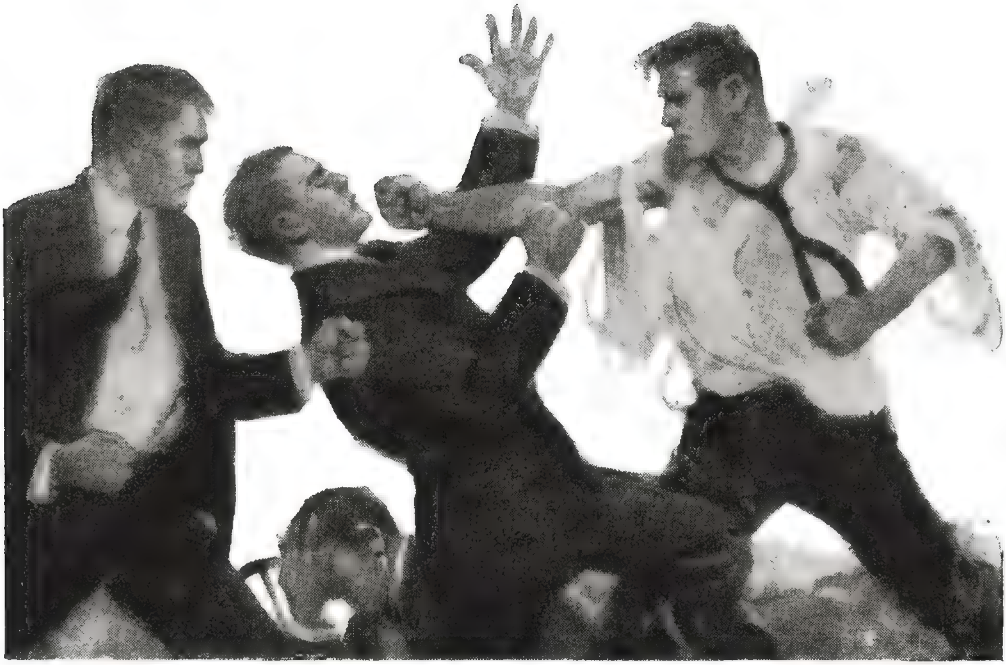
She nodded. "I could forgive him for having been a prize fighter," she said in a voice that ought to go with sad music. "If he only wouldn't keep on at it."

"He won't keep on at it for long," I told her. "He can't, even if he wanted to. The life of a fighter is only a few years at best."

"That's just it," she said. "If he'd go into some good business where he had a chance to make some money, I'd believe he was in earnest. But he just keeps on and on at his silly old fighting."

"Business!" I said, looking at her. "What kind of a business do you mean?"

"I don't care," she said. "Any kind of a respectable business where he could make enough money to—well—to get married on."



Buddy stepped in and sloughed him on the jaw with his

"Say, what do you think prize fighting is?" I asked her. "Football or something?"

"I don't know anything about prize fighting," she said.

From the tone of her voice you could tell why she didn't know anything about it. She didn't want to listen and she never had.

"Have you any idea how much money Buddy got for his last fight?" I asked her.

"You mean what prize he got?" she said.

"Say, what do you think a fighter fights for these days?" I asked her. "A watch or something?"

"I don't know," she repeated.

"I'll say you don't," I said. Then I took a long breath and told her what Buddy got for his fight with Frisco at the Garden. She looked at me as startled as though I had reached up and picked a piece of the moon out of the sky and held it out for her to look at.

"Why—why—then what did he do with it?" she asked.

"Put it in the bank along with the rest," I told her.

"Why—why—then he's got money," she said.

I give her some facts and figures then on what he already had, what he'd make by fighting the champ and what the title was worth if he won it. That future stuff didn't get anywhere with her.

"But he's got money now," she said. "He could buy some kind of a business if he wanted to. Right now, I mean, with what he's got."

"Sure he could," I said. "He could take the diamond out of his ring and throw it in the river and go buy a piece of window-glass to put in its place, but why should he? You talk about a business! Why lady, he's got a business; a big business. That lightweight title is worth somewhere around a million dollars to a good looking, cagy boy like Buddy Cushman."

"But he'd have to fight to get that, wouldn't he?" she asked me.

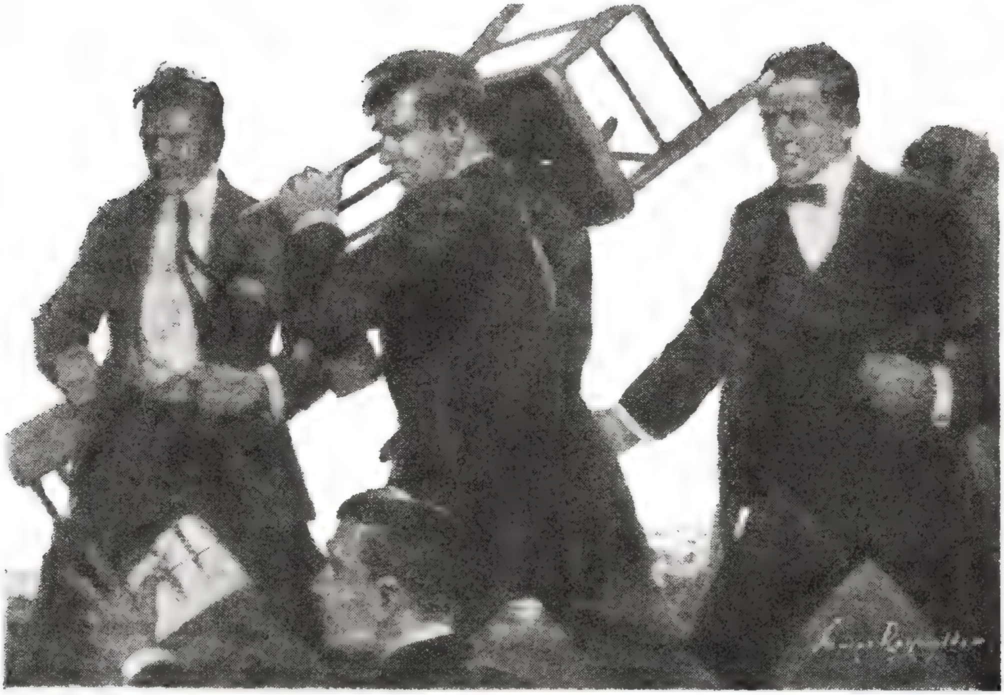
"I'll say he would!" I told her.

"But you see I couldn't marry a prize fighter," she said. A silly sort of a look came over her face and she clasped her hands together. "Oh!" she said. "Do you suppose he'd give all that up for me? Go into some sort of respectable business with what he's got now, and—and settle down?"

I didn't need any barometer to know that there was a storm coming.

"I bet he would," I said, trying to act enthusiastic. "But let me put the proposition to him. He'd be much more likely to do it if I was to ask him."

EVEN while I was talking to her I was figuring fast on some way to get my boy out of town without hearing that brilliant bankruptcy scheme she had in mind. I didn't know if he'd fall for it, but after seeing the expression on his face when he looked at Nellie, I had a hunch. I was trying to think of some more things to say when the mayor came out



right and the hick sommersaulted backwards off the stage.

on the stage at the end of the hall and began to speak.

"Attention, everybody!" he said. "Quiet just a minute, please! The girls will now pass in review and the prize will be awarded by our famous fellow townsman, the coming lightweight champion, Mr. Buddy Cushman. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Cushman."

Buddy came out on the stage alongside the mayor, still looking glum and sour and bobbed his head a couple of inches. He didn't get much of a hand this time. The home town folks were beginning to get fed up on the lack of appreciation he was showing for the welcome they were giving him. I could see little groups of them here and there scowling and talking to themselves about it.

"What is all this?" I asked Nellie Sutherland.

"Oh. I think it's disgusting," she said. "The Phillips and Casey store offered a fine China tea service to the most beautiful girl in Tannerstown. They said they did it to help out the entertainment tonight, but I think it was just advertising. Do you think it's nice for a girl to enter a contest like that and show herself off in public? I don't."

"It's terrible," I told her. "What's this town coming to!"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "Lots of nice girls entered it. I'd be ashamed."

Buddy and the mayor sat down on the stage and the girls in the contest came out one by one and walked across in front of them. There were thirty or forty of them entered and it took about half an hour for all of them to cross across the stage and pose. All the while Buddy sat there looking as though he'd just had a bite of something that didn't taste good. I don't think he even looked at some of the dames that went across and all the while the crowd out front was watching him and getting madder and madder at the way he was acting. When the last of the contestants had strutted her stuff the mayor got up and spoke to Buddy.

"Have you made your choice, Mr. Cushman?" he asked.

Buddy nodded.

"Then get up," said the mayor, "and tell the ladies and gentlemen the name of the lucky lady."

Buddy got up and stood beside the tea service that was on the stage near where he had been sitting. He was still scowling and when he spoke it sounded as though he was calling somebody names. "I'm giving this prize to the prettiest girl in Tannerstown or anywhere else in the world," he said defiantly. "I'm giving it to Miss Nellie Sutherland."

For a few seconds it was so quiet my heart beating sounded to me like a riveter at work on a near-by skyscraper. Then a girl somewhere in the hall said in a high voice, "Well of all things!"

The mayor was looking over a list of names he had in his hands. "Miss Sutherland ain't entered," he said to Buddy.

"I don't care if she's entered or not," Buddy says real tough. "She's the prettiest girl in Tannerstown and she makes all the rest of these dames look like a lot of third-rate biscuit-shooters. I said I'd give her the prize and that goes."

Then it started. Some husky looking corn-fed young hick jumped over the footlights and stood facing Buddy.

"Say, who do you think you are?" he says real mean. "You can't get away with anything like this."

"You want something?" says Buddy. "All right! Here it is!"

It was the first time I'd seen the kid grin all day. He stepped in and sloughed this fellow on the jaw with his right and the big hick sommersaulted backwards off the stage. As he went off a dozen more were climbing on. The rush was on. Every man in that hall wanted a sock at Buddy and every girl in the hall was wishing some man good luck in getting it. Every girl except Nellie Sutherland, anyway. She leaned against me and moaned.

"Oh!" says she. "I'm going to faint."

"Not on me!" I says sidestepping. "I got business!"

And I took it on the run to a little side door I'd spotted that led up to the stage. Right then I couldn't think of a thing in the world that was right with Buddy Cushman! But he was my boy and while the massacre was on, the spot for me was somewhere near him doing my poor little best. As I run for that side door I jumped up and looked over the heads of the crowd. Buddy was up against the back-drop alongside that tea wagon, using up the prize for ammunition. Boy! He certainly was bouncing cups and saucers off those warlike young Tannerstownites that were coming at him. Yes indeedy! He was giving that prize away to a lot of people. I hit the stage just as the gang closed in on him and squeezed in a couple of good socks before somebody clouted me back of the ear and stretched me out. When I went down it seemed to me as though the roof of the building had fell in on me and then I went bye-bye down a deep dark hole that didn't have no bottom.

WHEN I come to I was in my room at the hotel with my head and face all done up in nice white bandages, and the mayor was sitting alongside of me. When I opened my eyes he smiled as friendly as could be and says: "Now you're all right!"

"Am I?" I says, feeling myself all over. "Then I'd sure hate to be what you'd call all wrong! Where's Buddy?"

"Take it easy," said the mayor. "The Sutherlands took him home with them. This has been a most regrettable affair. Most regrettable!"

"Say!" I says feeling my head. "If you want to know the meaning of the word regret, ask me! Is Buddy hurt bad?"

"Well, he was somewhat bruised," said the mayor. "But not badly injured. Oh, no indeed! No one was badly injured, thank fortune! The editor of the local paper has agreed to make no mention of the affair in his columns. I hope that we can rely on you not to give publicity to the unfortunate incident when you leave town."

"The only thing you can rely on me to do is to leave town," I told him. "I'm going to see Buddy."

I started to get up, but when I raised my head I got dizzy and had to flop back on the pillow again.

"There, there!" said the mayor. "Don't exert yourself now. Tomorrow will be time enough. Tomorrow everything will be all right. Tomorrow I will apologize to you and Mr. Cushman personally for the unfortunate actions of my fellow townspeople this evening."

"That'll square everything!" I told him. Then I got kind of giddy and went to sleep again.

Early in the morning I found I was able to get out of bed and stir around without coming apart. I got dressed and found out from the clerk where the Sutherlands lived and beat it right out there.

Mr. Sutherland met me at the door. He was a fine, upstanding, stern old bird with whiskers.

"Buddy has told us about you," he said shaking me by the hand. "We don't blame you."

"I'm glad to hear that," I told him. "What is it that you don't blame me for?"

"For helping Buddy become a prize fighter," he said smiling. "You probably didn't think there was anything wrong in it. Maybe at that it was for the best. Who knows?"

"I'll bite," I said. "Who does?"

"Ah," he says. "Who indeed? Yes it may all be for the best. God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

"Don't he just!" I says. "Where's Buddy?"

He took me upstairs and there in a bed lay the kid with his head and face patched up as though he'd gone through the windshield in an automobile smashup. Nellie Sutherland was sitting alongside him petting his hand. I've said she wasn't pretty, but I'll take that back. She was pretty that morning, all right. She looked as though some kind of a light had been turned on inside of her.

And Buddy! You'd thought from the way he looked he'd won the championship the night before, instead of being ganged by a bunch of Tannerstown yahoos. When I come in she got up and leaned over and kissed Buddy on a spot on his face that didn't have court plaster and bandage on it and went out with her father, leaving us alone.

"Everything's fixed," Buddy says grinning at me as happy as a hungry kid sitting down to dinner.

"Everybody but me and you," I says.

"We're going to get married," Buddy prattled on.

"Yeh?" I says. "Going to set a new style in the world?"

"She's wonderful," says Buddy. "So's her old man and her mother, too. They're all wonderful. They're kind of straight-laced people, but they've forgiven me for being in the fight game and the old man is going to sell his coal and lumber business here and we're going out to California and go fifty-fifty on an orange grove."

"What about the champ?" I asked him. "When are you going to fight him?"

"I ain't," said Buddy. "I ain't ever going to fight again."

BANG went all the big dough I'd been hoping for! I knew from the look of Buddy there was no use arguing with him and I'll say for myself I took the bad news good-natured.

"Never going to fight again, hey?" I said grinning at him. "That's a big promise from a guy that's going to get married."

"I'm going to make a success of marriage," Buddy says perfectly serious. "I know how to do it. Just get that one idea in mind and keep it. I tell you that system will work!"

"Cut the comedy, Buddy," I told him. "I've just been operated on for my share of a champion's earnings and I don't feel like laughing at a cheap joke."

"It's no joke," Buddy told me. "I started out to hold to one idea and it worked, didn't it?"

"Worked!" I says. "The idea was that you were going to be the champ and here you are chucking the whole business just when you got a good chance. If you call that working, I suppose you think the Kaiser won the war, huh?"

"I got to own up I lied to you a little bit, old man," Buddy says. "The one idea I had all the time was to marry Nellie, see? Everything else was just a way to make that happen. It worked, didn't it?"

"Sure did," I told him. "Worked so well that I'm going to copy your system, son. From now on I'm going to have one idea, too. I'm going back in the show business and I'm never going to have nothing to do with no prize fighter, no way, no time, no how! That's my idea and I'm going to stick to it!"

Next Month's Fiction Features

Mile-High Monte of the Bell Bar Bell
by Clem Yore

A complete novelette of romance and adventure on the western plains with cattle rustlers and an abducted girl supplying plenty of dramatic action.

Half-a-Stroke Heywood by Jonathan Brooks

He played good golf and admitted it—he was that kind. But there are effective ways of taking the conceit out of a cocky youngster.

Little Drops of Water by Malcolm Briry

The little drops have their origin in a boarding-house bathtub and play an important part in a humorous story of love-making under difficulties.

Another Man's Game by Will Levington Comfort

A tennis match becomes a memorable event in the career of a richly gifted man to whom most of the good things in life come too easily.

The Old or the New

In this distinctive fiction departmental feature (see page 94), there will be two tales of the transformations wrought by magic potions: "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham," by H. G. Wells.

A Hill-Billy Schoolmarm

Martha Berry gave up a life of leisure to teach the children of the Georgia mountaineers. Single handed, she has planned and financed an extraordinary system of industrial schools

by Hermann Hagedorn

A STORY which began twenty-three years ago with five ragged children in a log cabin was concluded a few weeks ago with the award to Martha Berry of the Medal of Honor for Distinguished Service, which President Coolidge presented to her in behalf of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS, noted author and journalist, said about Miss Berry: "I have been intimately associated with newspapers and the development of Southern ideals for forty years, and I can bear witness that the finest thing in the South today is the Martha Berry school; the finest woman Martha Berry; the finest inspiration, her life of service and sacrifice. No wonder that Roosevelt admired her. To his great understanding heart and sympathetic soul she must have appealed powerfully—a woman who, with her back in the mountains, has for twenty years fought evil dauntlessly with the Roosevelt spirit and suffered with the Roosevelt patience."

Across the face of the medal runs the phrase, "If I must choose between righteousness and peace, I choose righteousness," a phrase that is peculiarly pat in connection with the founder of the great industrial schools in northwestern Georgia which bear her name. She was born to "peace"—luxury and beauty and ease and friends; a mansion and acres; devoted retainers; devoted "beaux." The call to service came. Suddenly this lovely lady found that she would have to choose between her vision and her ease. She chose the vision. And now after twenty-odd years of dreaming and building, President Coolidge, handing her a gold medal in the East Room of the White House, bestows on her what is in effect the thanks of the nation.

Martha Berry's story has been extraordinary from the beginning—extraordinary in its biblical simplicity. Living uneventful days in her father's fine old mansion two miles outside of the little hill town of Rome, she suddenly became aware that the cultured environment in which she had grown up was an oasis in a vast desert of the most appalling ignorance. She set to work to meet the challenge which that condition presented. She had great vision and unwavering faith, but with them great practical sense. "What these mountain people need," she said to herself, "is not only book knowledge in general, but an education to fit them to live more intelligently in their own environment." She started, therefore, a school in which religious, intellectual and industrial training should be combined, teaching first of all the three R's—of which many of her pupils did not have even the rudiments, then proceeding to train boys to be efficient farmers and (later) girls to be intelligent mothers and housekeepers.

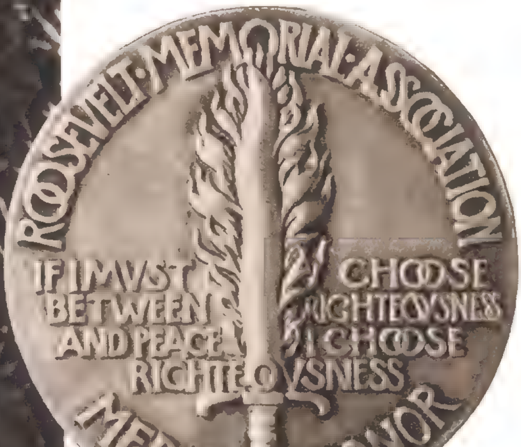
The primary purpose of her school is to train young men and women for country life. All the subjects taught in the ordinary public school are taught there. In addition, however, the boys learn carpentry, animal husbandry, gardening, farm mechanics, veterinary science, fruit culture and forest culture, animal breeding, farm management and accounting, rural sociology and rural laws. The girls, in addition to the regular high school studies, are taught cooking, sewing, music, millinery, home management, home nursing, household chemistry; and they are taught not theory only but practice. There is not a servant or a "hired man" in the Berry Schools; all the work is done by the boys and girls. Only the faculty is paid. Thus two problems are met at once—the young people by their own labor are permitted to pay a large part of their tuition and "keep," and they "learn by doing."

Martha Berry started her school in 1902 with four or five tattered boys in a log cabin. Today she has 650 boys and girls on an estate of seven thousand acres, three great schools, a hundred buildings, miles of roads, and a faculty of sixty or more. It is an extraordinary achievement and it is a very wonderful person who has brought it about.

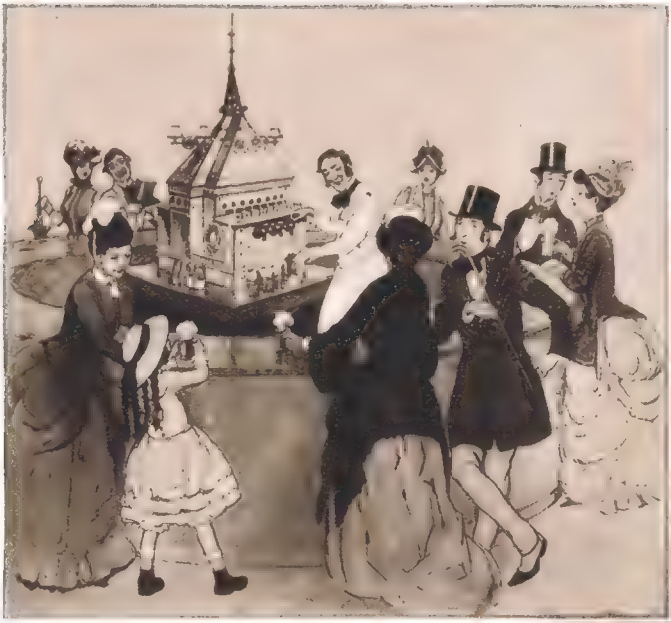
Martha Berry's story is a very simple one as

[*Continued on page 167*]

A group of students at the Berry School, Mount Berry, Georgia, where mountain children are trained for country life. All the work is done by the boys and girls.

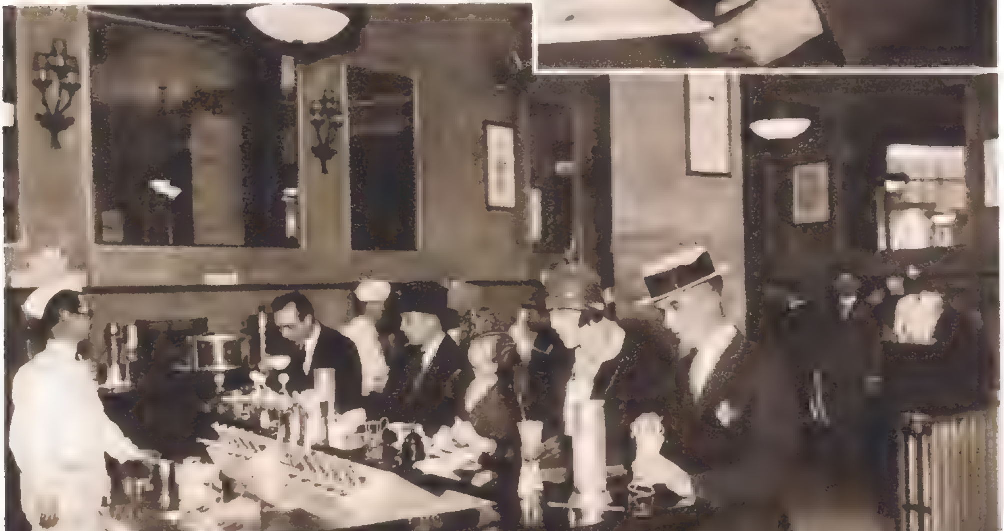

ROOSEVELT·MEMORIAL·ASSOCIATION
IF I MVST CHOOSE BETWEEN RIGHTEOVSNESS AND PEACE I CHOOSE RIGHTEOVSNESS
MEDAL OF HONOR

For "the promotion of the welfare of women and children" Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry Schools, received the Roosevelt medal for Distinguished Service. She started with five tattered youngsters in a log cabin and now has three great schools with an enrollment of six hundred and fifty boys and girls.



Ice-cream soda is an American drink. Credit for serving the first soda is usually given to Robert M. Green, who had this fountain at an exhibition of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1874

Alfred B. Hoppe is the thirty-eight-year-old manager of a chain of three hundred drug-store soda fountains.



The result of fifty years of evolution of the soda fountain is illustrated in these two pictures. The modern fountain of the counter type has resulted in speeding up service because the dispenser doesn't have to turn around. Ice and salt have been entirely done away with, and the cooling of each separate compartment is regulated independently by a valve controlling artificially-iced air.

The First National Bar

Alfred B. Hoppe last year supervised the mixing of 55,000,000 drinks served by three hundred soda fountains. He tells what patrons like and why

by Susie Sexton

DO YOU know that there is no soda in soda-water—and that "vichy" and soda-water are two very different beverages? That the sundae was contrived to circumvent blue laws and was named by a drug clerk who couldn't spell? That chocolate is the favorite flavor of half the soda-fountain patrons, with strawberry next? And that prohibition and the habit of reducing have had marked effects on the public's taste?

ON A sultry noon in late July of last year an energetic young business man walked briskly up to a soda fountain in the heart of Times Square. Hardly a single thing distinguished him from thousands of other men of the same age and income who were making New York's busiest thoroughfare a dark, surging sea at that hour. Scrupulous care was evident in his freshly creased clothes. His linen was immaculate. Precision marked his tie. The early Wall Street edition of an evening newspaper fitted snugly under one arm.

"Plain vanilla cream," he said, shoving his pasteboard check across the counter. And he turned to the sporting page of his paper.

Then a curious thing happened. An open dish of yellow cream piled in a cool mound was placed before him. He slipped the newspaper into one of his pockets, quite casually reached out for the mustard-jar and with the wooden paddle he spread a thick coating over the entire top of the ice cream. Then he proceeded to eat it with the greatest enjoyment and relish.

The man behind the counter did not bat an eyelid. It did not occur to any one standing by to send for an ambulance to the observation ward at Bellevue. Plainly this was not a case for the Federal Prohibition authorities.

It was just one of the many strange vagaries of millions of human beings who quench their thirst daily at seventy thousand soda fountains distributed all over the United States. There are 1,646 of them in New York City alone.

The amazing incident recorded above was related by Alfred B. Hoppe, a young man who, during last year, carefully supervised the mixing of 55,000,000 drinks consumed by men, women and children of all ages in many cities and towns. Most of these beverages were ice-cream sodas. Mr. Hoppe is the thirty-eight-year-old manager of the three hundred fountains operated in the stores of the Louis K. Liggett Company, a chain that extends as far west as Omaha and down south to Texas. There are eighty-five of his fountains in Manhattan alone.

At his desk in an office perched high above Forty-second Street, Mr. Hoppe discussed, one morning not long ago, the thirsty public and the changing tastes in beverages.

"The man who ate mustard on his ice cream was only one type of the curious individuals who often stand three deep at a busy fountain during rush hours," he said. "You might not think that any human being would want to put castor oil in an ice-cream soda. Yet some of them do that, too.

"Many persons believe that Prohibition has accomplished great changes at soda fountains. It has to some extent. Sweet drinks have increased in numbers. Sour ones have almost disappeared. Others have vanished completely. Jamaica ginger, for example. When Prohibition first dried up the nation, topers would come in and order plain soda. Then they would ask for the ginger bottle and pour generous quantities into the soda. That mixed an intoxicating drink almost as strong as any served in pre-war days. So the sale of ginger had to be stopped. It was against the law.

"SIXTY-FIVE per cent. of the consumers of ice-cream soda are women," Mr. Hoppe continued. "About thirty-five per cent. are men. The percentage of children is so small as to be negligible. Youngsters almost invariably prefer ice-cream cones to sodas nowadays. Lately the fountains have displayed all cones under the most sanitary conditions beneath glass. This health precaution appeals to parents. They are perfectly willing to let any child eat a cone of this sort when it is filled with ice cream they know is pure."

"Where is the busiest soda fountain in the world?" I inquired.

"That on the street level of the Grand Central Terminal in New York does the greatest volume of business day in and day out from one end of the year to the other," he replied. "It is open from seven o'clock in the morning until one the next morning. Ten thousand sodas a day are served here. The patrons are almost entirely a transient population constantly entering or leaving the city.

"There are sixteen soda dispensers regularly at work on this fountain," was his next statement. "They relieve each other in regular shifts of eight hours each. Here in New York the second busiest fountain is undoubtedly that in the McAlpin Hotel. There about 7,500 patrons are served daily. This is in the heart of the shopping district. The largest business is done during the lunch hour and afternoon. Among downtown fountains those in the financial district are busiest. But theirs is largely food.

"Five or six years ago no food was served at the fountains. When the luncheonette feature was first introduced, business was very small indeed. During the first month our fountains served sandwiches, the food bill was five hundred dollars.

Ham and Cheese Lead the Sandwiches

"Last year over 3,500,000 sandwiches in twenty-five varieties were served at our New York City fountains alone. Ham and cheese were the leaders. They are always the mainstay of any luncheonette. Small profits and low prices induce people to buy more of them. Chicken and egg salad sandwiches come next in favor. After them rank tongue, corned beef, sardine, tuna, chicken salad and chopped egg."

"But what are the popular flavors in soda-water?" was the next question.

"About half of all the drinks served in this business are of chocolate flavor—either sodas or sundaes, malted milk or egg drinks. Strawberry and pineapple are the other two headliners.

"In our New York fountains," Mr. Hoppe went on, "six thousand gallons of chocolate syrup are consumed each month. Two ounces are used in each drink. There are sixty-four drinks in a gallon. This brings the total to well over half a million chocolate sodas monthly.

"Not so very many years ago vanilla was the only flavor in demand. The first chocolate syrup used was of a very poor quality. Often it was so weak that it was impossible to detect any chocolate in it at all. About 1920 the chocolate soda reached its present great popularity. Today a very fine grade of rich, creamy chocolate is used in all such drinks.

"Frosted chocolate is the favorite drink of most men who drop in at a soda fountain. It is, in fact, the Bronx cocktail of Prohibition days. Chocolate soda is preferred by women.

"During the early morning hours effervescent bromides are always big sellers, during the winter especially. They are much in demand among men in public life and others who are obliged to attend banquets and eat rich food night after night. Sometimes they prefer a little spirits of ammonia."

"Does occupation have any influence on the tastes of the thirsty?" was the next question.

"Very often it does," he said. "Athletes, for instance, are generally very partial to orangeade. It is their best thirst quencher. Babe Ruth likes it. So do many of the great tennis and golf players. During the baseball season around the drug stores in the vicinity of the National and American League Parks orangeade sells better than any other drink. Most of the big leaguers live in that neighborhood during the batting season. Often they stop in several times a day for a cooling beverage.

"Chorus girls, too, have decided tastes. Most of them order chocolate or strawberry sodas. There was a time when many preferred malted milk. But since the slim figure became so popular, fattening drinks have gone out of style among all classes of women."

"Is it possible to become a soda-water addict?" I asked.

"The number of sodas any human being drinks usually depends upon his purse," was the reply. "The average individual may consume only one ice-cream soda daily. But if he can afford it he usually buys more than one, particularly during hot weather.

"I remember on one occasion in an uptown store the management offered a glass of soda free to every purchaser of other goods. Customers came back six and seven times. Each visit meant another soda. Finally the doors had to be closed. Otherwise they would probably be coming back yet. No, I do not think it was because they were getting something for nothing. They really enjoyed the soda and wanted more."

"How about sundaes?" I asked.

"They have never given the soda any serious competition," he said. "The sundae is said to have originated in New Orleans. At one time in many states blue laws were passed prohibiting the sale of ice cream on Sunday. Some resourceful druggist discovered that by pouring syrups over the ice cream the law could be evaded. It is rumored that a clerk who did not know how to spell lettered a window display sign in which he originated the present form of the word.

"The sundae caused a certain fashion for fancy names such as 'Lover's Delight' or 'Teapot Dome Special' in certain sections, particularly small towns. But city fountains have practically abandoned elaborate names for both

A corner of the costliest soda fountain in the world, recently installed in the Times Square Building at an expense of seventy-five thousand dollars. It is a very modern fountain of the counter type cooled by artificially iced air. The rush hour is near midnight just after the Broadway theatres close.

sundaes and sodas. Neither men nor women care for them. They haven't time to figure them out. So most drinks go without aliases.

"Recently," Mr Hoppe continued, "there has been an enormous increase in the sale of brick ice cream at fountains, mostly in residential districts. Census statistics printed not long ago showed that more than one thousand dollars' worth of ice cream and confectionery was manufactured every minute during 1923.

"For some unknown reason New York has never liked ice cream as well as some other cities do. More of it is consumed in residential suburbs than in Manhattan. Evidently climate has little to do with the ice cream appetite. Philadelphia is the largest consumer per capita. California ate nine million gallons during the year which ended with last June. The State of Connecticut has always been an excellent market. And among the best ice cream cities are Wilkesbarre, Memphis, Boston and Providence. Although ice-cream soda is essentially an American product the first ice-cream was manufactured in Italy."

The Origin of Soda Water

There has been much discussion about the first soda-water, who served it and where. According to Mr. Hoppe, the credit generally goes to Robert M. Green who is still living in Philadelphia. It is believed that he served the first drink at an exhibition of the Franklin Institute when he had a concession there in 1874.

As for the modern soda dispenser, "His position," says Mr. Hoppe, "has increased greatly in importance during recent years. Today dispensing soda is a fine art. Forty years ago the most enterprising druggists alternated the compounding of capsules with the mixing of drinks. Then any one of them might advertise for a bright boy 'to wait on customers only' at a salary of five dollars a week. Even as late as six years ago the soda men were looked down upon by the general public and other employees. They were referred to as 'soda-jerkers' and by other undignified names. But today the soda department manager often has a better position and salary than many of his fellow executives.

"The first-class bartender in the old days had to be a sober, reliable man. So it is not surprising that many bartenders have found positions as soda dispensers since Prohibition. There is, for instance, 'Bill' Moclaire, a number one dispenser at the Grand Central fountain. He was formerly at the Waldorf-Astoria bar.

"Other famous bartenders who had a wide acquaintance among celebrities in days past are in similar positions. Among them are Patrick Casey of the Astor, Thomas Timmins, formerly of Shanley's, and Carl Murero, once a cocktail expert of the Union Club here.

"Ralph Hersch is another who has served countless notables, among them the Prince of Wales and Sir Thomas Lipton. Ten years ago Mr. Hersch had the soda-water concession for the New York Central Railroad in the Rochester station. Today he is in business for himself.

"A good soda dispenser must be clean, human and a fast worker at the fountain. He must have a sense of humor. His main idea must be to give good service to the public.

"There are no dirty soda fountains today. Customers would not stand for them. Every man goes to the greatest pains to keep all his equipment clean. He must do so in order to draw trade.

"Two or three years ago the check system prevailed at all soda fountains. That is, the patrons bought their checks before being served. Then owners of stores did not usually trust men at the fountain. Now, however, nearly every fountain has its own cash register. Soda dispensers take the money as they serve the drinks. Not more than half a dozen of our stores now have cashiers for this purpose. That proves that the standing of the dispenser has advanced in public opinion.

"Many dispensers make it a lifetime profession. With the majority, however, mixing drinks is only a transient occupation. Many young men work at a fountain while waiting for openings in other lines. Quite a few are strangers in town who have not yet found themselves. Many are working their way through colleges or business schools.

"A large percentage of managers of New York fountains work on a bonus plan. This often raises their income into large figures.

"The busiest part of the year for the soda dispenser starts about May first. July is the biggest month. Business then is just about double that in January."

Tremendous changes are taking place in the equipment of soda fountains, according to Mr. Hoppe. A good one may cost anywhere from three hundred dollars to figures climbing high into the thousands. The costliest and most beautiful fountain in the world is supposed to be that recently installed in the Times Square building at an expense of seventy-five thousand dollars. Although the total volume of business done there does not equal that at the Grand Central Terminal it is one of the spectacular sights of Broadway. The rush occurs there after the theater.

Fountains were first installed about thirty-five years ago, and the earliest were those of the wall type. They were very different from models of the present day in which refrigeration is accomplished almost entirely by electricity. With the wall fountain the dispenser was obliged to turn around every time he wanted ice-cream, soda, cracked ice or syrup. This was a useless waste of time and effort. The increase in the popularity of soda put it out of business fifteen or twenty years ago. Then the counter type was introduced. In this all the ingredients for a delicious drink were immediately in front of the dispenser. The serving of drinks was speeded up three to one.

Eighteen months or more ago a new type of fountain was introduced. Each compartment for syrup, milk, ice-cream and other soft-drink ingredients is cooled by the circulation of artificially iced air about it. That principle of refrigeration was first applied solely to household uses. But later it was found to be very successful for fountain purposes. Less than a year ago a still newer type was tried which did away entirely with the use of salt and ice. Eventually, no doubt, this will be in universal favor. The cooling of each separate compartment may be regulated independently of that in any other by the simple operation of a valve underneath.

No Soda in Soda Water

"Soda water" as such is only a name. There is no soda in it, really. Persons of dignified age in the present generation recall when a soda was obtained by the judicious mixing of two powders at a fountain. And many hint that those first powders contained marble dust.

Another popular misconception on the part of the public is that the carbonated water drawn at the fountain is "Vichy." Genuine Vichy water gets its name from a town in France which has been noted for its mineral springs since the Roman invasion, but which was really "put on the map" by a famous visit of Madame de Sevigné in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Outside of Vichy it is obtainable only in bottles. Bicarbonate of soda is one of the natural ingredients that gives it medicinal properties. The chief ingredient of modern soda water, on the other hand, is carbon dioxide. Old chemistry books reveal the fact that soda water was an official drug in the London Pharmacopœia of 1836. It was not introduced in the British Pharmacopœia, however, until 1867. Then in the issue of 1898 it was omitted for the first time altogether. So were other alkaline waters. From that time on there was no standard of soda water. The old prescription was thirty grains of sodium bicarbonate to the pint. But, the old texts add, as this was sometimes too alkaline to be palatable, a large proportion of soda water contained less than that amount.

It was Jacob Baur who first introduced the use of carbonic gas in mixing sodas. His experiment was made in a Terre Haute drug store. It was so successful that he founded what is now the largest plant of its kind in the world. The first prepared carbonic gas was shipped in May of 1889. It was compressed in steel cylinders. Modern manufacturers now supply gas that is 99.9 per cent. pure.

Sixteen soda dispensers relieve each other in regular shifts of eight hours each at this drug store fountain on the street level of the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. Ten thousand sodas a day are served here to a transient patronage of people who are constantly entering or leaving the city and who hastily consume a drink or a sandwich on the way to and from trains.

Soda fountains are found everywhere. The largest department store in the world has a number of them and has just installed a few more. They are busy all day long. Theaters such as the Hippodrome in New York feature them. Five-and-ten-cent emporiums handle a rushing trade in sodas. Amusement parks and even private homes in the United States feature them.

And, apparently, every other nation is as thirsty as we are. China, Japan and the Philippines sip their ice-cream sodas. The jungle chiefs visit Johannesburg in South Africa for a pineapple soda. The chocolate nut sundae has a good reputation among native potentates of Durban. There are expensive fountains at Buenos Aires in the Argentine, at Rio de Janeiro in Brazil and Santiago in Chile. Tokio, Yokohama, Kobe, Hongkong and Tientsin like soda-water, and a splendid fountain adorns the Y. M. C. A. of Shanghai.

Britons Take to Soda

Only the transatlantic liner refuses to let the soda fountain flourish. But coastwise steamers and those to Hawaii and Porto Rico are better soil.

Soda water of late has tremendously increased its popularity in England. Over 37,920 fountains were installed in four months recently. Not so long since, either, the fountain in a "chemist's shop" was really daring.

How about the man who supervised the mixing of fifty-five million drinks last year? How does he happen to know so much about soda-water fountains? The point, of course, as you might suspect, is that Mr. Hoppe doesn't "just happen." He has served a long careful apprenticeship. He doesn't even "just happen" to be an American. He is one by choice and achievement. Born in Denmark, he had a taste of America as a little boy, and determined to return as soon as he had anything to say about it. At the mature age of fourteen he sold all his possessions for thirty crowns (the same constituting liquid assets of seven dollars in American coin) and set sail for the United States. His passage he paid for by peeling potatoes in the ship's galley, and he landed in New York with a capital of two dollars and a half. His first job was in a candy factory on Mulberry Street, where he worked for nine dollars a week. Naturally he lived and ate on the Bowery.

His first step up was from nine dollars to ten. This was when he started work with the United Cigar Stores as an office boy. At first he was afraid even to answer the telephone because of the noise. But he stuck it out, and it soon became very evident that retail selling was something he could do and do well. Only four years later, the Riker-Hegeman drug stores were after him, and it was not long before he had become their assistant treasurer. When the Liggett enterprise absorbed this firm, he had become an expert in the retail business of drug stores. And now, at thirty-eight, managing the sales of three hundred fountains throughout this country, he rates as the boss soft-drink mixer of the United States.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two famous sea stories, *The Open Boat,* by Stephen Crane, and *The Trawler,* by James B. Connolly, are reprinted in the following pages.

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of such fiction treasures as Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*, coupled with O. Henry's *The Caballero's Way;* and Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, alongside its modern prototype, *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis.

This month's offerings are *The Open Boat,* by Stephen Crane, and *The Trawler*, by James B. Connolly. Both are memorable stories of the unequal battle of flesh and blood against the implacable sea. *The Trawler* first appeared in *Collier's* for October 31, 1914.

The Selection Committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College and instructor in story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

The Authors

Stephen Crane

FEW American writers achieve the place in national letters that Stephen Crane did in his twenty-nine years of intense living; certainly no one has achieved an equal international fame at the age of twenty-five as Stephen Crane did with "The Red Badge of Courage." When one considers added to this the fact that with a comparatively small number of short stories to his credit, Crane shows a mastery in handling his material that is surpassed by few writers, either American or foreign, his secure position in American letters becomes significant. Stephen Crane was born November 1, 1870, and, having completed his scholastic education at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, began active life as a reporter and newspaper correspondent. After reporting the Greco-Turkish War and the Cuban Campaign of the Spanish-American, Crane then went to England and maintained residence there for some time. His first fiction, "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," roamed the publishing offices in vain and was finally brought out by its author in a private edition, cheaply printed, and inscribed with the pseudonym "Johnston Smith." This was followed by a collection of eccentric verses, "The Black Rider and Other Lines," in 1895. "The Red Badge of Courage," a realistic, though thoroughly imaginary, presentation of the horrors of the Civil War, brought him recognition and marked the peak of his literary work. "The Open Boat" is the exact narration of an episode which occurred during his Cuban experiences, and formed the keystone of a remarkable friendship which sprang up between its author and Joseph Conrad. A complete reactionary to the smugness of the decade that saw the close of the nineteenth century, Crane voiced the discontent which has become the dominant note in the work of his successors. He died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-nine, having blazed the way for the modern school of writing. Even the critic, Henry James, said that in "The Open Boat" Crane lives again.

James B. Connolly

IN 1896 American sports fans were elated by the fact that James B. Connolly, a young athlete who had played on the Savannah Football Team and later studied at the Scientific School of Harvard University, should win the first Olympic championship of modern times held at Athens. Two years later he enlisted for the Spanish-American War, serving with the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry. Then, for three years, there followed a period at sea, first with the Gloucester fishermen on the Banks, later as cattle hand and again as steerage passenger. He was commissioned by *Scribner's Magazine* in 1901 to write up immigration matters on the Russian frontier and shipping matters in the German ports, following this with a series dealing with the fishing fleets in northern waters. Government work in 1904 on the cruiser *Olympia* (Dewey's old flag ship) preceded a picturesque transatlantic race for the Kaiser Cup, in an 87-foot schooner with Tom Bohlen, the Gloucester sail-carrier, making a distance of 3,150 miles in fourteen days and nine hours. After four years as war correspondent, Mr. Connolly returned in 1918, to recover from an attack of influenza, and then, going across again, reported the campaign of the Black and Tans in Ireland. But his intense love of the sea would not allow him to remain away long and he sailed as one of the crew of the Gloucester schooner, *Esperanto*, which, in 1921, won the First Fisherman's International Race. Few American authors have possessed a more intimate knowledge of the sea than Mr. Connolly, whose "The Trawler" won a $2,500 prize in a short-story contest conducted by *Collier's* in 1914. His short stories, all of which have appeared in prominent American magazines, give accurate accounts of his experiences: "Jeb Button," "Out of Gloucester," "The Seiners," "The Deep Sea's Toll," "The Crested Seas," "An Olympic Victor," "Open Water," "Wide Courses," "Sonnie Boy's People," "Head Winds," "Running Free," "The U-Boat Hunters" and "Hiker Joy."

The Open Boat

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 94.)

A tale intended to be after the fact. Being the experience of four men from the sunk steamer "Commodore"

by Stephen Crane

Illustrated by John A. Haelen

NONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks. Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small-boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: "Gawd! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he commanded for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

" 'A little more south,' sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dinghy one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience which is never at sea in a dinghy. As each slatey wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

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In the wan light, the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtless have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us, they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Light. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler, in the stern.

AS THE boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray splashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed, for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their mind. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "We'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth: "Yes! If this wind holds!"

The cook was bailing: "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton-flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled on the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dinghy, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter; but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow grewsome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sevres. Then

Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into the boat.

the man in the rowing-seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out now! Steady there!"

The brown mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were traveling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dinghy soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars then, and for some reason he wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent slowly. "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, Captain?"

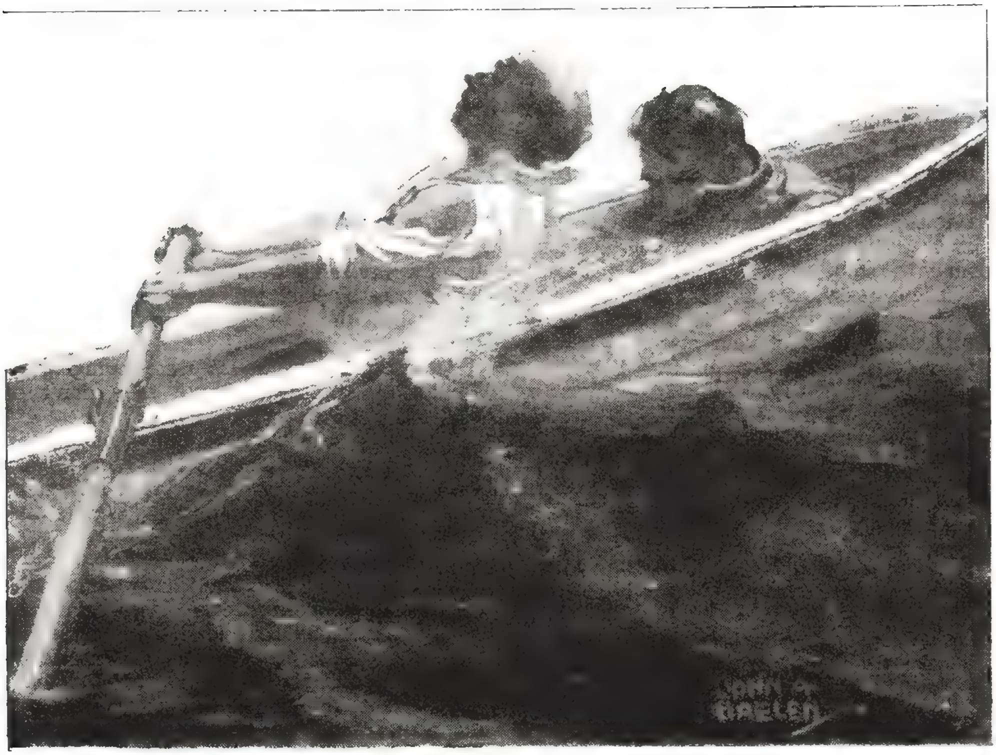
"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously top-up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain serenely.

"All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

IT WOULD be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warmed him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent and they were friends, friends in a more curiously ironbound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly, but he could never command a more



"Bail her, cook," said the captain. "All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dinghy. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heart-felt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat there was this comradeship that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat. The oiler steered and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dinghy, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are *à propos* of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dinghy none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dinghy, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take her easy, now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees and sand. Finally, the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore.

"That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice. "Else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the north-east to the south-east. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie," said he.

" 'A little more north,' sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension were leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their backbones had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat, and they now rode this wild colt of a dinghy like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea-water; four were perfectly scathless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches, and thereupon the four waifs rode impudently in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well. Each took a drink of water.

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dinghy northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

IT IS fair to say here that there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction, but the men did not know this fact, and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's life-savers. Four scowling men sat in the dinghy and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The lightheartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscle. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore—" said the captain. "If we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble? The whole affair is absurd. . . . But no, she cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dinghy could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surfman. "Boys," he said swiftly. "she won't live three minutes more, and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, Captain?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke.

"Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the south-esat.

"What do you think of those life-saving people? Ain't they peaches?"

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishin'. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but the wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coast line, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed. Then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theater of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler. "Hang it!"

Then one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came in-board and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"He's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

THE remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick and they rowed to it. A bath towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think. . . . There he goes again. Toward the house. . . . Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now! He was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you."

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why it looks like a boat."

"Why certainly it's a boat."

"No, it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the life-boat, sure."

"No, by ——, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a life-boat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus. Maybe they are going around collectin' the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely, Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus. There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it."

"So it is. It's his coat. He's taken it off and waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it."

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter resort hotel omnibus that has brought some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No! He thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie!"

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything. He's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell—there would be some reason in it. But look at him. He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it? It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave."

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out? A fishing-boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right, now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A FAINT yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the light-house had vanished from the southern horizon but finally a pale star appeared, just lighting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water-jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

" 'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

"Pie," said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and—"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dinghy that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warmed by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability and then arouse the other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awakening and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping under-foot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea, a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

LATER he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life-belt. The cook continued to sleep but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming rail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with the open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whirroo of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of this biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone. He wished one of his companions to awaken by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water jar, and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still—

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

THE men in the dinghy had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: 'I shall never see my own, my native land.' "

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his school-fellows had informed him of the soldier's plight but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than the breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet out straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited, had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, some one had evidently built a watch-fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain cat, and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water-jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat.

"Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold comfortable sea water in the bottom of the boat, and had huddled close to the cook's life-belt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

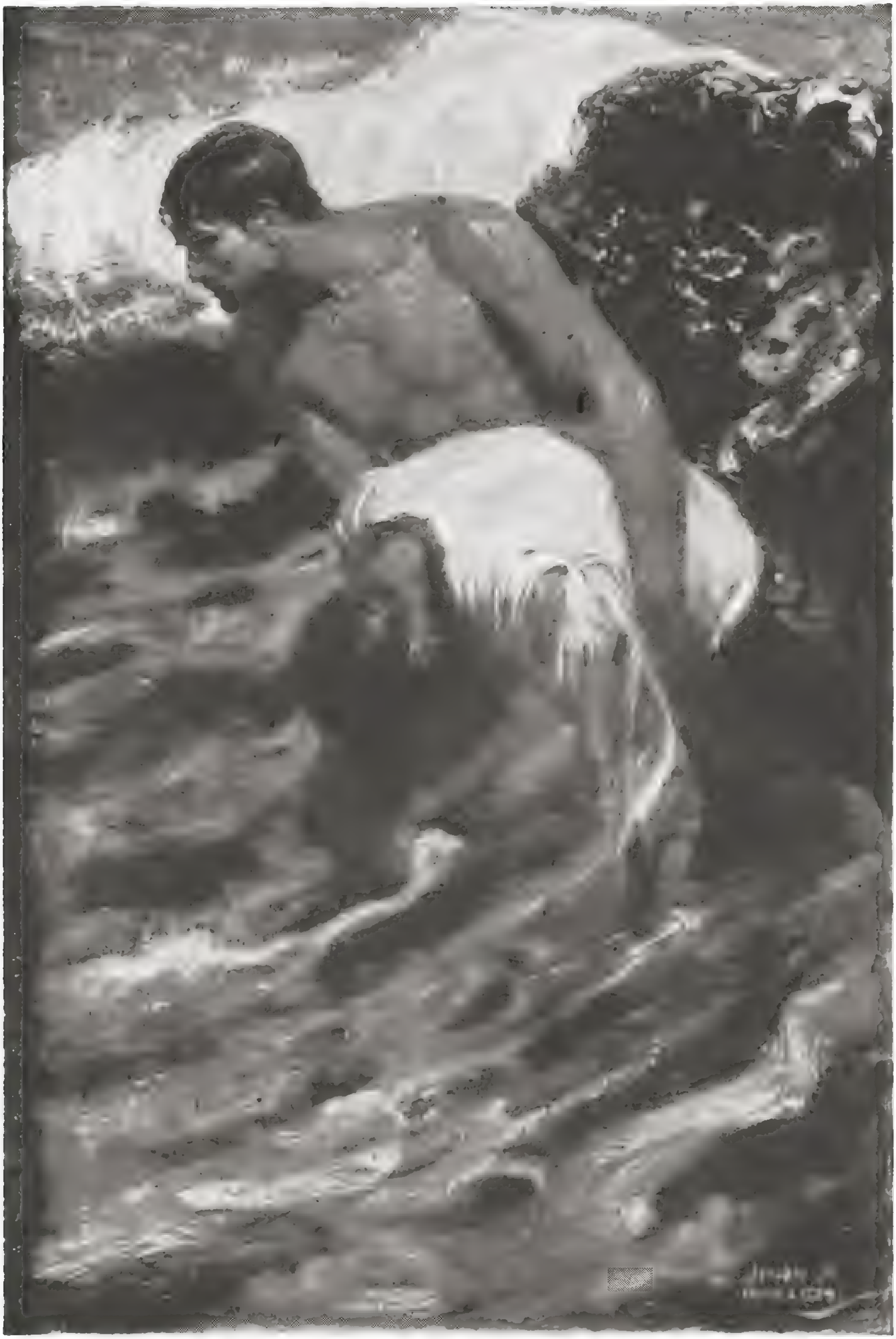
The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whisky and water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody



The man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, came bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook.

shows me even a photograph of an oar . . . "

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie . . . Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

WHEN the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold were painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life, and have them taste wickedly in his mind and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now, and don't jump until she swamps."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about, and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous in-shore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occured to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now!" said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling, boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out."

"All right, Captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for us, sure," said the oiler. "Jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dinghy, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life-belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it on the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow so mixed with his opinion of his own situation that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water, and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dinghy.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive, but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life-preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence, if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marveled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on, nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water-jar, bouncing gaily over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Holland.

He thought: "I am going to drown! Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small, deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still, he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dinghy, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied, drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement, a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief, and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some months had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.

"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"All right, Captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics, and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

THE correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the under-tow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain, but the captain waved him away, and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulæ, said: "Thanks old man." But suddenly the man cried: "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said: "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous, but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.

The Trawler

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 94.)

A story of the stout hearts that man the fishing fleets sailing from the port o' Gloucester

by James B. Connolly

Illustrated by Louis G. Schroeder

TO JOHN SNOW'S home in Gloucester came the tale this night of how Arthur Snow was washed from the deck of Hugh Glynn's vessel and lost at sea; and it was Saul Haverick, his sea clothes still on him, who brought the word.

"I'm telling you, John Snow," said Saul—and he out of breath almost with the telling—"and others than me will by an' by be telling you, what a black night it was, with a high-running sea and wind to blow the last coat o' paint off the vessel, but o' course he had to be the first o' the fleet—nothing would do him—to make the market with his big ketch. It was for others, not for him, to show the way to take in sail, he said, and not a full hour before it happened that was." Such was Saul Haverick's ending.

John Snow said nothing; Mrs. Snow said nothing. Saul looked to me, but I gave no sign that I had heard him. Only John Snow's niece, Mary, looking up from her hands folded in her lap, said, "Surely you must find it painful, Saul Haverick, to ship with such a wicked man and take the big shares of money that fall to his crew?"

"Eh!" said Saul, frightened-like at her. "I'm not denying that he is a great fish-killer, Mary Snow, and that we haven't shared some big trips with him, but it is like his religion, I'm telling you, to be able to say how he allowed no man ever he crossed tacks with to work to wind'ard of him. He's that vain that he'd drive vessel, himself, and all hands to the bottom afore he'd let some folks think anything else of him."

"He lost my boy—we'll say no more of him," said John Snow.

"Ay," said Saul Haverick, "we'll speak no more of him. But I was Arthur's dory mate, John Snow, as you well know, and my heart is sick to think of it. I'll be going now," and go he did, softly and by way of the back stairs. And he no more than gone when a knock came to the front door. After a time, the clock on the mantel ticking loud among us, John Snow called out, "Come in!"

I remember how Hugh Glynn stepped within the door of John Snow's kitchen that night, and how he bent his head to step within; and, bending his head, took off his cap; and how he bowed to John Snow, Mrs. Snow, and Mary Snow in turn, and, facing John Snow, made as if to speak; but how his voice would not come, not until he had lifted his head yet higher and cleared his throat. And beginning again, he took a step nearer the middle of the floor, to where the light of the bracket lamp above the kitchen table shone full on his face. He was a grand man to look at, not only his face but the height and build of him, and he was fresh in from sea.

"John Snow and you, Mrs. Snow—the *Arbiter's* to anchor in the stream, and her flag's to half-mast. And knowing that, maybe there's no need to say anything more?"

Mrs. Snow said nothing, Mary Snow said nothing, but I remember how from under John Snow's brows the deep eyes glowed out.

"Go on," said John Snow at last.

Hugh Glynn went on. "Well, he was a good boy, your Arthur—maybe you'd like to be told that, even by me, though of course you that was his father, John Snow, and you that was his mother, Mrs. Snow, know better than anybody else what he was. Three nights ago it was, and we to the south'ard of Sable Island in as nasty a breeze as I'd been in for some time. A living gale it was, a November no'wester—you know what that is John Snow—but I'd all night been telling the crew to be careful, for a sea there was to sweep to eternity whoever it could've caught loose around deck. I could've hove her to and let her lay, but I was never one to heave to my vessel—not once I'd swung her off for home. And there, God help me, is maybe my weakness.

"She was under her gaff tops'l, but I see she couldn't stand it. 'Boys,' says I, 'clew up

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that tops'l,' which they did, and put it in gaskets, and your Arthur, I mind, was one of the four men to go aloft to clew it up. Never a lad to shirk was Arthur. Well, a stouter craft of her tonnage than the *Arbiter* maybe never lived nor no gear any sounder, but there are things o' God's that the things o' man were never meant to hold out against. Her jib flew to ribbons. 'Cut it clear!' I says, and nigh half the crew jump for'ard. Half a dozen of the crew to once, but Arthur, your Arthur, your boy, Mrs. Snow, your son, John Snow—he was quick enough to be among the half-dozen. Among a smart crew he was never left behind. It looked safe for us all then, coming on to morning, but who can ever tell? Fishermen's lives, they're expected to go fast, but they're men's lives for all that, and, 'Have a care!' I called to them, myself to the wheel at the time, where, God knows, I was careful.

"Well, I saw this big fellow coming, a mountain of water with a snow-white top to it against the first light of the morning. And I made to meet it. A better vessel than the *Arbiter* the hand o' man never turned out—all Gloucester knows that—but, her best and my best, there was no lifting her out of it. Like great pipe-organs aroaring this sea came, and over we went. Over we went and I heard myself saying: 'God in Heaven! You great old wagon, are you gone at last?' And said it again when maybe there was a fathom of water over my head—her quarter was buried that deep and she that long coming up. Slow coming up she was, but up she came at last. But a man was gone."

He had stopped; but he went on.

"It was Arthur, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow, who was gone. The boy you were expecting to see in this very room by now, he was gone. Little Arthur that ten years ago, when first I saw him, I could've swung to the ceiling of this room with my one finger—little Arthur was gone. Well, 'Over with a dory!' I said. And, gale and all, we over with a dory, with three of us in it. We looked and looked in that terrible dawn, but no use—no man short o' the Son o' God himself could 'a' stayed afloat, oilskins and red jacks, in that sea. But we had to look, and coming aboard the dory was stove in—smashed, like 'twas a china teacup and not a new banker's double dory, against the rail. And it was cold. Our frost-bitten fingers slipped from her ice-wrapped rail, and the three of us nigh came to joining Arthur, and Lord knows—a sin, maybe you'll say, to think it, John Snow—but I felt then as if I'd just as soon, for it's a hard thing to see a man go down to his death, maybe through my foolishness. And to have the people that love him to face in the telling of it—that's hard, too."

He drew a great breath. "And—" again a deep breath and a deepened note of pain—"that's what I've come to tell you, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow—how your boy, Arthur, was lost."

John Snow, at the kitchen table, I remember, one finger still in the pages of the black-lettered Bible he had been reading when Hugh Glynn stepped in, dropped his head on this chest and there let it rest. Mrs. Snow was crying out loud. Mary Snow said nothing, nor made a move, except to sit in her chair by the window and look to where, in the light of the kitchen lamp, Hugh Glynn stood.

THERE was a long quiet. Hugh Glynn spoke again. "Twenty years, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow—twenty good years, I've been fishing out o' Gloucester, and in that time not much this side the western ocean I haven't laid a vessel's keel over. From Greenland to Hatteras I've fished, and many smart seamen I've been shipmates with—dory, bunk, and watch mates with in days gone by—and many a grand one of 'em I've known to find his grave under the green-white ocean, but never a smarter, never an abler fisherman than your boy, Arthur. Boy and man I knew him and, boy and man, he did his work. I thought you might like to heard that from me, John Snow. And not much more than that can I say now, except to add, maybe that when the Lord calls, John Snow, we must go, all of us. The Lord called and Arthur went. He had a good life before him—if he'd lived. He'd 'ave had his own vessel soon—could've had one before this—if he'd wanted. But 'No,' he says, 'I'll stay with you yet a while, Captain Hugh,' he says, but, staying with me, he was lost, and if I was old enough to have a grown son o' my own, if 'twas that little lad who lived only long enough to teach me what it is to have hope of a fine son and then to lose him, if 'twas that little lad o' mine grown up, I doubt could I feel it more, John Snow."

John Snow let slip his book and stood up, and for the first time looked fair at Hugh Glynn. "We know, Captain Glynn," John Snow said, "and I'm thanking you now. It's hard on me, hard on us all—our only son, Captain—our only child. But, doubtless, it had to come. Some goes young and some goes old. It came to him maybe earlier than we ever thought for, or he thought for, no doubt, but—it come. And what you have told us, Captain, is something for a man to be hearing of his son—and to be hearing it from you. And only this very night, with the word of you come home, my mind was hardening against you, Captain Glynn, for no denying I've heard hard things even as I've heard great things of you. But now I've met you, I know they mixed lies in the telling, Captain Glynn. And as for Arthur—" John Snow stopped.

"As for Arthur—" 'twas something to listen to, the voice of Hugh Glynn then, so soft there was almost no believing it—"as for Arthur, John Snow, he went as all of us will have to go if we stop long enough with the fishing."

"Ay, no doubt. As you may go yourself, Captain."

"As I expect to go, John Snow. To be lost some day—what else should I look forward to?"

"A black outlook, Captain."

"Maybe, maybe. And yet a man's death at the last."

"So 'tis Captain—so 'tis."

John Snow and Hugh Glynn gripped hands, looked into each other's eyes, and parted—Hugh Glynn out into the night again and John Snow, with Mrs. Snow, to their room, from where I could hear her sobbing. I almost wanted to cry myself, but Mary Snow was there. I went over and stood behind her. She was looking after some one through the window.

It was Hugh Glynn walking down the steep hill. Turning the corner below, I remember how he looked back and up at the window.

FOR a long silence Mary Snow sat there and looked out. When she looked up and noticed me, she said: "It's a hard life, the bank fishing, Simon. The long, long nights out to sea, the great gales; and when you come home, no face, it may be at the door to greet you."

"That it is, Mary."

"I saw his wife one day, Simon," said Mary Snow softly, "and the little boy with her. But a week before they were killed together that was; six years ago, and he, the great, tall man, striding between them. A wonderful, lovely woman and a noble couple, I thought. And the grand boy! And I at that heedless age Simon, it was a rare person, be it man or woman, I ran ahead to see again."

"Come from the window, Mary," I said to that, "and we'll talk of things more cheerful."

"No, no, Simon—don't ask me to talk of light matters tonight." With that and a "Good night," she left me for her room.

Out into the street I went. John Snow's house stood at the head of a street atop of a steep hill, and I remember how I stood on the steps of John Snow's house and looked down the slope of the hill, and below the hill to the harbor, and beyond the harbor to clear water. It was a cold winter moonlight, and under the moon the sea heaved and heaved and heaved. There was no break in the surface of that sea that night, but as it heaved, terribly slow and heavy, I thought I could feel the steps beneath me heaving with it.

All that night I walked the streets and roads of Cape Ann, walking where my eyes would lose no sight of that sea to which I had been born, and thinking, thinking always to the surge and roar of it; and in the morning I went down to where Hugh Glynn's vessel lay in dock; and Hugh Glynn himself I found standing on the string-piece, holding by the hand and feeding candy to the little son of one of his crew, the while half a dozen men were asking him, one after the other, for what I, too, had come to ask.

My turn came, "I never met you to speak to before, Captain Glynn," I began, "but I was a friend of Arthur Snow's, and I was hopeful for the chance to ship with you in Arthur's place "

"My name is Simon Kippen," I went on, when he made no answer. "I was in John Snow's kitchen when you came in last night."

"I know—" he waved the hand that wasn't holding the little boy—"I know. And—" he almost smiled—"you're not afraid to come to sea with me?"

"Why more afraid," I said, "than you to take me with you?"

"You were a great friend of Arthur's?"

"A friend to Arthur—and more if I could," I answered.

He had a way of throwing his head back and letting his eyes look out, as from a distance, or as if he would take the measure of a man. 'Twas so he looked out at me now.

"He's a hard case of a man, shouldn't you say, Simon Kippen, who would play a shipmate foul?"

I said nothing to that.

"And, master or hand, we're surely all shipmates," he added, to which again I said nothing.

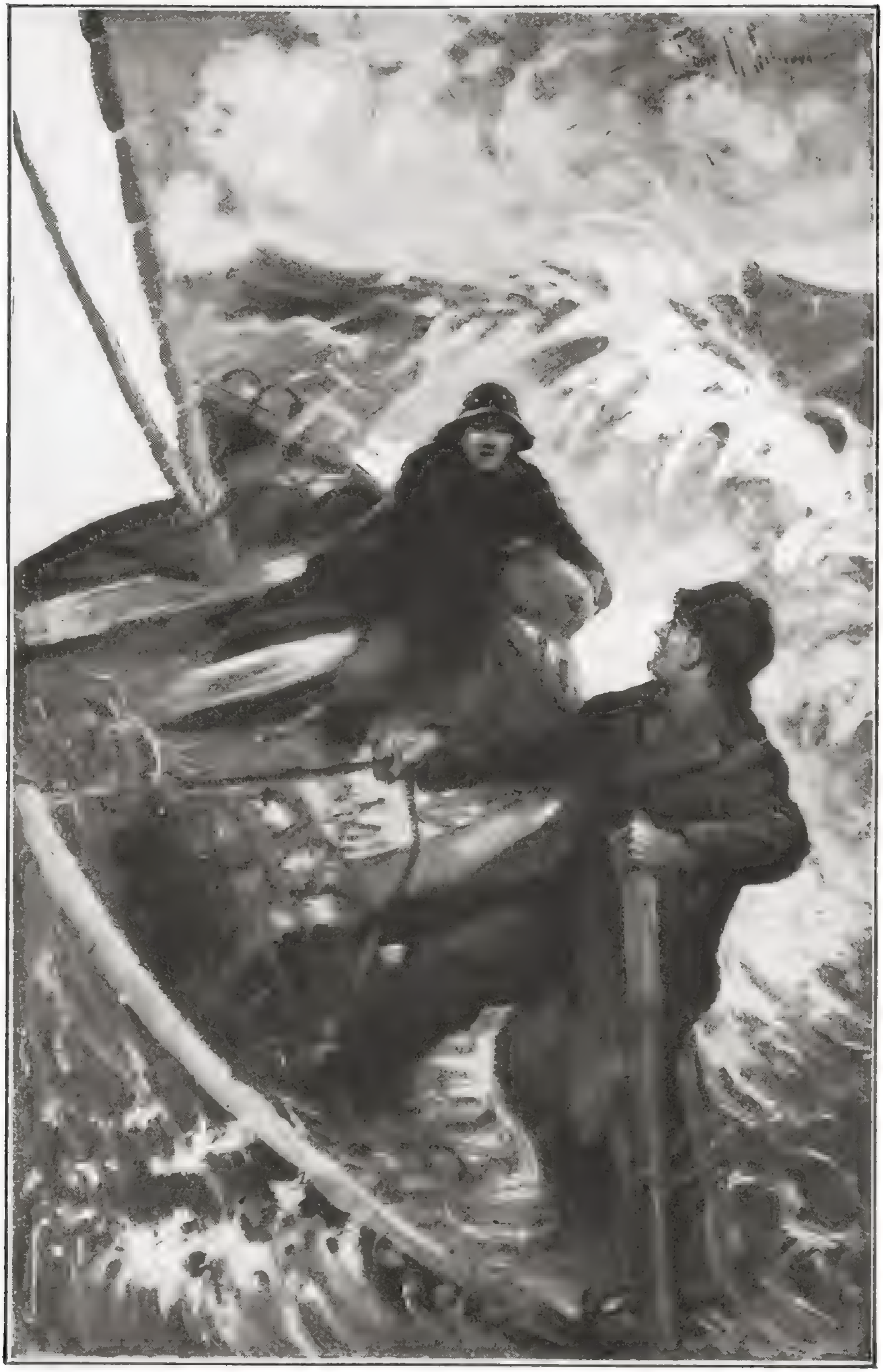
"Will you take Saul Haverick for dory mate?" he said again.

"I bear Saul Haverick no great love," I said, "but I have never heard he wasn't a good fisherman, and who should ask more than that of his mate in a dory?"

He looked out at me once more from the eyes that seemed so far back in his head; and from me he looked to the flag that was still to the half-mast of his vessel for the loss of Arthur Snow.

"We might ask something more in a dory mate at times, but he is a good fisherman," he answered at last. "A good hand to the wheel of a vessel, too, a cool head in danger, and one of the best judges of weather ever I sailed with. We're putting out in the morning. You can have the chance."

As to what was in my heart when I chose to ship with Hugh Glynn, I cannot say. There are those who tell us how they can explain every heart beat, quick or slow, when aught ails them. I never could. I only know that standing on the steps of Mary Snow's house the night before, all my thought was of Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street after Hugh Glynn. And "God help you, Simon Kippen!" I found myself saying—"it's not you, nor Saul Haverick, nor any other living man will marry Mary Snow while Hugh Glynn lives, for there is no striving against



Lashed to the wind'ard buoy I was by a length of roding line, to my knees in water the better part of the time, and busy enough with the bailing.

the strength of the sea, and the strength of Hugh Glynn is the strength of the sea." But of what lay beyond that in my heart I could not say.

And now I was to sea with Hugh Glynn, and we not four days out of Gloucester when, as if but to show me the manner of man he was, he runs clear to the head of Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, for a baiting on our way to the banks, and whoever knows Placentia Bay knows what that means, with the steam-cutters of the Crown patrolling, and their sleepless watches night and day aloft, to trap whoever would try to buy a baiting there against the law.

No harm fell to Hugh Glynn that time. No harm ever fell to him, fishermen said. Before ever the cutters could get sight of him he had sight of them, and his bait stowed below, safe away he came, driving wild-like past the islands of the bay, with never a side-light showing in the night, and not the first time he had done so.

"What d'y' say to that, Simon? Didn't we fool 'em good?" he asked, when once more we were on the high seas and laying a free course for the western banks.

"I'm grateful you did not ask me to go in any dory to bring the bait off," I answered.

"Why is that, Simon?" he asked, as one who has no suspicion.

"It was against the law, Captain Glynn."

"But a bad law, Simon."

"Law is law," I answered to that.

He walked from the wheel, where I was, twice to the break of the vessel and back again and said, in a voice no louder than was needful to be heard above what loose water was splashing over her quarter to my feet: "Don't be put out with me for what I'll tell you now, Simon. You're a good lad, Simon, and come of good people, but of people that for hundreds o' years have thought but one way in the great matters of life. And when men have lived with their minds set in the one way so long, Simon, it comes hard for them to understand any other way. Such unfrequent ones as differed from your people, Simon, them they cast out from among them. I know, I know, Simon, because I come from people something like to them only I escaped before it was too late to understand that people who split tacks with you do not always do it to fetch up on a lee shore."

"And from those other people, no doubt, Captain Glynn, you learned it was right to break a country's laws?"

"It wasn't breaking our country's law, Simon, nor any good man's law, to get a baiting last night. There are a lot of poor fishermen, Simon—as none know better than yourself—in Placentia Bay who have bait to sell, and there is a law which says they must not. But whose law? An American law? No. God's law? No. The law of those poor people in Placentia Bay? No. Some traders who have the making of the laws? Yes. And there you have it. If the Placentia Bay fishermen aren't allowed to sell bait to me, or the like of me, they will have to sell it to the traders themselves, but have to take their one dollar, where we of Gloucester would pay them five, and, paying it, would give some of them and their families a chance to live."

HE STOOD there in his rubber boots to his hips and his long great coat to his ankles—he was one who never wore oilskins aboard ship—swinging with the swing of the plunging vessel as if he was built into her, and with his head thrown back and a smile that, it may be, was not a smile at all, and kept looking at me from out of eyes that were changeable as the sea itself.

"Don't you be getting mad with me, Simon, because we don't think alike in some things. To the devil with what people think of you—I've said that often enough, Simon, but not when they're good people. If some people don't like us, Simon, there will come no nourishment to our souls. Some day you're going to come to my way o' thinking, Simon, because we two are alike underneath."

"Alike!" I smiled to myself.

"Ay, alike at heart, Simon. We may look to be sailing wide apart courses now, but maybe if our papers were examined 'twould be found we'd cleared for the same last port of call, Simon."

And no more talk of anything like that between us until the night before we were to leave the fishing grounds for home. In the afternoon we had set our trawls, and, leaving the vessel, the skipper had said, "Our last set, boys. Let 'em lay tonight, and in the morning we'll haul," and, returning aboard after setting, we had our supper and were making ready, such as had no watch to stand, to turn in for a good, long sleep against the labor of the morrow.

It was an oily sea that evening—a black, oily-smooth surface, lifting heavy and slow to a long swell. A smooth, oily sea—there is never any good comes out of it, but a beautiful sea nowithstanding, with more curious patterns of shifting colors than a man could count in a year playing atop of it. The colors coming and going and rolling and squirming—no women's shop ashore ever held such colors under the bright highlights as under the low sun we saw this night on the Western Banks. It was a most beautiful and a most wicked sea to stop and look at.

And the sun went down that evening on a banking of clouds no less beautiful: a copper-red sun, and after 'twas gone, in lovely massy forms and splendid colors, were piled the clouds in all the western quarter.

Such of the crew as stopped to speak of it did not like at all the look of that sea and sky, and some stopped beside the skipper to say it, he leaning against the main rigging in the way he had the while he would be studying the weather signs; but he made no answer to the crew, to that or any other word they had this evening except to Saul Haverick, and to him only when he came up from supper complaining of not feeling well.

He was one could drive his crew till they could not see for very weariness; but he was one could nurse them, too. "Go below and turn in," was his word to Saul, "and stay there till you feel better. Call me, Simon, if I'm not up," he then said to me. "I'll stand Saul's watch with you, if Saul is no better."

IT WAS yet black night when I was called to go on watch, and, Saul Haverick still complaining, I went to call the skipper. But he was already up and had been, the watch before me said, for the better part of the night. I found him leaning over the gunnel of the wind'ard nest of dories when I went on deck, gazing out on a sea that was no longer oily-smooth, though smooth enough, too, what was to be seen of it, under the stars of a winter night.

I stood on the break and likewise looked about me. To anchor, and alone, lay the vessel, with but her riding-light to mark her in the dark—alone and quiet, with never a neighbor to hail us, nor a sound from any living thing whatever. The very gulls themselves were asleep; only the fores'l, swaying to a short sheet, would roll part way to wind'ard and back to loo'ard, but quiet as could be even then, except for the little tapping noises of the reef-points when in and out the belly of the canvas would puff up and let down again to what little wind was stirring.

It was a perfect, calm night, but no calm day was to follow. "Wicked weather ahead," said Hugh Glynn, and came and stood beside me on the break. "A wicked day coming, but no help for it now till daylight comes to see our trawls to haul 'em." And, as one who had settled that in his mind, he said no more of it, but from mainm'st to weather rail he paced, and back again, and I took to pacing beside him.

A wonderful time, the night-watches at sea, for men to reveal themselves. Night and sky overhead and the wide ocean to your elbow, it drives men to thought of higher things. The wickedest of men—I have seen them with all manner of blasphemies befouling their lips by day, to become holy as little children in the watches of the night.

No blasphemer was Hugh Glynn, nor did the night hold terror for him; only as we paced the break together he spoke of matters that but himself and his God could know. It was hard to listen and be patient, though maybe it was as much of wonder as of impatience was taking hold of me as I listened.

"Do you never fear what men might come to think of you, Captain Glynn," I said, "confessing your very soul?"

"Ho, Ho, that's it, is it?" He came to a sudden stop in our walking. "I should only confess the body—is that it, Simon Kippen? And, of course, when a man confesses to one thing of his own free will, you know there must be something worse behind? Is that it, Simon?" He chuckled beside me and, as if only to scandalize me, let his tongue run wilder yet.

His tales were of violations of laws such as it had been my religion to observe since I was a boy, and little except of the comic, ridiculous side of them all. The serious matters of life, if 'twas to judge by what he spoke to me that night, had small interest for him. But the queer power of the man! Had it been light where he could see me, I would have choked before ever I would let him hear me laugh; but he caught me smiling and straightened up, chuckling, to say: "Many other things you would smile at, too, Simon, if your bringing up would but allow the frost to thaw from your soul."

"And are reckless carryings-on and desperate chancing things to smile at?"

"O Simon, Simon, what a righteous man you're to be that never expects to see the day when no harbor this side of God's eternal sea will offer you the only safe and quiet mooring!"

Again I saw Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street, and remembering how she had spoken of his lonely home, I said:

"No doubt a man, like a vessel, Captain Glynn, should have always a mooring somewhere. A wonder you never thought of marrying again?"

"I have thought of it."

"And with some one woman in mind?"

"It may be." He answered that, too, without a pause.

"And does she know?"

"It may be she knows. No knowing when they know, Simon. As men best understand the soul, so it is women's best gift to understand the heart. But no fair play in me to ask her. I've had my great hour, and may not have it again with another. To offer the woman I have in mind anything less than a great love—it would be to cheat, Simon. No, no, no—it's not the kind of a man I am now, but the kind you are, Simon, should marry."

"It's not my kind that women like best, Captain," I said.

"There are women to like every kind, Simon, and almost any kind of a woman would like your kind, Simon, if you would only learn to be less ashamed of what should be no shame. And it is you, already in love, who—"

"Me—in love?" I was like a vessel luffing to escape a squall, he had come on me so quickly.

"There it is, Simon—the upbringing of you that would never own up to what you think only yourself know. Three weeks to sea now you've been with me, and never a gull you've seen skirling to the west'ard that your eyes haven't followed. By no mistake do you watch them flying easterly. And when last evening I said, 'Tomorrow, boys, we'll swing her off and drive her to the west'ard—to the west'ard and Gloucester!' the leaping heart in you drove the blood to your very eyes. Surely that was not in sorrow, Simon?"

I made no answer.

Back and forth we paced, and talked as we paced, until the stars were dimming in the sky and the darkness fading from the sea. He stopped by the rail and stared, aweary-like, I thought, upon the waters.

"SIMON, surely few men but would rather be themselves than anybody else that lives; but surely, too, no man sailing his own wide courses but comes to the day when he wishes he'd been less free in his navigation at times. You are honest and right, Simon. Even when you are wrong you are right, because for a man to do what he thinks is right, whether he be right or wrong, at the time, is to come to be surely right in the end. And it is the like of you, not yet aweary in soul or body, should mate with the women moulded of God to be the great mothers."

"You have done much thinking of some matters, Captain," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Alone at sea before the dawn—it is a wonderful hour for a man to cross-question himself, Simon; and not many nights of late years that I haven't seen the first light of dawn creeping up over the edge of the ocean. You marry Mary Snow, Simon."

He knew. What could I say? "I never thought to talk like this, Captain, to a living man." In the growing light we now stood plain to each other's sight. "I don't understand what made me," I said, and said it, doubtless, with a note of shame.

"It may be just as well at your age that you don't understand every feeling that drives you on, Simon. Our brains grow big with age, but not our hearts. No matter what made you talk tonight, Simon, you marry Mary Snow."

I shook my head, but opened my heart to him, nevertheless. "I haven't the clever ways of Saul Haverick."

"Simon, it's my judgment this night that Mary Snow will never marry Saul Haverick."

"I'm glad to hear you think that, Captain. 'Twould spoil her life—or any woman's."

"No, no," he said, quick-like. Almost any woman's—yes, but not Mary Snow's—not altogether.

"And why?"

"Because she's too strong a soul to be spoiled of her life by any one man; because no matter what man she marries, in her heart will be the image, not of the man her husband is, but of the man she'd wish him to be, and in the image of that man of her fancy will her children be born. Women moulded of God to be the mothers of great men are fashioned that way, Simon. They dream great dreams for their children's sake to come, and their hearts go out to the man who helps to make their dreams come true. If I've learned anything of good women in life, Simon, it is that. And, no saying, I may be wrong in that, too, Simon, but so far I've met no man who knows more of it than I to gainsay me. You marry Mary Snow, Simon, and she will bear you children who will bring new light to a darkening world."

The dawn was rolling up to us and the next on watch was on deck to relieve me; and the cook, too, with his head above the fo'c's'le hatch, was calling that breakfast was ready, and we said no more of that.

"Go for'ard, Simon," said Captain Glynn, "and have your breakfast. After breakfast we'll break out her anchor, and out dories and get that gear aboard afore it's too late. I'll go below and see how Saul's getting on."

With that he went into the cabin; but soon was back to take his seat at the breakfast table; but no word of Saul until we had done eating, and he standing to go up on deck. Then he said: "Saul says he is still too sick to go in the dory with you, Simon."

And to that I said: "Well, I've hauled a halibut trawl single-handed before, Captain Glynn, and I can do it again if need be."

He put on his woolen cap, and across the table he looked at me, and I looked hard at him.

"This will be no morning to go single-handed in a dory, Simon. Saul is not too sick, he says, to stand to the wheel and handle the vessel in my place. I will take his place along with you in the dory."

What he was thinking I could not say. His head was thrown back and his eyes looking out and down at me, as from the top of a far-away hill, and no more knowing what thoughts lay behind them than what ships lay beyond the horizon.

IT WAS a blood-red sunrise and a sea that was making when we left the vessel, but nothing to worry over in that. It might grow into a dory-killing day later, but so far it was only what all winter trawlers face more days than they can remember.

We picked up our nearest buoy, with its white and black flag floating high to mark it, and as we did, to wind'ard of us we could see, for five miles it might be, the twisted lines of the dories stretching. Rising to the top of a sea we could see them, sometimes one and sometimes another, lifting and falling, and the vessel lifting and falling to wind'ard of them all.

Hugh Glynn took the bow to do the hauling and myself the waist for coiling and it was a grand sight to see him heave in on that heavy gear on that December morning. Many men follow the sea, but not many are born to it. Hugh Glynn was. Through the gurdy he hauled the heavy lines, swinging forward his shoulders, first one and then the other, swaying from his waist and all in time to the heave of the sea beneath him, and singing, as he heaved, the little snatches of songs that I believe he made up as he went along.

As he warmed to his work he stopped to draw off the heavy sweater that he wore over his woolen shirt, and made as if to throw it in the bow of the dory. "But no," he said, "it will get wet there. You put it on you, Simon, and keep it dry for me." He was a full size bigger than me in every way, and I put it on, over my cardigan jacket and under my oil jacket, and it felt fine and comfortable on me.

It came time for me to spell him on the hauling, but he waved me back. "Let be, let be, Simon," he said, "it's fine, light exercise for a man of a brisk morning. It's reminding me of my hauling of my first trawl on the Banks. Looking back on it, now, Simon, I mind how the bravest sight I thought I ever saw was our string of dories racing afore the tide in the sea of that sunny winter's morning and the vessel, like a mother to her little boats, standing off and on to see that nothing happened the while we hauled and coiled and gaffed inboard the broad-backed halibut. All out of myself with pride I was—I that was no more than a lad, but hauling trawls with full-grown Gloucester men on the Grand Banks! And the passage home that trip, Simon! Oh, boy, that passage home!"

Without even a halt in his heaving in of the trawls, he took to singing:

"It came one day, as it had to come—
I said to you 'Good-by.'
'Good luck,' said you, 'and a fair, fair wind'—
Though you cried as if to die:
Was all there was ahead of you
When we put out to sea;
But now, sweetheart, we're headed home
To the west'ard and to thee.

"So blow, ye devils, and walk her home—
For she's the able Lucy Foster.
The woman I love is waiting me,
So drive the Lucy home to Gloucester.
O, ho ho for this heaven-sent breeze,
Straight from the east and all you please!
Come along now, ye whistling gales,
The harder ye blow the faster she sails—
O, my soul, there's a girl in Gloucester!"

He stopped to look over his shoulder at me. "Simon, boy, I mind the days when there was no stopping the songs in me. Rolling to my lips o' themselves they would come, like foam to the crests of high seas. The days of a man's youth, Simon! All I knew of a gale of wind was that it stirred the fancies in me. It's the most wonderful thing will ever happen you, Simon."

"What is, skipper?"

"Why, the loving a woman and she loving you, and you neither knowing why, nor maybe caring."

"No woman loves me, Skipper."

"She will, boy—never a fear."

He took to the hauling, and soon again to the singing:

"My lad comes running down the street,
And what says he to me?
Says he, 'O dadda, dadda,
And you're back again from sea!

" 'And did you ketch a great big fish
And bring him home to me?
O, dadda, dadda, take me up
And toss me high!' says he.

"My love looks out on the stormy morn,
Her thoughts are on the sea.
She says, ' 'Tis wild upon the Banks,'
And kneels in prayer for me.

" 'O Father, hold him safe!' she prays,
"And—

"There's one, Simon!" he called.

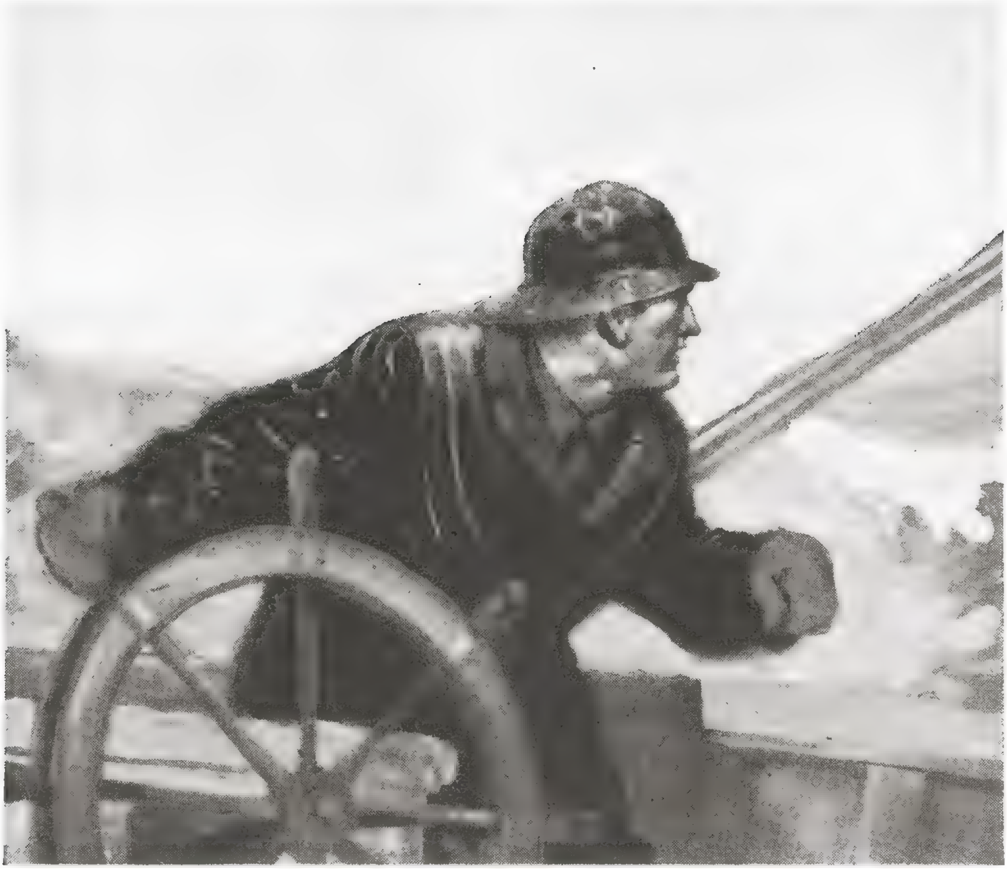
A bad sea he meant. They had been coming and going, coming and going, rolling under and past us, and so far no harm; but this was one more wicked to look at than its mates. So I dropped the coiling lines and, with the oar already to the becket in the stern, whirled the dory's bow head on. The sea carried us high and far and, passing, left the dory deep with water, but no harm in that so she was still right side up.

"A good job, Simon," said Hugh Glynn the while we were bailing. "Not too soon and not too late."

THAT was the first one. More followed in their turn; but always the oar was handy in the becket, and it was but to whirl bow or stern to it with the oar when it came, not too soon to waste time for the hauling but never, of course, too late to save capsizing; and bailing her out, if need be, when it was by.

Our trawl was in, our fish in the waist of the dory, and we lay to our roding line and second anchor, so we might not drift miles to loo'ard while waiting for the vessel to pick us up. We could see the vessel—to her hull, when to the top of a sea we rose together; but nothing of her at all when into the hollows we fell together.

She had picked up all but the dory next to



"Pick Simon and me up last of all," Hugh Glynn had said to Saul, and I remember how

wind'ard of us. We would be the last, but before long now she would be to us. "When you drop Simon and me, go to the other end of the line and work back. Pick Simon and me up last of all," Hugh Glynn had said to Saul, and I remember how Saul, standing to the wheel, looked down over the taffrail and said, "Simon and you last of all," and nodded his head as our dory fell away in the vessel's wake.

Tide and sea were such that there was no use trying to row against it, or we would not have waited at all; but we waited, and as we waited the wind, which had been southerly went into the east and snow fell; but for not more than a half-hour, when it cleared. We stood up and looked about us. There was no vessel or other dory in sight.

We said no word to each other of it, but the while we waited further, all the while with a wind'ard eye to the bad little seas, we talked.

"Did you ever think of dying, Simon?" Hugh Glynn said after a time.

"Can a man follow the winter trawling long and not think of it at times?" I answered.

"And have you fear of it, Simon?"

"I know I have no love for it," I said. "But do you ever think of it, you?"

"I do—often. With the double tides working to draw me to it, it would be queer enough if now and again I did not think of it."

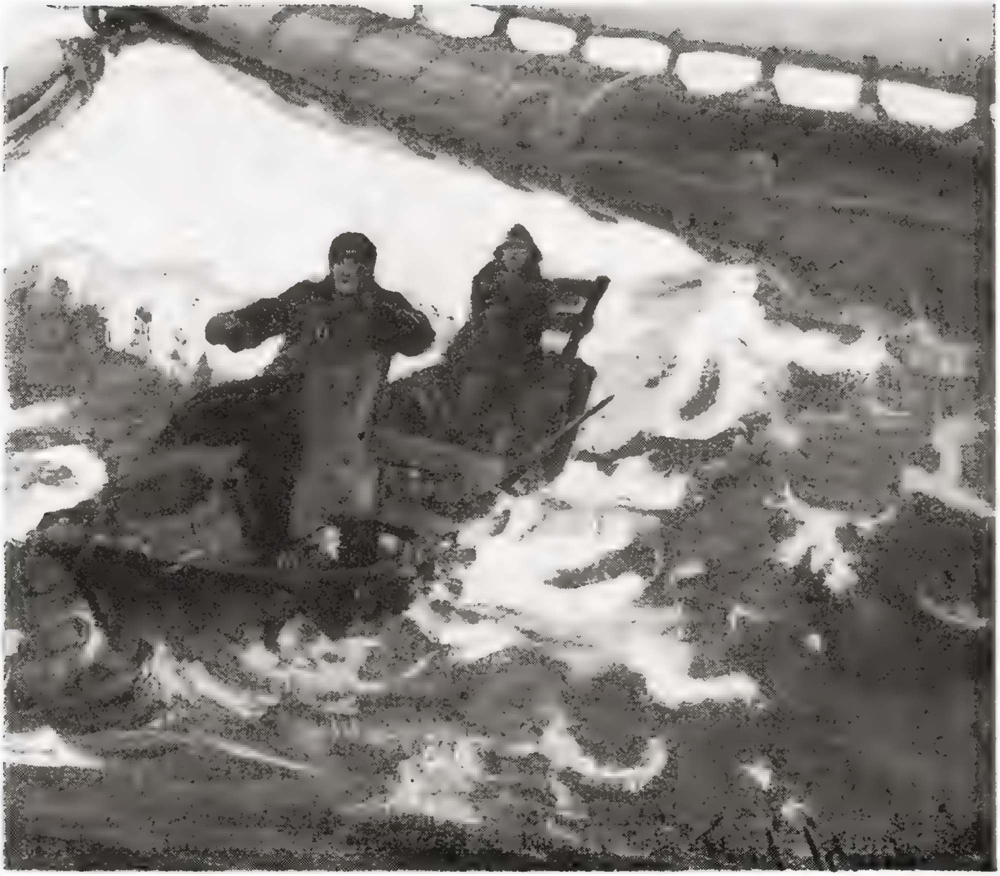
"And have you fear of it?"

"Of not going properly—I have, Simon." And after a little: "And I've often thought it a pity for a man to go and nothing come of his going. Would you like the sea for a grave, Simon?"

"I would not," I answered.

"Nor me, Simon. A grand, clean grave, the ocean, and there was a time I thought I would; but not now. The green grave ashore, with your own beside you—a man will feel less lonesome, or so I've often thought, Simon.

"I've often thought so," he went on, his eyes now on watch for the bad seas and again looking wistful-like at me. "I'd like to lie where my wife and boy lie, she to one side and the lad to the other, and rise with them on Judgment Day. I've a notion, Simon, that with them to bear me up I'd stand afore the Lord with greater courage. For if what some think is true—that it's those we've loved in this world will have the right to plead for us in the next—then, Simon, there will be two to plead for me as few can plead."



Saul, standing to the wheel, nodded his head as our dory fell away in the vessel's wake.

He stood up and looked around. "It is a bad sea now, but worse later, and a strong breeze brewing, Simon," and drew from an inside pocket of his woolen shirt a small leather note-book. He held it up for me to see, with the slim little pencil held by little loops along the edges.

" 'Twas hers. I've a pocket put in every woolen shirt I wear to sea so 'twill be close to me. There's things in it she wrote of our little boy. And I'm writing here something I'd like you to be witness to, Simon."

He wrote a few lines. "There Simon. I've thought often this trip how 'tis hard on John Snow at his age to have to take to fishing again. If I hadn't lost Arthur, he wouldn't have to. I'm willing my vessel to John Snow. Will you witness it, Simon?"

I signed my name below his, and he set the book back in his inside pocket.

"And you think our time is come, Skipper?" I tried to speak quietly, too.

"I won't say that, Simon, but foolish not to make ready for it."

I looked about when we rose to the next sea for the vessel. But no vessel. I thought it hard. "Had you no distrust of Saul Haverick this morning?" I asked him.

"I had. And last night, too, Simon."

"And you trusted him?"

"A hard world if we didn't trust people, Simon. I thought it over again this morning and was ashamed, Simon, to think it in me to distrust a shipmate. I wouldn't believed it of any man ever I sailed with. But no use to fool ourselves longer. Make ready. Over with the fish, over with the trawls, over with everything but thirty or forty fathom of that roding line, and the sail, and one anchor, and the two buoys."

It was hard to have to throw back in the sea the fine fish that we'd taken hours to set and haul for; hard, too, to heave over the stout gear that had taken so many long hours to rig. But there was no more time to waste—over they went. And we took the two buoys—light-made but sound and tight half-barrels they were—and we lashed them to the rising of the dory.

"And now the sail to her, Simon."

We put the sail to her.

"And stand by to cut clear our anchorage!" I stood by with my bait knife; and when he called out, I cut, and away we went racing before wind and tide; me in the waist on, the buoy lashed to the wind'ard side, to hold her down, and he on the wind'ard gunnel, too, but aft, with an oar in one hand and the sheet of the sail in the other.

"And where now?" I asked, when the wind would let me.

"The lee of Sable Island lies ahead." The full gale was on us now—a living gale; and before the gale the sea ran higher than ever, and before the high seas the flying dory. Mountains of slate-blue water rolled down into valleys, and the valleys rolled up into mountains again, and all shifting so fast that no man might point a finger and say, "Here's one, there's one!"—quick and wild as that they were.

From one great hill we would tumble only to fall into the next great hollow; and never did she make one of her wild plunges but the spume blew wide and high over her, and never did she check herself for even the quickest of breaths, striving the while to breast up the side of a mountain of water, but the sea would roll over her, and I'd say to myself once again: "Now at last we're gone!"

WE TUMBLED into the hollows and a roaring wind would drive a boiling foam, white as milk, atop of us; we climbed up the hills and the roaring wind would drive the solid green water atop of us. Wind, sea, and milk-white foam between them—they seemed all of a mind to smother us. These things I say in jumps-like. Lashed to the wind'ard buoy I was by a length of roding line, to my knees in water the better part of the time, and busy enough with the bailing. There was no steady looking to wind'ard, such was the weight of the bullets of water which the wild wind drove off the sea crests; but a flying glance now and again kept me in the run of it.

I would have wished to be able to do my share of the steering, but only Hugh Glynn could properly steer that dory that day. The dory would have sunk a hundred times only for the buoys in the waist; but she would have capsized more times than that again only for the hand of him in the stern. Steady he sat, a man of marble, his jaw like a cliff rising above the collar of his woolen shirt, his two eyes like two lights glowing out from under his cap brim.

And yet for all of him I couldn't see how we could live through it. Once we were so terribly beset that, "We'll be lost carrying sail like this, Hugh Glynn!" I called back to him. And he answered: "I never could see any difference myself, Simon, between being lost carrying sail and being lost hove to."

After that I said no more.

And so, to what must have been the wonder of wind and sea that day, Hugh Glynn drove the little dory into the night and the lee of Sable Island.

We took in our sail and let go our anchor. Hugh Glynn looked long above and about him. "A clear night coming, Simon; and cold, with the wind backing into the no' west. We'll lay here, for big vessels will be running for this same lee tonight, and maybe a chance for us to be picked up with the daylight. Did I do well this day by you, Simon?"

"I'd be a lost man hours back but for you," I said, and was for saying more in praise of him, but he held up his hand.

"So you don't hold me a reckless desperate sail carrier, Simon, never mind the rest." His eyes were shining. "But your voice is weary, Simon, and you're hungry, too, I know."

I was hungry and worn—terribly worn—after the day, and so told him.

"Then lie down and 'twill rest you, and for a time make you forget the hunger. And while you're lying down, Simon, I'll stand watch."

And I made ready to lie down, when I thought of his sweater I was wearing. I unbuttoned my oil jacket to get at it. "It's colder already, Skipper, and you will be needing it."

"No, it is you will be needing it, Simon. Being on my feet, d'y' see, I can thrash around and keep warm."

"But will you call me and take it if it grows too cold, Skipper?"

"I'll call you when I want it—lie down now."

"A wonderful calm night, full as quiet as last night, Skipper," I said, "only no harm in this night—no gale before us on the morrow."

"No, Simon," he said. "Naught but peace before us. But lie down you, boy."

"And you'll call me, Skipper," I said, "when my watch comes?"

"I'll call you when I've stood my full watch. Lie down now."

I lay down, meaning to keep awake. But I fell asleep.

I thought I felt a hand wrapping something around me in the night, and I made to sit up, but a voice said, "Lie down, boy," and I lay down and went to sleep again.

When I awoke it was to the voices of strange men, and one was saying: "He will be all right now."

I sat up. I was still in the dory, and saw men standing over me; and other men were looking down from a vessel's side. Ice was thick on the rail of the vessel.

It was piercing cold and I was weak with the fire of the pains running through my veins, but remembering, I tried to stand up. "Hsh-h boy!" they said, "you are all right," and would have held me down while they rubbed my feet and hands.

I stood up among them, nevertheless, and looked for Hugh Glynn. He was on the after

[*Continued on page 164*]

Who Carries Your Money?

The armored car, a complete fortress on wheels, is protected by every device known to human ingenuity. An elaborate system of training prepares the guards for any emergency

by Harriet Works Corley

IT ROLLS up to the door of the factory, a green or gray citadel on wheels. From the slits in its armor plated sides, keen eyes peer up and down the street. Below the eyes is the muzzle of a twenty-one-shot-a-second riot gun. The coast is clear. The steel door in back comes open with a clang and a man in uniform springs out. For an instant he glances keenly up and down the street. Then he is joined by two other uniformed men. As they approach the door of the factory, each man's right hand is on the butt of a half-drawn .45 automatic. These are their standing orders, whenever they go through a doorway—guns ready for action. Outside the motionless chauffeur keeps watch, hand on gun. The three men enter the factory and go straight to the cashier. The payroll for that week is safe—safe clear into the hands of the individuals who have earned the money.

Perhaps the greatest compliment paid the bandit—the frankest admission of his skill—is the armored car, the one means of transporting funds which thus far has proved infallible. Since the little fortress on wheels has been traveling boldly about the streets with huge sums of money in its keeping, no bandit has ever attempted a direct attack.

The armored car sprang into existence during the war when errands in and around the war zone made a bullet-proof, shell-proof, gas-proof conveyance a necessity. After the war, danger from peace-time bandits increased a hundredfold. In order to cope with this new lawlessness, the armored car for the protection of funds in transportation was pressed into service. New war methods had been introduced into modern vandalism, yet the car successfully held its own against them, just as it had held its own in time of war. Gas, that dread new weapon of the bandit culled from the lessons of the war, affected the car's infallibility not a jot, although it had worked with incredible ease and swiftness in the cases of ordinary pay cars and taxicabs. The answer to the problem of dealing with the war-sophisticated bandit was the armored car.

When the car first came into use one car alone was on duty, and creditably served the few clients, banks for the most part, who sought its aid. Today, less than four years since the car's inception, in one company alone forty cars are in constant action, with others already planned along lines of improvement in construction.

Each car is insured for five millions of dollars, and the insurance of the cargo entrusted to it, a separate item, continues in the case of payrolls even after it has been delivered and is in the hands of the company, until every employe has received his share.

"We carry payrolls," says Mr. W. R. Huntington, traffic manager of the Adams Express Company's armored car service, "box office receipts from theatres, base ball fields, and prize fights; silver and gold coin; bank notes from depository to depository; bonds; securities; and jewels from safe deposit vaults to the homes of women who will later wear them in a rather inconsistent blaze of unprotection at the opera or ball. We have carried packages whose contents are unknown to us. And in the years of our service we have never once been molested, have never suffered a single dollar's loss."

A glance at the armored car as it swiftly passes through the streets on its many errands, is sufficient to bear out the truth of this statement. Made of chrome steel and bullet-proof glass, it runs under high power to assure a quick getaway and progress through the traffic.

THE car is divided into two sections, one for the chauffeur and the other for the conductor—in whose charge the trip is always made—with his two guards.

All four men are in uniform and carry .45 caliber revolvers. The car has twenty-four portholes with revolving sights acting on the same principle as the pupil of the eye, and bearing in any direction.

In case of counterfire from close range these portholes may be closed swiftly and securely so that no stray shot may gain entrance through them. Each compartment has a Thompson sub-machine or riot gun shooting twenty-one shots a second, or over one thousand a minute.

"As may be seen," Mr. Huntington explained, "the car is practically unassailable by bullet. It is necessary, however, to render a gas attack, the latest weapon of the bandit, as ineffective as a rain of shell. To this end we have the tiny ventilators which allow air to enter the car, fitted with covers which respond swiftly to the slightest touch. Gas cannot enter through the closed ventilator, as air itself may not, during the time it takes to get away from the gassed area. If gas should enter the car unforeseen, however, before the ventilators have had time to close, the revolving fan will quickly reject it and keep further entrance impossible until the ventilators can close on a gasless car.

"So much for the enemy without. How about defense from danger within. How about robbery at the hands of one's own crew? For we realize that constant association with huge sums of money *may* eventually break down a man's resistance against temptation, however honest he may formerly have believed himself to be.

"We hire none but the most trustworthy and upright men, of course," says Mr. Huntington. "And then—we don't trust even them too far. When adding to our forces, we check up on a man's past by a rigid system of investigation all our own. Added to this is the investigation by the bonding companies, for every man in our service is bonded for two million, five hundred and ten thousand dollars.

"No investigator gives any man the slightest benefit of the doubt; he has only to have a fragment of suspicion against him to be refused a job. Often, I admit, we err perhaps, on the safe side. Recently a man applied to us for a position. He seemed the type of man we are anxious to find and to hire. But the bonding company reported that a company for which he had worked refused to answer the long list of questions which it presented.

"No company can be compelled to answer them of course, but few refuse to help us in this way. Whether in this case they had something against the man in question, or whether they refused through disinclination to oblige, we could not know. Neither could we hire the man.

"Hardly a week later the bonding company told us that the man was back in the employ of the company refusing to sponsor him. They

Reasons other than safety enter into the desirability of the armored car for transferring money. Few other transportation methods could handle the enormous sums—from the point of view of weight. Gold bullion weighs twelve hundred pounds a square foot. A thousand dollars in pennies weigh six hundred and eighty pounds. To move the huge sum of four billion dollars from one Federal Reserve bank building to another required the use of twenty-seven cars for nearly four days.

The armored car is made of chrome steel and bullet-proof glass. The four uniformed armed guards that make up the crew can shoot through twenty-four portholes with revolving sights which bear in any direction. The car is divided into two sections, one for the chauffeur and one for the conductor. Each compartment has a Thompson riot gun with a capacity of over a thousand shots a minute, and air-tight ventilator covers provide protection against gas attacks.

had deliberately killed his chances with us in order to make it necessary for him to return to them!

"When in actual discharge of duty one man is, of course, a check upon the men working with him. I don't mean that we have a petty spy system, but I do mean that it is necessary for us to guard against collusion in every possible way. We can't keep our men from contact with each other, of course. But we can keep them from appearing in the same crews oftener than mathematical necessity demands. No four men ever work together twice, probably; during their stay with us, the same two men rarely do.

"IN THE office is a board fitted with four rows of brass hooks, on each of which is hung the name of a man on a wooden tag. Each morning these tags are juggled about and the result, reading across the board, gives the crews for the day's work.

"Since no man knows with whom he is going to work that day or at any other given time, the chances for getting together to plan a hold-up are extremely remote, no matter what their private desires on the subject may be.

"It would take a very brave man, a very clever one, to attempt swinging his three companions around to the idea of crime without some previous indication that they would be willing. Our men have seen that successful criminal activities demand much deliberation and a certain study of the situation at hand. Suppose four men did suddenly decide to embark upon an act of crime. They would have to plan and act immediately with no knowledge of the things ahead to help or hinder. They could not have outside help for there would not be time to procure it; the act would have to be done then or never, since the same four men would hardly be likely to meet again on the same crew.

"Only the conductor knows the amount of the assignment they are going after. Even he does not know the form in which it will be presented. Imagine planning to make a get-away with a hundred thousand dollars and finding that it was being delivered in dimes! Railway transportation to any necessarily far-off destination bought in that medium would be under suspicion, indeed."

When the car reaches the place where it is to deliver funds, it comes to a halt and the conductor makes a general survey from one of the portholes. If all seems well, he lets out through the rear door one of the guards who steps onto the sidewalk with drawn gun and makes another survey. If all is well this time, he signals the conductor who opens the safe and, with the funds for delivery in his care, leaves the car followed by the second guard who locks the door behind them. In single file the three go into the bank, during which procedure the two guards are ready to shoot anyone in the immediate vicinity who may act suspiciously.

Even though he were so disposed, the chauffeur could not seize this apparently excellent opportunity of making a getaway with the car and all the remaining contents. High-powered as it is, the chances for vanishing before the return of the other men would be excellent if it were not for the brake which the conductor sets when he leaves the car and which cannot be released until his return. If he failed to put in a reappearance, the chauffeur would be obliged to get help from headquarters before he could move the car an inch.

As may be seen from their success, payroll bandits are well-trained, well-organized, carefully armed and expert in the use of firearms. Ordinary bank messengers, armed though they may be, have little chance against attack especially if, as often happens, they are unaccustomed to using a gun.

Guards Are Expert Marksmen

The guard of the armored car, however, must be as expert as his possible adversary, and to this end is required to report at target practice once every week, under the direction of a skilled marksman, an ex-army officer.

A life-sized figure is hung at the back of the room in which practice is held. Each man stands in front of the figure with drawn gun and walks away from it, so that when the command is given to turn it will be necessary to gauge his distance immediately and then fire.

The officer suddenly calls out, "Turn, Head!" "Turn, Heart!" "Turn, Thigh!"

Immediately he must shoot and hit the spot required in a given number of seconds with a fair degree of accuracy in the result.

He must also learn to shoot from various positions on the ground; to hit a moving target while himself in motion; to extricate himself, in fact, from every possible difficult situation by clever gunplay.

Skilled as the bandit may be, it would be extremely difficult to impersonate the armored car crew and so pick up an assignment awaiting their arrival. Granted that a gang could duplicate the car and the uniform which, at the outset is extremely unlikely, it would be a rare gang indeed which could learn where and when an assignment was waiting.

The gang might tap wires, intercept mail, place confederates in the office force and still remain in ignorance of the method of communication with their clients used for these armored cars. Nor could a gang of bandits ever hope to pass the identification requirements on which every bank cashier and other client must satisfy himself before delivering his funds to them.

Reasons other than safety enter into the desirability of the armored car for transferring money. Few other transportation methods could handle the enormous sums—from the point of view of weights—which are often entrusted to these cars. Gold bullion weighs twelve hundred pounds for every square foot. A thousand dollars in pennies weighs six hundred and eighty pounds, or two hundred and twenty pounds when it is in nickels.

The biggest job handled probably by any company in this service, was the transferring of the Federal Reserve from its downtown to its uptown depository. Four billions of dollars were moved without a hitch in the proceedings, requiring the use of twenty-seven cars for nearly four days.

Consider for a moment the regard in which the armored car is held in quantities of homes which, though they never hire it, nevertheless know its value better by far than the man who measures gain by dollars and cents.

These are the homes of those whose lives, liberty and honor have been jeopardized or lost by careless methods of handling funds.

Recall the headlines, now happily decreasing, as the armored becomes more and more an established fact:

KILLS TWO; GETS $43,607.
BANDITS SEIZE PAYROLL.
BANK MESSENGERS SLAIN.
BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS STOLEN.
GIRL CARRYING PAYROLL ATTACKED

The little stenographer chosen by her employer to fetch the payroll because "no one would ever think we'd pick her for the job"—robbed, beaten into unconsciousness from which she emerged half-insane. The young bank runner, whose wife and baby needed more medical attention than he was able honestly to provide, succumbing to temptation which under ordinary circumstances would never have presented itself. The families of the two bank messengers who were shot down in cold blood on the station platform of a Brooklyn elevated railroad. The families of the three boys responsible for that crime who have recently met their doom in the Death House. Too late to save these; yes, but early enough to prevent thousands of these same sorrows.

Is it any wonder that the car has come to mean more than the protection of money? It has proved itself to be the guardian of lives, of liberty, of souls.

We Must March

A novel of pioneer days in the Great Northwest

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

IN THE year 1836 a small party of Protestant missionaries, consisting of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, the Reverend Henry Spalding and his wife Eliza, young Miles Goodyear and William Gray, a secular agent, are making their way by wagon into the Oregon Territory. Their progress westward has been marked by almost insurmountable barriers—the rugged wilderness and the open hostility of the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company who resent the missionaries' purpose of settling on the Columbia River. George Simpson, the pompous but chivalrous governor of Rupert's Land, has become attracted by the beauty and nobility of Narcissa Whitman and, after hearing her sing, tries to persuade her to remain at his fort, establishing there a school for the half-breed children. Narcissa, however, although she sees in the governor the refinement which is so lacking in the stalwart Marcus, whom she has married in the East after an unfortunate love affair with a musician, refuses to be turned from her purpose, and the party pushes on, leaving at the fort Miles Goodyear who is fascinated by the military life there. At Walla Walla Marcus, Henry, and William Gray stop to erect temporary dwellings while their wives continue to Fort Vancouver where they are entertained by the chief factor, Doctor McLaughlin, who tells them of the hostility of the Indians under Chief Umtippe. While there, they learn of a plan to stop their progress and realizing that their husbands should be warned, escape from the fort during the night.

This month's instalment.

IN THE first faint gray of dawn, as the head voyageur of the freight express stood shivering over the fire, drinking a scalding cup of tea and shouting directions at other figures at work, he looked up to see Narcissa and Eliza stepping into the fire glow.

"Good morning, François!" said Narcissa. "Have you room for two more? We wish to reach Fort Walla Walla as soon as possible."

"But certainly, Madame!" exclaimed the Canadian, as coolly as though this were not the first time white women had ever traveled in his boat. "Will you have breakfast?"

"That would be most grateful, wouldn't it, Eliza?" Narcissa put her arms around her friend's drooping shoulders.

"I'm famished for a cup of that good tea," said Eliza. "Mrs. Whitman is a powerful walker for a poor stick like me to follow," she added, smiling at François.

"You walked! All the way from the fort? I hope there is no trouble!"

"Not any!" declared Eliza. "I'll tell you! We just got so homesick for our husbands we decided to run away to them. The governor and the doctor and the chief trader went off on some business last night that will keep them two or three days and we couldn't wait for them to get back. So here we are, on your hands!"

"My pleasure!" François bowed, at the same time his black eyes scrutinized the two with an unbelieving air. However, the temptation to play host to these women, whose arrival was the talk of the whole territory, was greater than his desire to play spy. He knew that Pierre Pambrun was deep in the confidence of the powers at Fort Vancouver. He would deliver the women into Pambrun's capable hands and wash his own of responsibility. He fed his guests bountifully and arranged a comfortable place for them in the great batteau.

The two women made the voyage in great comfort. And late one afternoon after a week *en route*, they swung rhythmically toward the grim walls of Fort Walla Walla to behold Henry Spalding standing with Pierre Pambrun beside the mooring post.

They landed amidst startled exclamations, protests and effusive greetings.

"I was going back for you with this boat. I have to buy more supplies, too!" cried Henry, when Pambrun had ordered him to take the women to the fort while he attended to the freight. "What happened? Why have you no luggage?"

Together, Narcissa and Eliza managed to give him a clear idea of the incidents that led to their flight. As the full significance of what they told him sank in on Henry, he grew pale to his very lips.

"Why, the Hudson's Bay Company has been very kind. They've allowed us supplies. Pambrun has taken a great deal of trouble for us. It can't be!"

"But it is! Don't be a fool, Henry!" urged his wife. "Now, mind you, not a word of this to any one but Doctor Whitman and William Gray."

"Where is the doctor?" asked Narcissa.

"He comes in tonight to get the freight that came on this boat. I came yesterday. The boat is a day late."

"Rain held us a day at the Dalles," said Narcissa. "In what condition is the house building?"

"Your house at Waii-lat-pu is finished," replied Henry, "and Gray has gone up to the Clear Water to begin work on ours. Ah, there is Madam Pambrun come to greet us!"

ONCE more the fatuous explanation of their flight, then a hearty supper, and before this was finished, a loud, familiar "halloo!" without the stockade. Marcus, disheveled unshaven, stood astounded in the doorway.

Narcissa ran to greet him. "Oh, Marcus! Marcus! We *had* to come! We couldn't stay away from you and Henry any longer!"

Marcus, oblivious to the laughing gaze of the group around the table, clasped Narcissa in his arms. "Dear, dear Narcissa! You're like a gift from heaven!"

"But what a fascinating devil you are with the ladies, Doctor!" cried Pambrun.

Marcus shouted with laughter. "I brought my razor with me, for Madam Pambrun's benefit. But," holding Narcissa from him and looking keenly into her eyes, "you are sure all is well, Narcissa?"

"Now that I am with you, all is well!" exclaimed Narcissa.

It was not until they were alone in the bastion bedroom that Narcissa attempted any explanation for the doctor's benefit. He listened to her with horror and incredulity growing in his eyes.

"But, Narcissa, the Cayuse have been most friendly! They appeared delighted to have us settle at Waii-lat-pu. Old Chief Umtippe made us a present of a tract of land; several hundred acres. He presented it with a long speech. An Indian named Charley Compo interpreted it for me, and it was quite a flowery welcome, I assure you."

"And you heard no protests?" asked Narcissa.

"Of course, I have no Cayuse and they have no English," replied Marcus, "so what I heard made no impression. But this war chief fellow hasn't been near me, as far as I know."

"He will be, within a few days, or I am much mistaken," declared Narcissa. "Have you no fears, Marcus?"

"My fears are only for you, Narcissa."

"Let them go! Let's put our minds on converting savages."

"I only wish it was as simple as that!" groaned the doctor.

Narcissa repeated his sigh and silence fell between them.

The following morning Henry started for Fort Vancouver with the return boats.

It was not out of sight when Marcus announced that he was ready to leave for Waii-lat-pu. Eliza Spalding, who was to wait at the fort for Henry's return, followed them to the gate where the horses were waiting. Marcus did not linger over his farewell, but the two women, so unlike, so curiously brought together, clung to each other in helpless tears, until Marcus put out a huge gentle hand and separated them. Shortly, they were jogging, with a little string of pack-horses, along the east trail which led for twenty-five miles beside the Walla Walla to their new home.

It was clear and cold. The river, a brown rift in still browner plains, made the only break in the wide, gently undulating valley that was hemmed in by mountain ranges. They rode with their faces toward the Blue Mountains twenty miles distant where, Marcus explained, was to be found the only timber suitable for making lumber.

All day they pushed steadily eastward and just before dusk they topped a little hill. There the doctor pulled up his horse, exclaiming with a voice of great pride,

"There it is!"

Below them flowed the Walla Walla, fringed with cottonwoods and willows, as was the little creek that joined it, forming a peninsula of some three hundred acres. Not far from the Walla Walla and near the base of the peninsula stood a little adobe cabin. With a cry of pleasure, Narcissa spurred her horse forward and had dismounted at the door-step when Marcus overtook her. He lifted aside the blanket that served as door and Narcissa entered her home, a square room with two windows. On one side was a fireplace with kindling laid. Before the hearth, cottonwood logs in lieu of chairs. In one corner, a huge pile of buffalo skins and blankets, their bed. Pegs driven into the adobe walls held the meager supply of cooking utensils and the split log mantel displayed a few pieces of crockery, some books and Narcissa's sewing bag.

Marcus kindled the fire and looked eagerly at Narcissa. "Do you think you can keep from being too homesick here, my dear wife?"

Before Narcissa could reply, an Indian entered, a tall old man wearing the bright red coat of a British soldier and leather pantaloons. Over his head was draped a red and yellow handkerchief on which was placed an otter cap, while, superimposed on the cap was a huge white horse's tail, which drooped over his shoulders. He was a bigger man than Marcus, with a long face, thin to emaciation and covered with thick cross hatchings of wrinkles. His eyes, in the firelight, were deep set and melancholy.

He stood silently in the doorway, staring at Narcissa.

The doctor said, with a formal manner, "Narcissa, this is Chief Umtippe, who gave us the land for the mission. He can't understand English, but I think you'd better shake hands with him, anyhow."

Narcissa swept across the room and took the chief's hand cordially. He permitted her to shake it, then the two stood gazing at her.

His scrutiny did not last long. His eyes shifted to her hair. He rubbed his great brown hand over her braids and touched her cheeks, which glowed with color. Then, with a grunt, he strode out of the house.

Narcissa looked at Marcus with a comical raising of her brows. "How soon can we hang a door there, instead of a blanket?"

"Not until I can saw a log into boards with a hand saw." Marcus lifted the pot to the crane. "I made a venison stew before I left, yesterday."

"I'll set the table," said Narcissa, looking at the crude arrangement of split logs in the middle of the room. "Marcus, you are already a highly accomplished pioneer. I have a long way to go to equal you. But I'll arrive! You'll see!"

"This kind of thing doesn't take skill!" The doctor waved his hand to compass the room. "But to learn the Cayuse tongue does. That is your special task. You learned on the trail this summer how blind my ears are! You'll have to learn it and teach it to me. I've engaged Charlie Compo, who's been a Hudson's Bay Indian, to teach you. We'll pay him in tobacco; an inch of rope tobacco for each four hours of teaching. While you're doing that I'll be clearing land for growing crops." Then with a sudden assumption of Burris's most dignified manner, he placed the smutty stew pot on the table. "Madam, supper is served!"

Immediately after breakfast, the next morning, the doctor opened the Bible and a small book of sermons, and with his very beautiful and attentive congregation of one, began the first church service at the new mission. When he had finished reading a short sermon, Narcissa sang "Rock of Ages."

Scarcely had the last note left her lips, when the door curtain was lifted and Umtippe strode in, followed by half a dozen blanketed warriors. They seated themselves on the floor and old Umtippe, pointing to Narcissa, spoke to one of the young braves.

"Chief says white squaw must sing," interpreted the brave.

"Sing, then, Narcissa," said Marcus.

There was a remote twinkle in Narcissa's blue eyes, but without comment she began to sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

To a man, the Indians leaned forward, and with bated breath, followed her every note. When she had finished, Umtippe gave a great sigh, then touched her skirt and pointed to his throat.

"He wants more," said Charley Compo.

And again Narcissa sang. Her voice, a lyric soprano, had a haunting cadence of sadness, that poignant, heart twisting quality that had so moved Miles Goodyear. As the beautiful notes of "Consolation" swept through the cabin, old Umtippe groaned and beat his breast and tears began to run down the cheeks of Charley Compo. By the time she had finished Mendelssohn's incomparable melody, all the Indians were weeping, yet Umtippe would not permit her to stop. He kept her singing, until at the end of an hour, Narcissa made him understand that her throat was weary. Then, without a word, he led his sobbing warriors out.

And thus ended the first mission service.

ON MONDAY morning, they began the program outlined by Marcus. Narcissa found Charley Compo a willing and vastly interested teacher. She perceived that it was going to be easy to find Cayuse words for the ordinary objects and events of life. But the Indians had no words expressing moral and spiritual ideas. How, unless the Cayuse learned English, the missionaries were to convey any conception of the Christian faith to them was a problem worthy of Narcissa's mental caliber, and she attacked it with avidity.

While Narcissa worked in the cabin, Marcus began his attack on the sage brush that crowded to the very door. By noon great heaps of faggots were burning all around the cabin. Narcissa lent a hand after dinner, piling and burning roots and faggots while the doctor grubbed. Toward mid-afternoon, a drizzling rain began to fall, and Narcissa was about to return to the house, when a great hubbub in the Indian village across the river brought her to a pause. Before she and Marcus could do more than look questioningly at each other, a string of horses, each bearing a naked rider, galloped across the stream and up to the cabin, where they brought up before the two whites.

The leader, the upper part of whose body was painted a brilliant red, addressed Narcissa violently.

"It's the Cayuse war chief back from Fort Vancouver," she explained.

"You go in the house at once, Narcissa!" ordered Marcus.

"That's probably what he's saying, too!" replied Narcissa. "I shall do nothing of the sort! I heard the orders the governor gave him and I don't believe he'll dare harm you as long as I'm clinging to you, thus."

She put both hands round the doctor's arm and looked up at the war chief defiantly, her heart, meantime, shaking her whole body. The war chief continued to address her angrily, brandishing a tomahawk, and making hideous contortions of his face.

He actually had begun to foam at the mouth, when Umtippe galloped up, bringing his horse to its haunches before his brother. At the same moment, Charley Compo came running breathlessly to join the scene.

"What's the trouble, Charley?" cried Marcus.

"To-wan-too, the war chief, wishes to drive the doctor away. But he says the Kitche Okema won't let him touch the white squaw. He is very mad because the white squaw got here before he did."

"Hooray for me!" gasped Narcissa.

Here Umtippe said something to Marcus, and Compo interpreted. "He says he will give the white squaw to the medicine man so that she can sing always for the Cayuse. He says he will buy her from you for twenty white horses; that then you must go away because the war chief is making too much trouble for him."

"Compo, you have lived with white men and you know just how impossible it is for a white man to sell his wife. Explain that to Umtippe and then say, *No!*"

The interpreter spoke to Umtippe, then to Marcus.

"Umtippe says, how much will you pay his brother, To-wan-too to leave you alone?"

"Not a cent! Not a twist of tobacco!" shouted the doctor.

"Wait a moment, Marcus," said Narcissa. "Why not ask them for time in which to think this over?"

"That's good," exclaimed Compo, and without waiting for word from the doctor he spoke to the chiefs.

"Umtippe says, when the wolves begin to howl tonight, they will come back for your answer." And Charley Compo followed the cavalcade which immediately started back to the Indian village

"Whew!" breathed Marcus. "Narcissa, I can feel your whole body trembling. Come into the cabin." When they both were established before the fire with a pot of tea brewing he said, "It's our first clash with them. We must try to meet it kindly and firmly. They have given us land and welcomed us here. Now they ask me to pay for the privilege of staying. It goes against my gorge to pay that savage anything, yet I have no other recourse. Do you think I have?"

Narcissa shook her head. "How much shall you offer?"

"I'll begin with a foot of rope tobacco. Three feet is all we have, and we have left less than ten dollars in money."

MARCUS sighed and Narcissa set about getting supper. But the darkness came early on this rainy afternoon and the wolves howled long before the meal was ready. A few moments after the first, far, melancholy cry had sounded over the plains, the curtain was jerked aside and the two chiefs and the interpreter entered. Marcus met them with great dignity and gave them seats before the fire. Then he solemnly held up a coil of tobacco, about six inches long.

"Tell To-wan-too that I will give this piece if he will promise to leave us alone," he said to Compo.

Compo delivered the message and received the reply. "To-wan-too says he must have two feet of tobacco and the bag," pointing to Narcissa's sewing bag, "also ten pounds of pemmican and ten of sugar."

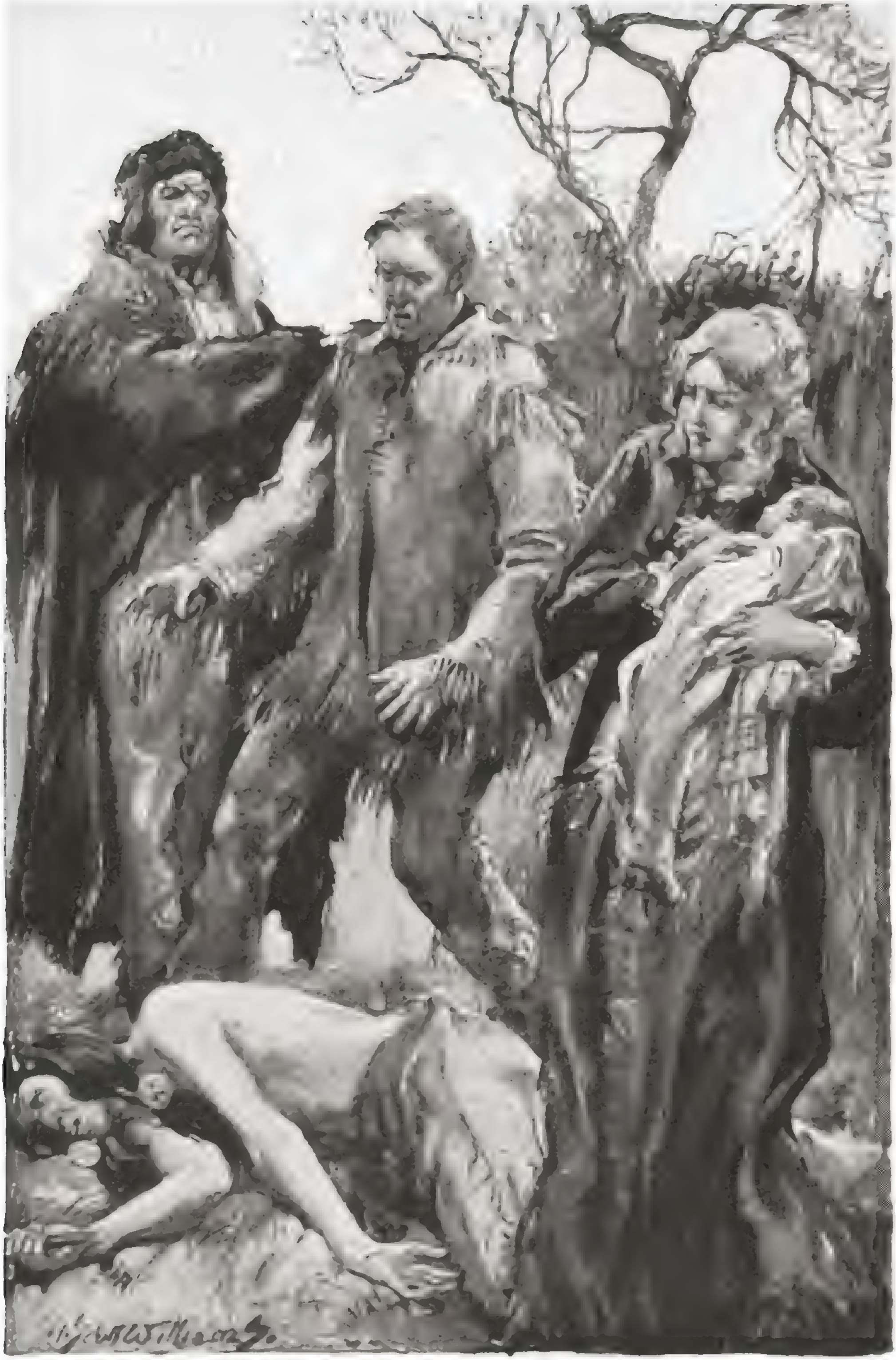
Marcus had not spent six months in Indian country without learning of the Indian idea of trading. He added one inch to the odoriferous brown rope, and silently held it up. The three Cayuse settled themselves complacently. This was language they understood and thoroughly enjoyed. All signs of belligerence faded from To-wan-too's saturnine face. He looked, thought Narcissa, positively benevolent.

At the end of the hour, there lay on the floor between Marcus and the Cayuse about fifteen inches of rope tobacco, two fish-hooks and a pound of pemmican. The doctor rose, shrugged his shoulders and said to Charley Compo.

"That's final, Compo! If I give them more I won't be able to keep Mrs. Whitman in food this winter."

There was no mistaking the finality in the doctor's voice and manner. After a long confab in Cayuse, the chiefs rose, To-wan-too gathered the loot in the tail of his blanket, and the three silently left the cabin.

For several days they were left in peace; that is, there was no interference with their work, except such as came from the constant exhibition of curiosity on the part of the Indians. This was soon exhausted as far as the doctor was concerned, but Narcissa, the first white woman in their experience, was an increasing source of wonder to them.



Without a sound the te-wat rolled at Narcissa's feet. "You red fiend!" roared Marcus. "What do you mean by bringing your murders to our door-step?"

At first their interest was amusing to Narcissa, but after a day or so it began to irritate her. They had absolutely no respect for her rights to privacy. She could not teach them not to walk into the cabin, at any moment of the day or night, examine what she was doing, handle any of the objects in the dwelling, squat before the fire, help themselves to the food in the limited larder.

One of the worst offenders was old Umtippe. He exhibited not the slightest friendliness for Narcissa, but he obviously considered that he owned the cabin and its contents. He spent hours of every day sitting on the floor before the fire, spitting, dozing and making foul noises, while Narcissa worked at her language lessons or tried to ignore him as she performed her simple household tasks.

One day, the cabin being for once clear of Indians, Narcissa made preparations for a bath. She lighted a huge fire and heated several pots of water with which she filled the wash tub. She fastened the door blanket by ropes, which she twisted around pegs driven into the adobe, and further clenched her privacy, as she thought, by pushing the table against the door-jambs.

She was standing naked in the tub when the blanket was ripped aside, the table heaved over, and old Umtippe thrust himself angrily into the room.

"Why did you try to keep me out?" he demanded in Cayuse.

"Go!" cried Narcissa in the same tongue, wrapping her wet body in a blanket and pointing to the door.

"I'll not!" The chief was scowling in outraged dignity.

NARCISSA had not yet acquired words to express what she felt. She stared at the old man then, deliberately, she crossed the room and clutching the blanket about her with one hand, with the other dealt Umtippe a sound box on the ear.

"Go!" her eyes burning with anger. She struck him on either cheek.

The old man's eyes started from their sockets, so astounded was he by the suddenness of the onslaught. He raised his arm to return her blows but as he did so he caught the look in Narcissa's great, blue eyes in which danced forty furies. He backed away. Meek-eyed squaws he understood, but not this golden-haired white woman whom many of the Cayuse suspected of being a witch. Charley Compo arrived to give her her lesson. She bade him go and fetch Umtippe. He returned shortly, the old chief following him somewhat reluctantly. Narcissa walked up to the chief and shook her finger in his face as she bade Compo to interpret for her.

"You are never to come into my cabin again without asking leave," she said.

"The land is mine," said Umtippe, sullenly. "I'll come in here whenever I want to."

"The land you gave for the mission," replied Narcissa. "The cabin is ours. You will respect our rights or I'll have 'King George men' in red coats come here with guns to show you what our rights are."

"You are nothing but a squaw," said Umtippe. "And squaws who threaten the men are killed."

"Kill me! Try it!" cried Narcissa furiously. "And every night my spirit shall come to your tepee and sing your spirit out of your body. Every night, until you die, and long after, like this."

She waited until the startled Compo had translated the threat, then again she gave the banshee wail. Both Umtippe and Compo fled from the cabin.

Narcissa stood motionless, for a long moment, then she knelt in prayer.

After supper, that night, she told Marcus of her encounter. He listened with horror and disapproval in every line of his open face.

"I wish I'd been here to boot him out!" was his first reaction. Then as the significance of what his wife had done came home to him, he exclaimed, "You've made an enemy of the chief!"

"He was my enemy from the first moment he saw me," said Narcissa.

"Nonsense! He was as simple and friendly as a child," declared the doctor. "You are too imaginative, Narcissa."

"At any rate, I've discovered what sort of a threat I can hold over these 'simple, childish' people," retorted Narcissa. "Something that will appeal to the diabolical side of them."

"Narcissa! Narcissa!" cried Marcus. "Don't you see how opposed this is to the policy I thought we'd agreed on? In five minutes you aroused in him what will take us months to live down."

"Do you suggest that I should have allowed Umtippe to witness my bath?" asked Narcissa, flushing.

"Of course not! Don't be silly! You should have come out to me as soon as you had wrapped yourself up. I'd have gotten Charley Compo and explained to the old man how we felt and have told him it must not happen again."

Narcissa twisted her hands together. "But Marcus! They are children! Back of the order must be the threat."

"No! A thousand times no!" thundered the doctor. "We were sent here to show the world how to win these savages by love. You must help me in this, Narcissa. Indeed you must!"

"Marcus," replied Narcissa, "I want to uphold your hands as I want nothing else in life. But when religion interferes with common sense, I must let common sense rule. Umtippe is a selfish, cruel old man who, as soon as the novelty of our coming has passed, will join the Hudson's Bay Company's forces in trying to get rid of us. For aught we know he may be in their pay now!"

"But you are accusing those Britishers of underhanded methods I don't think they'd use against us, Narcissa. They are mighty honorable men, I know."

"Well, we'll see!" Narcissa sighed.

For several days, not only Umtippe, but all the other Indians excepting Charley Compo, shunned the cabin, and the interpreter came only because his desire for tobacco outweighed his obvious uneasiness. Much to Narcissa's relief, about a week after the encounter, the entire village rode southward and Waii-lat-pu settled to winter solitude.

Two weeks from the day he left Fort Walla Walla, Henry Spalding jogged up to the cabin. He brought with him several pack-horse loads of supplies for Waii-lat-pu. His wife had remained at Fort Walla Walla, for she was not feeling well and they were to go to Lap-wai by canoe, up the Snake River, sending their supplies by pack train. Beside the freight, Spalding brought Narcissa a letter from Governor Simpson. She read it while the two men stabled the horses for the night.

DEAR MADAM:

We were grieved that the onslaught of homesickness attacked you and Madam Spalding during our absence, thus depriving us of the opportunity to attempt to assuage your yearning by offering you some of the entertainments that hitherto had, we supposed, kept you content. We were greatly relieved to learn through the Reverend Mr. Spalding that you had reached Fort Walla Walla in good health and spirits.

I have directed Factor Pambrun to keep a guardian eye on your mission and render you any assistance he may.

It has been my hope to call upon you this winter, on my way back to Montreal, but as various matters have delayed me until the mountain passes are too deep in snow even for my wonderful Monique to attack them, I have determined to winter here. We would be very happy to have you and Doctor Whitman do us the honor of spending Christmas at Fort Vancouver. We can offer you, I think, a unique experience in showing you how the great holiday may be spent in a British outpost.

I remain, dear madam, with cordial expressions of regard for your good husband and yourself,

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE SIMPSON.

Narcissa laid the letter on the table while she completed her preparations for the evening meal. When Marcus came in, she silently handed it to him and Marcus, after perusing it, gave it to Henry. The clergyman snorted as he finished it.

"I suppose you'll go up there Christmas. He didn't ask Eliza and me. We're not his kind."

"Neither am I, as far as that goes!" Marcus laughed good naturedly. "But I'd dearly love to see Christmas with him. Yet we must not go." He looked at Narcissa who nodded acquiescence.

"It's absurd to think of it. Our place is here. It is obvious you had no trouble with them, Henry." She looked at him enquiringly.

"They treated me like a king!" declared Henry. "They've bowed to the inevitable and I must admit they are doing it very pleasantly. I saw Miles Goodyear up there. He's been made a courier for Governor Simpson. I wonder what he sees in that young monkey."

"It might be useful to have a young American as his courier here in Oregon," mused Marcus. "He's a smart man, Simpson. Now then, Henry, let's make a list of the division of supplies for you to give to William Gray."

Narcissa offered her assistance at this work, but finding she was not needed, she took up her sewing and receded into her own thoughts. They were many, and some of them were far afield. But all of them were colored by the fact that had helped her and Marcus to make their instant refusal to the Christmas invitation from the Governor. A baby was coming to Waii-lat-pu in the spring. And Narcissa was deeply glad.

SPALDING returned to Fort Walla Walla the following morning. Narcissa worked several hours every day preparing a Cayuse-English, English-Cayuse grammar, which she tested on Marcus daily. The doctor was so persistent and Narcissa was so patient that, in spite of his supposedly tone-deaf ear, Marcus made astonishing progress.

Christmas passed quietly, with a special service in the cabin, attended by only the two missionaries. A heavy snow fell all Christmas day and for several days following. In fact, it was January before the sun shone brilliantly and a warm wind began to melt the snow like a blast from an oven. Marcus, who had been chafing under his enforced idleness, was cheerfully watching bare patches appear in his newly cleared fields, one afternoon, when a lone horseman pushed up the heavy trail from the fort. He gave a loud 'Halloo' as soon as he sighted Marcus. It was William Gray.

The Whitmans had not seen a white man since Spalding's visit and young Gray was doubly welcome. They established him before a glowing fire and plied him with questions.

He had just returned from a visit to Fort Vancouver, to send mail by a possible Hudson's Bay Company boat and to purchase supplies. The Snake and the Columbia had been full of ice but he had made the journey without untoward event other than the usual hairbreadth escapes, inevitable on such a journey.

After retailing to them all the gossip of Fort Vancouver, he said,

"I return with Frank Ermatinger. He's a traveling trader for the Company. He's going out now to collect the winter's fur catch from the Flatheads up in the Flathead River country, northeast of here. He has his son with him and is going to try to send him out to the States to go to school."

"But is it possible this time of year?" asked Marcus.

"Ermatinger hopes so. He'll go up to Clark's Fork of the Columbia, follow that to the Bitter Root, over Gibbon's Pass to the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri and so out."

Narcissa suddenly leaned forward. "William, go with him! Go to the American Board and tell them all that we have learned here and tell them to send more missionaries. What can our little group do with these thousands of savages? Tell them of the menace of the Hudson's Bay Company."

"Then you've heard the gossip about priests?" exclaimed William.

"No!" replied Narcissa and the doctor together.

"It's rumored, via a butler or some servant at Fort Vancouver, that Governor Simpson is asking that as many Catholic priests be sent in here, under the control of the Company, as there are Protestant missionaries."

"That settles it!" ejaculated Marcus. "You'd better take Narcissa's suggestion, William!"

"Are you willing to undertake such a terrible journey?" asked Narcissa.

"Willing!" Gray's eyes were dancing "Well, aside from its being my obvious duty for the good of the mission work to go, I want a wife. I'm delighted with an excuse for going back and getting one."

"You know a nice girl who will come?" asked Narcissa, smiling in turn. Gray was by no means a ladies' man.

"No, I don't," replied the young man with engaging candor, "but I'll get my mother to help me find one."

"Good boy!" Marcus shouted with laughter. "What will Spalding say about our making this decision without him?"

"What can he say? I'll send an honest letter of apology and explanation by an Indian tomorrow. At heart, I know he'll be glad. Now then, let's discuss exactly what I'm to say to the American Board, what supplies I'm to ask for, what errands I'm to do personally for you folks." Gray took an excited turn or two up and down the room.

There was little sleep in the cabin that night. Narcissa brought her diary letter up to date and gave it in charge to Gray, for her mother. Lists of supplies were made, and questions of policy, on which a ruling of the American Board was desired. Not long after midnight, William was ready to leave. He shook hands heartily with Narcissa and Marcus and hurried out to mount his horse, which Marcus had brought to the door. Narcissa stood in the doorway, holding a candle, and the little wavering gleam caught the young man's gay smile as he waved his hand and set spurs to his horse.

Only a trip to the North Pole is comparable today to the ardors and dangers of the journey he was so light heartedly undertaking.

AT THE end of January, which in eastern Washington is characterized by warm weather, Marcus started his plowing. The Indians, too, began to drift back with the warmer days and Marcus opened Sunday services for them. For the present, Narcissa took no part in these. As little by little the deserted village returned to life, she watched the smoke appear from the tops of the different lodges with a curious lack of excitement. It was as if every interest in her life had receded to permit her to concentrate her whole being on the coming of her baby. As the time drew near for her confinement, all her deep concern over the machinations of the Hudson's Bay Company dropped from the foreground of her thoughts. She was homesick. She longed unspeakably for her mother. But even this pain, constant as it was, could not rouse her from her dream-like joy over the child.

Madam Pambrun, with one of her young daughters undertook to stay with Narcissa as nurse and companion for a week before and a week after the baby's birth. Narcissa liked the little Indian woman. She was extraordinarily gentle and full of a poetic imagination that constantly surprised and charmed the white woman. Pierre Pambrun was consideration itself. He refused to allow any of the pupils that Governor Simpson and Doctor McLaughlin had assigned Narcissa to come to Waii-lat-pu until Narcissa should be strong again. In fact, the arrival of the first white child born in Oregon territory was awaited with keen interest by all the isolated countryside.

Lone trappers traveled a hundred miles or so from their posts to leave choice furs for the layette. Madam McLoughlin sent some exquisite little moccasins she had beaded herself. Doctor McLoughlin sent fresh apples to tempt Narcissa, who he heard had sickened of a meat diet. And Governor Simpson sent a beautifully tanned beaver cloak for Narcissa herself.

The baby came on the fourteenth of March, with as little discomfort as one could hope for in this world of discomforts. It was a little girl; an exceptionally fine specimen of babyhood. They named her Alice Clarissa, after her two grandmothers.

Old Umtippe, who had been kept out only by the new barred door which Marcus had completed in January, was the first caller.

He wore all his usual regalia, with the addition of a huge buffalo robe over his shoulders and a headdress of buffalo horns superimposed on the white horse's tail. He lifted the baby from Madam Pambrun's arms and gave her a thorough examination. This done, he grunted approbation and holding Alice Clarissa in the crook of his arm he delivered an address of welcome.

"The Little White Cayuse is here! All the people expected her; Cayuse, Nez Percès, Walla Wallapoos. All the tribe is pleased that a white child is born on its land. All the chiefs will visit her and talk. But I, when she grows up, will give her land and horses and make her rich."

He laid the baby on the bed and stalked out as abruptly as he had entered.

All the chiefs and, it seemed to the weary Narcissa, all the braves and all the squaws too, did visit the baby during the next week. It was astonishing to observe their interest. The adulation they offered the child was something to ponder on. It convinced Narcissa more than ever, that Indian character was more complex than she or the other missionaries had dreamed it could be.

The baby was two weeks old when Umtippe made his second visit. He went so far as to rap on the door, then walked in without waiting for Narcissa's reply. She was just lifting the baby from her bath. With a harsh exclamation, he strode across the room and, snatching Alice Clarissa from her mother, rolled her in the tail of his blanket and clasped her to his breast.

"You will kill the child!" he cried, "and the spirits will punish my tribe!"

By a supreme effort of will Narcissa did not move. "Give her back to me at once!" she said. "There are no spirits. God sent the baby to me."

Umtippe looked down at the screaming child. "She is a gift to the Cayuse tribe," he grunted.

"Unless you let me care for my baby the way God taught me," said Narcissa, "I shall not teach her how to sing."

THIS obviously was a new idea to the chief. He stood holding the little naked thing in his dirty blanket, quite unmoved by the sobs that were rending Narcissa's heart. After long communion with himself, during which Narcissa watched him with the look of a mother wolf in her blue eyes, he laid the baby back in her arms.

"If you kill her," he warned, "the Cayuse will punish you."

"If I'm not good to her," returned Narcissa, "God will punish me." And she proceeded to wash the baby again.

Whether he thought his presence would be a protection to the little white Cayuse during the process of bathing which she patiently hated very much, or whether he enjoyed watching it as an especially fine exhibit of the idiocy of the white woman, Narcissa did not know. But for whatever reason, until the middle of April and the opening of the camas harvest, each morning saw old Umtippe with a friend or a visiting chief, solemnly watching Narcissa bathe her daughter. Then the whole tribe scattered over the plains to gather the succulent lily bulb and for a little while Narcissa was relieved of the old chief's presence.

Narcissa was sitting one April afternoon before the cabin, her Cayuse grammar on her knee, the baby in the crude, cottonwood cradle beside her, when Governor Simpson rode through the gate. He dismounted as Narcissa rose to greet him.

"Where are the bagpipe players, Governor," she exclaimed. "Has 'Malbrouck gone afighting' without their knowledge?"

The governor took both her hands and kissed them, bowing as he did so.

"I fear they'd waken the baby!" he replied. "Ah, there she is! By gad, that's a fine child!" he added, stooping over Alice Clarissa, who raised to him, eyes the color of the Oregon skies. "She looks like you, madam. I am glad of that!" He straightened abruptly to gaze at Narcissa, who in the simple print frock she had made herself seemed to him as impressive as she had, in broadcloth or silk. "Where is Doctor Whitman?" he continued.

"He went up to the foothills yonder, for a log. I expect him shortly."

"I may not stay longer than an hour," said the governor.

"Marcus will want to see you, Governor. If you will rest here I will make you a cup of tea." Narcissa pointed to the seat near hers and went into the house. When she returned with tea and toast, there was a moment of silence, then the governor said:

"I have asked McLoughlin to send a young girl here for your care. She is sixteen, though she looks about twelve. She is a half-breed. Her mother was a chief's daughter and although only an aborigine, a woman of fire and poetry. This girl, who would be looked on as an outcast by most white women, will, in a few years have great influence with certain of the tribes of Rupert's Land. If she learns how to meet white people of position, she will become invaluable to the Hudson's Bay Company. Please send a bill for her board and tuition, each quarter, to the chief clerk at Fort Vancouver."

A look of astonishment and amazement showed in Narcissa's eyes and quivered on her lips.

"Malbrouck has spoken!" she exclaimed.

Simpson stared at her haughtily, then threw back his head and laughed. "You take a graceful method of reminding me that you are not a Hudson's Bay Company employee!"

"How canny, indeed, you are, my dear Governor!" retorted Narcissa.

"Hum!" murmured Simpson. "Curious people, you Americans! But you are quite right, I'll try again. As you so graciously agreed to do, while at Fort Vancouver—"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Of course, I'll be glad to do what I can for the child!"

"Madam," said the governor, "life is not fair to such as she!"

"Life," said Narcissa, "as nearly as I can understand, was not planned to be fair. It was designed as it is, to discipline the soul for some great end of God's."

"Beside being an American, you are a Puritan," exclaimed Simpson. "How can you, who are an artist, embrace the bleak tenets of such a faith?"

"I need such tenets the more, because I am an artist," answered Narcissa. "After all, is my faith more bleak than is your hard philosophy?"

"Hard?" The governor looked astonished.

"Yes, so they tell me. And I have learned for myself that you are ruthless."

"RUTHLESS! Madam, if I were ruthless, I'd be Lochinvar at this moment." His eyes fixed on Narcissa were deep with pain.

She held her gaze for a moment, then she deliberately lifted her baby from the cradle and held it in her arms, crooning softly the silly and pathetic little lullaby.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top—"

The governor listened, his stern face softening indescribably. When she stopped after a single verse, he said:

"And I've never heard you sing before! Will you not, dear Madam Whitman, sing to your child and me? Something that I may carry away with me! Perhaps that 'Poor Exile of Erin' of which Miles Goodyear talks so much."

Narcissa looked at the Scotchman with a smile, and then the notes floated out on the quiet air.

Simpson leaned back in the crude chair, his riding crop across his knees, his arms folded across his snowy ruffles, his eyes never leaving the picture before him; the exquisite outlines of Mount Hood, the crude, mud cabin, the cradle with its covering of fur, and the woman in the blue print dress, the sleeping child on her knees, singing the simple ballad as he knew many a prima donna would have been glad to sing it.

He sat silent so long after the last note had died down that Narcissa wondered if he were disappointed.

"But why this," he asked at last, waving his hand at the cabin, "when you have such a voice and have received such training?"

"I suppose," replied Narcissa slowly, "it's a part of that discipline of the soul we spoke of."

"Nonsense!" The governor spoke bruskly. "Nonsense! That's mere cant! I refuse to let our friendship descend to mere catch-penny religious phrases. I'm glad you have the child!" He ended abruptly.

"So am I." Narcissa smiled. "And I'm glad I have Marcus, too." Then she said cheerfully, "So you have added our young Miles Goodyear to your entourage! What are you going to make of him?"

"A British subject!" declared Simpson.

"Never!" exclaimed Narcissa, laughing; then she said suddenly, "You are very sure of your control of the situation! I'd give much to know if Lieutenant Slacum will reach Washington in safety."

"So would I!" Simpson chuckled. "Well! Well! All my little plans seem feckless, eh?"

"I don't like your cheerfulness in the face of these small disasters." Narcissa was smiling, too.

"One learns," said the governor, "after one sweats blood over a situation and fails, that often within a situation itself lie the materials for its own checkmating." Then he looked at his watch. "I must be away at once!"

"But yonder comes the doctor!" protested Narcissa. "Can't you wait for him? He's not more than a mile away."

"I'll ride up and greet him. I cannot wait for him at the snail's pace he's traveling," said Simpson. He took Narcissa's hand between both his own. "Dear Madam Whitman, I have been rebuked and sustained, fed in body and soul this afternoon. How can I thank you?"

"I suppose that is what friendship does for people," replied Narcissa simply.

"It's what your friendship does for me. I don't know when we shall meet again, Narcissa! I shall not forget you and your little child here, with only Mount Hood to guard you. Good-by! God be wi' ye, my dear!"

"Good-by, 'Malbrouck'!" she smiled with eyes that flashed tears.

He turned abruptly and strode to the corral.

It was the day after the governor's visit, that Charley Compo reported to the doctor that many of the Cayuse were ill of a violent bowel trouble. Compo was eager for Marcus to attend the sick people, but for several days Umtippe would not permit this, and the te-wat (medicine man) worked with rattle and incantations, day and night. Then Umtippe's favorite wife was laid low and the te-wat was unable to relieve her. When she had been in agony for twenty-four hours, the old chief came to the cabin. The Whitmans were at dinner.

"Come and see my squaw," he ordered. "If she dies, I shall kill you and the te-wat too!"

"That's a tempting fee indeed!" exclaimed Narcissa.

Marcus rose. "This is my chance to compete with the baby and your voice, in a hold on the Indians," he declared, and he followed Umtippe.

THE squaw lay on a heap of dried grass in Umtippe's lodge. She was suffering from an acute indigestion caused, the doctor thought, by gorging on the camas root. All the skill that he possessed, all his courage, all his faith—and he had much of all three—he devoted to fighting the poison with which the pitiful little brown body, on the heap of grass, was drenched. At the end of twenty-four hours he looked up at the watching Umtippe.

"She's in a natural sleep," he said. "The fever is gone. She will live. Let her sleep as long as she will." Staggering with weariness, he left the lodge and returned to the anxious Narcissa. Weary as he was, he was more exhilarated than Narcissa had seen him for months.

"I can begin to save their souls now, I've begun to save their bodies," he exclaimed as he dropped on the bed to make up his lost sleep.

The next morning, while Narcissa and Marcus were dressing, Umtippe walked in upon them. His wife was nearly well, he announced, but his brother the war chief was now sick and the doctor must come at once. Marcus groaned and hurried after the old despot. However, at the door of the war chief's lodge, Umtippe's despotism ceased to function. His brother would have none of the white doctor.

"Get him out of here!" howled the war chief.

Umtippe grunted. "Huh! If the white man goes and my brother dies, you die too."

"He will not die!" declared the te-wat.

Marcus, not without relief, returned to his breakfast.

All day the rattle and the hoarse chant sounded from the war chief's lodge. But at sunset, both sounds ceased abruptly and a figure rushed from the lodge, crossed the river and appeared breathless before the Whitmans, who were seated in their doorway. It was the te-wat.

"Tell me how you cure them!" he panted. "Tell me or Umtippe will follow the custom and kill me!"

"How is the war chief?" asked Marcus.

"Only your God can save him now," groaned the te-wat. "Speak to your God quickly."

Marcus rose to fetch his medicine case. But he was spared making this professional call for a tall figure, with a great buffalo skin over the shoulders, strode resolutely through the sunset glow, across the field of tender growing wheat, through the orderly rows of the garden and up the door-yard. The te-wat, sensing the approach in Whitman's apprehensive eyes, turned to look. Umtippe was upon him. And before he could raise a hand to protect himself, the chief brought his tomahawk down on the medicine man's bare head. Without a sound, the te-wat rolled at Narcissa's feet.

Narcissa screamed, holding her baby convulsively to her breast.

"My brother, the war chief, is dead," said Umtippe calmly.

The doctor's Cayuse failed him entirely. "You red fiend!" he roared in English. "What do you mean by bringing your murders to our door-step? Go in, Narcissa, and close the door. Here, you Umtippe, help me to carry this body away!"

But Umtippe was recrossing the garden patch to his lodge.

When, some time later, the doctor came into the cabin, he found both fire and candlelight, and Narcissa on her knees in prayer. Not a little shaken himself, Marcus knelt beside her and joined his voice with hers.

The murder received only casual attention from the Cayuse. Death was a common punishment for the te-wat who had failed of his task. Even the doctor, after the first shock, took the matter calmly. But the horror of the murder shook the very foundations of Narcissa's mind.

To what horrors had she committed herself, that January afternoon in Angelica, only a little over a year ago, when she had agreed to marry Marcus Whitman? And to what horror had she committed her child? Could God have wished her to sacrifice herself and her baby? Had He wished Marcus to sacrifice himself to the task of saving a man like Umtippe?

Yet, for what else had she come to Columbia? Had she been wickedly dilatory? And had not God found it necessary to overwhelm her with this horror in order to return her to the path which she had promised Him to follow? Lying awake, far into the night, she convinced herself that God, for a very patent reason, had brought Umtippe so repeatedly and so unpleasantly to her attention. He wanted her to convert the old Cayuse chief. For if Umtippe became a Christian, the rest of the tribe would follow.

It was dawn before she fell asleep. So tremendous a thing as the murder, Narcissa took for granted, would upset Umtippe's daily routine.

She thought, with a sigh of relief, as she prepared breakfast the next morning, that the funerals of the war chief and the te-wat would occupy the chief for a day or two, giving her a breathing spell in which to arrange her campaign for capturing his soul for the Almighty. But she was to discover that she knew very little about Umtippe. Alice Clarissa was still in her bath that morning, when a shadow fell on the threshold. Umtippe gave his perfunctory rap and came in, seating himself on the floor in his usual place to the right of the fire.

Narcissa set her teeth, and somehow found sufficient self control to finish with her work, praying that he might go. She made a long business of putting away the bath things. Umtippe eyed her impatiently. Finally, he grunted and pointed to the rocking-chair that Madam Pambrun had given Narcissa.

"Feed the child!" he ordered, "and sing the song you always sing."

For a moment Narcissa hesitated. But her new resolve whispered in her ear. Slowly she seated herself, turning her back deliberately on the old chief and gave Alice Clarissa her second breakfast, singing as she did in her tender, moving voice:

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top.
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
If the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

UMTIPPE watched Narcissa lay the baby in the cradle; then he rose slowly.

"We go on the buffalo hunt, tomorrow," he said. "See to it that your buck attends to the sick we leave behind."

"And if any one died in his care, you would kill him when you came home, would you?" asked Narcissa.

"Why shouldn't he pay a life for a life?" demanded the Cayuse.

"Because, although he may lose some lives, he saves many more," answered Narcissa, "and because God says it is wrong to kill deliberately."

"Your God is foolish," said Umtippe, coolly. "Perhaps I will not kill the doctor. Perhaps I'll only take back my land."

You'll will do neither," declared Narcissa, "because if you do I will take my baby and return to my own people."

"The little White Cayuse is a member of my tribe. You will never live to cross the Blue Mountains with her."

"What do you suppose," asked Narcissa suddenly, "that the Hudson's Bay Company would do to you if you killed us?"

"They'd say, good! They want no one here who plows the land. Neither do we Indians want such."

A sudden emotion rose in Narcissa, in her very heartstrings.

"Let me warn you of this, Umtippe! We shall not be killed, the doctor and I, until every foot of Waii-lat-pu is under the plow and until we have shown the great white peoples to the East that they can come with their families and sow and reap all the valleys between Fort Hall and Fort Vancouver!"

"And how will you show this to the peoples of the East?" sneered the chief. "The Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians, we hold this land. Either the company or the Indians will slay you in the end."

"Perhaps they will," returned Narcissa, chin up, lips white, eyes seeing before her years of unrequitted, unremitting toil and suffering. "Perhaps they will, but before that time we shall have opened the door."

"Huh!" grunted Umtippe. "You are a fool! Watch the little White Cayuse while I am on the buffalo hunt and the salmon fishing." He gave her a look of indescribable insolence and left the cabin.

Marcus, returning at noon from his work—he was erecting a small grain mill on the creek—found her with still brilliant cheeks.

"You are a very beautiful woman, Narcissa!" he said. "Narcissa, are you happy? Tell me that you are and that you are beginning to love me! I need your love. You'll never dream how I starve for it."

"Marcus—" Narcissa faltered, and her eyes filled with tears. She would have given her right hand to have made the reply he craved.

Her hesitation, in the face of the depth of his love, cut Marcus to the quick. He thrust his plate from him, rose, and without a word, returned to his work at the mill. Narcissa sat motionless for a time, then cleared away the table. When Marcus returned at supper time, it was with a calm face. He had found solace in his work and their evening meal passed as usual.

Two weeks after Governor Simpson's call, Pierre Pambrun appeared one evening, accompanied by a young girl in a tattered deerskin dress.

"This," he said to Narcissa with a flourish, "is a *bonne* for your baby, sent at the request of Governor Simpson."

The child, for she did not look to be over twelve, in spite of the sixteen years the governor had claimed for her, looked up at Narcissa belligerently. She had a tiny oval face, entirely dominated by a pair of magnificent gray eyes. Her complexion, what one could discover of it through dirt, was a clear olive. Her hair, light waving brown, was braided with strips of red cloth.

"What is your name?" asked Narcissa in French.

The girl did not reply and Pambrun said, "The governor wants you to give her an English name."

NARCISSA nodded and after a moment's hesitation said, "We'll call her Sarah Hall, then."

"My wife wanted to clean her up," said Pambrun, apologetically, "But the governor's orders were that she was to come direct from the boat to you. So she had to be satisfied with sending out a bundle of Julia's clothes.

I suppose that he wanted to appeal to your pity."

"He has succeeded!" exclaimed Narcissa. She took the child into the corner of the cabin which she had curtained off for a dressing-room. In an hour, Sarah Hall with a close-cropped head and wearing little Julia Pambrun's clothing, sat rocking Alice Clarissa's cradle. Her solemn little face gave every evidence of a great content.

"That's a good deed from every point of view," said Pambrun, smoking peacefully from the fire while the doctor helped Narcissa to prepare supper. "The same boat that brought Sarah," he went on, "brought word that Ermatinger and Gray passed safely through the Sioux and Blackfoot country. He's a wonderful plainsman, Ermatinger."

"One of the trappers at the Rendezvous," said Narcissa, "called him 'the watch dog of the frontier' for your company. He hasn't visited us as yet. When he does I suspect it will be to encourage us to give up our work."

"He's an excellent man," Pambrun chuckled. "He will keep your fiery young Gray in order by being still more fiery himself. By the way, Sarah Hall is Catholic." This, with a curious glance at Marcus.

"Are you sure? What made her Catholic?" demanded the doctor.

"I gave the order," replied the factor. "A priest at the fort today baptized her."

"Where did the priest come from, Mr. Pambrun?" Narcissa asked. "Does his coming mean that the Hudson's Bay Company is openly espousing Catholicism on the Columbia?"

"Yes and no!" replied the factor. "The company, as such, isn't Catholic. But observe! In spite of all our efforts, it is impossible to keep missionaries out. Suppose that only Protestant missionaries come? Their first idea is to civilize the savages, to teach them to till the soil. Suppose that Catholic missionaries come. They wish to baptize the Indians, but they encourage them in their natural arts; hunting and fishing. How can you expect the Hudson's Bay Company not to import Catholic priests?"

"But," said Marcus quickly, "the Jesuits you bring in are finished politicians. They will undermine us in a thousand ways we can neither meet nor understand! Good heavens! Was not the work difficult enough before, that we must fight these snakes?"

The factor flushed and rose. "You forget that I am a Catholic, Dr. Whitman!"

"And our very dear friend!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Our very dear friend, placed in a most difficult position."

"Yes, madam! Yes!" Pambrun sank back again.

"No one knows that better than I do," said Marcus in an apologetic tone. "But I'm a plain man and when I think of adding fighting or intrigue to the difficulties of converting Indians, I feel like blowing up."

"Mr. Pambrun," said Narcissa, "I want to ask you one or two questions, not with the idea of embarrassing you, but just to help Marcus and me to know where we stand. First, will not the main business of the priests be to get rid of us?"

"Madam, indeed, I cannot answer that question!" The factor half choked over his food.

"You have answered me, Mr. Pambrun," observed Narcissa, gravely. "My second question is, will not this priest try to turn you against us?"

"That he cannot do," replied the factor, "as long as you do not work against the priest. His name, by the way, is Père Demers. Père Blanchet will be at Fort Vancouver. Incidentally, instead of looking for enemies in my house, I suggest that you search your own!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the doctor.

"Yesterday," said the factor, "an Indian courier came in from Lap-wai. He carried letters from Spalding for the eastward express. He had been under water when his canoe misbehaved and the mail was wet; so wet that some of the address were obliterated. Those I opened to find the address and send on. One, I found, was to your American Board at Boston, sent, I suppose, to counteract anything your William Gray might report. Your dear friend, Spalding, was writing to ask that Dr. and Madam Whitman be withdrawn, Gray given this mission and Spalding made head of both. He said that the doctor was treating the mission as his private property, and was giving more time to doctoring than to saving souls. He said that Madam Whitman was a cold woman who considered herself entirely above mission work. He clinched these statements by saying that you had no converts against his twenty-five."

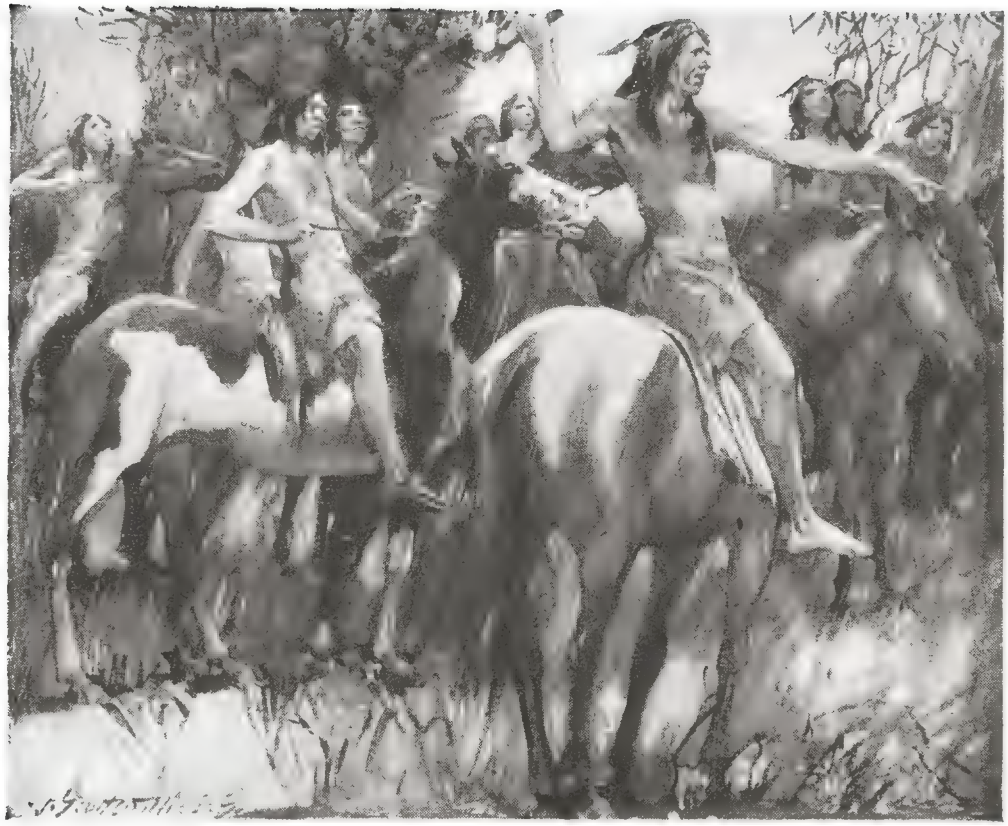
Marcus jumped to his feet. "Where is that letter?" he roared, his face purple. "I'll take it to Lap-wai and make Henry Spalding eat it!"

"But I could not detain mail!" cried Pambrun. "It's against the rules of the company. I had to re-address it and it's on its way to Montreal."

Marcus sprang toward the wall where his saddle-bags hung. "I don't care so much what he says about me, but I'll thrash him for his slurs on my wife!"

Narcissa watched Marcus, surprised by the degree of anger he showed.

"Marcus! Marcus!" she cried, "There was a certain amount of truth in what Henry said about me. I am not, by nature, fitted to be a missionary."



The war chief continued to address Narcissa angrily, brandish-

Marcus dropped the saddle-bags to the floor and stared at Narcissa, his eyes astounded and reproachful. Pambrun exclaimed regretfully.

"I wish I'd told you nothing!"

"But why?" cried Narcissa. "I hope I've got sufficient courage to bear knowing what my friends think of me."

"Friends!" roared Marcus. "Friends! Narcissa, what are you trying to say? That you regret being a missionary?"

Narcissa looked up to Marcus.

"I've had moments of deep regret," she said.

"Don't say that, Narcissa!" begged Marcus. "Don't!"

Narcissa smiled. "Don't take it so hard, Marcus! You wouldn't think it very serious if you or Henry or William Gray expressed regret over choosing this work."

"The comparison isn't fair," declared Marcus, excitedly. "Your feeling that way is the result of all sorts of things in your previous life that couldn't have happened to simple folks like those other men or me. When you admit regret, it's serious, and you know it."

"My admission means nothing," insisted Narcissa, "except that I'm having a much more difficult time to train myself successfully to do missionary work than the rest of you. I'm merely saying that Henry has some grounds for his criticism of me, though I'm not cold! As to what he says about you and as for his asking for our withdrawal, I'm just as angry about it as you are."

"Yes, you look it!" growled Marcus, gazing half resentfully and half admiringly into his wife's steady eyes.

Narcissa rose, put her arm about his great waist and rubbed her cheek against his. "Marcus, let's leave Henry's mean letter to William Gray."

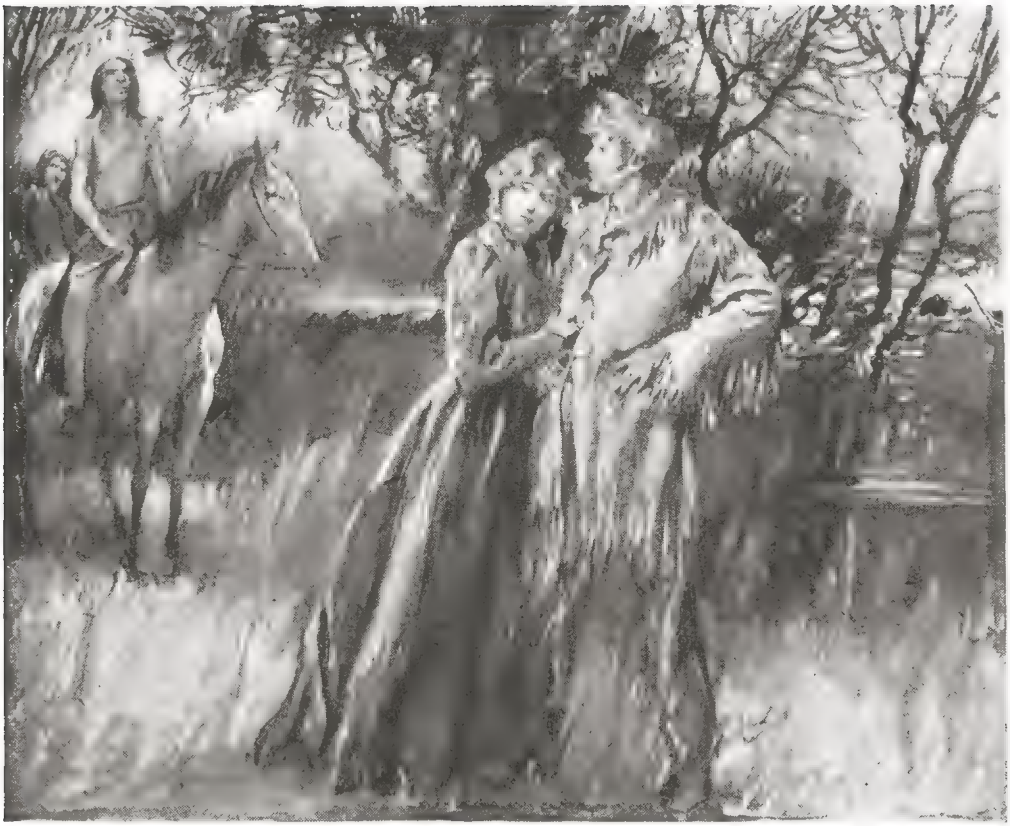
"But how can we know that Gray will stick up for us?" asked Marcus, his great voice softening.

"We can't know it," replied Narcissa, "but I believe he is our friend. Why not write the board yourself, telling what Mr. Pambrun has told us and offering refutation?"

"Very well," growled Marcus, "I'll do that. But as for sitting here calmly while Spalding goes on writing slanderous letters, I'll not submit to it, Narcissa!"

"Well, at least don't start off tonight! I've always heard it was bad luck to start a journey on Friday."

Marcus suddenly gave one of his great roars of laughter. "Narcissa, I am clay in your hands!



ing a tomahawk and making hideous contortions of his face.

I'll have it out with Spalding my very first chance."

Narcissa shook her head but said no more. The men smoked in silence while she made up a bed of buffalo skins on the floor and beguiled the sleep sodden young Sarah to undress and crawl into it. She then cleared the supper away before joining Marcus and their friend in front of the fire.

"Have you received letters from home yet, Madam Whitman?" asked the factor.

Narcissa shook her head slowly. "I've not heard from Angelica since I left there, a year and two months ago. I may not hear for another year, when the ship comes to Fort Vancouver from the Sandwich Islands. We didn't learn till we reached here that letters could be be sent to Montreal and brought through by one of your fur brigades in a few months' time. . . . I would give a year of my life to hear from mother. To think, that she knows nothing of Alice Clarissa!"

"It's hard," murmured the factor. "Letters are everything here. I mean, of course, letters from home. This place can never mean home to you."

"It's home to me!" declared Marcus stoutly, looking around him with an affectionate eye for every adobe brick, every piece of furniture, all wrought by his own patient hands. "But poor Narcissa's sick for her mother, I know. As soon as we get things settled here, say three or four years from now, she shall take Alice Clarissa back to visit her grandparents."

Narcissa shook her head doubtfully and silence fell, the vast inescapable silence of the wilderness.

The factor returned to Walla Walla immediately after breakfast, the following morning.

About a month after Pambrun's visit, they received another white visitor. Marcus had gone for the day to cut timber in the Blue Mountains and Narcissa was looking for his return at any moment, when, riding like a whirlwind through the summer dust, a horseman galloped across the door yard and dismounted before the steps. He pulled off his cap to Narcissa, with the governor's best manner. "Good evening, Madam Whitman! A courier of letters from His Excellency!"

Narcissa held out both her hands. "Miles! Miles! How glad I am to see you! I thought you'd gone to Montreal."

"I did get as far as the Fraser River," replied Miles, "but I had to come back with letters."

Narcissa led the way into the cabin and introduced him to Sarah Hall and to Alice Clarissa, in Sarah's arms. Miles gave Sarah a scant nod, but examined the baby gravely.

"She's like you, I'm glad to say," was his smiling verdict.

Narcissa smiled in return. "Enjoying life, aren't you, my dear! Wouldn't you enjoy it more if we had supper now, instead of waiting for an hour, when it's due?"

"Be gad, I would!" cried Miles. "Say, Mrs. Whitman, if I'd had sense enough to get more education I could'a' worked up to be governor's secretary. Of course, I hadda be such a doggone smart Alec that I knew more'n anybody!" He sighed deeply over his own shortcomings, then grinned again. "But, on the other hand, if I'd a stayed at school, I'd not met up with you missionaries and got in touch with Captain Thing. And I can keep on learning. Say, Mrs. Whitman, these Hudson's Bay factors are great readers! You'd be surprised at the number of books they have sent from England. Up in Rupert's Land, the Governor has started a kind of traveling library. And in the dead of winter up there, when the snow's so deep seems like even God's forgot 'em, he has these loads of books taken across country on dog carioles. They say you can't imagine the difference it makes in the wilderness."

"I can easily imagine it," said Narcissa quietly. She was frying antelope steak over the fire, and now she said to the gaping Sarah, "Put baby in her cradle, Sarah, and set the table, please."

"Here, give me the baby!" cried Miles. "I had a baby sister. I can take as good care of her as you."

He took Alice Clarissa deftly and, without a touch of self consciousness, began to walk up and down with her, laughing down at the rosy little face, and now and again kissing her.

"She smells sweet, like a white child. Indian babies stink so! Say, Mrs. Whitman, what would you think if I went over to England for an education?"

Narcissa put the smoking supper on the table and took the baby from him before she replied.

"I'd ask you why you preferred an English education to an American."

Miles scowled thoughtfully and ate a slice of bread before he attempted a reply.

"The British know more about governing than we do. Look at the way they handle these Indians and half-breeds in Oregon and the thousands of 'em up in Rupert's Land. I asked the governor about that and he said it was a matter of education. So I thought, if I could get their kind of education, I could show us Americans how to govern our Indians. Say, we're due for an awful lot of trouble with Indians, before we get through with settling out here. Why can't we learn to use them, the way my company does, instead of fighting 'em? I wish I knew as much as Governor Simpson. He's something like I imagine a decent, plain kind of a king would be. He likes to put on lots of style, you know, and he's very dignified, and yet, I've noticed that anybody at all can talk to him if they've got trouble. The dirtiest, meanest old Indian has just as good a chance to ask justice of him as a clerk or a chief trader."

"Is he well liked?" Narcissa refilled Sarah Hall's cup with milk and motioned for her to stop staring at their visitor and go on eating.

"They say Dr. McLoughlin don't like him. But I guess that's just one big man's envy of another. Big chiefs are bound to fight. All the men that're in the governor's canoe brigade would die for him gladly. John Leslie says he's really a great man, you know, and he puts him next to the queen. I'd do anything for him myself. Like him? It's more'n liking. Say, Mrs. Whitman, what do you think he did after you left Fort Hall?"

NARCISSA looked interested. "What did the Kitche Okema do at Fort Hall, Miles?"

"Well, the day after you left, he got an Indian to take him and me up to Jo Buffalo's camp. It was twelve hours' hard riding among those hills to the south. The camp was quite a big one; there must have been fifty braves sitting around a council fire with Jo. The governor made us stay way back in the trees, then he walked by himself and, unarmed, right up to the council fire. He told Jo Buffalo in a loud voice what white men did to men who attacked their women and that he'd got a bad idea in his head when he told you that he'd be glad to have you harmed. Then he called the Indian that was our guide and made him interpret what he'd said to the other Indians. Then he took the gun our Indian was carrying, shot Jo Buffalo through the heart, dropped the gun to the ground and walked slowly back to his horse I was holding. He wouldn't let us hurry getting away either. We just went at a jog trot. Be gad, I thought every twig snapping was an arrow in my back!"

Miles paused, well pleased with the expression of surprise and horror on Narcissa's face.

"I didn't dare ask him any questions," Miles went on, "but he said to me, 'The idea must not get abroad among the Indians that anything but death can be meted to a man who tried what Jo Buffalo tried. He told Madam Whitman that the Kitche Okema wouldn't care. Only Kitche Okema could remove the impression!' "

Narcissa did not speak. She laid the sleeping baby in the cradle. When she was seated again at the table, Miles burst forth:

"You can tell the doctor, when you tell him about Jo Buffalo, that I and a lot of other men consider that the governor did the doctor's job for him."

"What job was that, Miles?" boomed a great voice from the doorway. Then without waiting for an answer, he gave Narcissa a bear hug, tweaked the smiling Sarah's hair, and kissed the sleeping baby, then held out his hand to Miles.

"Well, young man, what sort of a uniform is that you're wearing?"

Miles looked a bit sheepish, but answered proudly enough, "I'm Governor Simpson's courier."

"And what was the job Governor Simpson did for me, Miles?" asked the doctor, sitting down before the fresh plate Narcissa placed for him.

Miles blushed, but stoutly repeated the story he had just told Narcissa, even to the last sentence that Marcus had overheard. Marcus devoured his supper during the recital, looking up only when the young courier had finished.

"Could I have hoped to teach these Cayuse the doctrines of Jesus Christ if I had come here with the blood of an Indian on my hands?" he asked angrily.

"You can't teach them anything if they think you're a coward," declared Miles bluntly.

"Do people think I'm a coward?" cried the doctor.

"Some whites do, and they say all the Indians do," answered Miles. "Of course I myself know you aren't. And I tell 'em so. All they answer is a grin and say 'Jo Buffalo'."

"I don't like that at all!" Marcus pushed his plate from him and looked at Narcissa. "Have you regretted since, that I didn't kill him?"

"I never went that far," replied Narcissa, "though before baby came, in my weakness and fear the thought of Jo Buffalo's turning up here was my most constant horror. But that passed when I recovered my strength."

"That's what I can't understand," Miles burst forth, "and none of the other men can. How can you bring a white woman into this country and ever leave her alone!"

"If you were a Christian, Miles, you'd understand," said Narcissa. "The doctor believes that we are in God's hands, and that His will is going to prevail, regardless of our own puny acts. Personally, I consider my husband's loyalty to his faith and his teachings the very noblest type of bravery. To do the thing he believes right, in the face of the sneers of his contemporaries, is a sublime sort of courage. I wish I possessed it."

Marcus's eyes softened. "Thank you, dear wife," he said. "Let the rest of the tongues wag. I don't care."

Miles, who had been regretting his own temerity, turned to Narcissa. "Say, Mrs. Whitman, you never did answer my question about going to school in England."

"I think you lack everything that would make such a venture profitable to you, Miles," said Narcissa.

"Ouch!" grunted Miles. "Well, that settles that!"

Narcissa patted his arm. "I know you didn't really want to go, Miles."

"Say, doctor, are you ever going back for that wagon?" asked Miles.

"I certainly am," answered Marcus.

"I'll give you a lift if I'm not in England," said Miles in a condescending voice that (much to Miles's bewilderment) caused both Marcus and Narcissa to burst into laughter.

Following this, Sarah Hall spoke for the first time that evening.

"I think white boys are ver' silly," she said, and she put up the last tin cup and went to bed.

The others were not long in following her.

Miles continued his journey to Fort Vancouver the next day and Waii-lat-pu settled to a quiet routine. Narcissa gave her summer to working on the Cayuse grammar and to tutoring Sarah Hall, who, before the summer was over, had acquired an excellent command of English and had learned to read and write simple words.

NARCISSA'S uneasiness increased as the quiet days went on. She could not understand what the attitude of the Hudson's Bay Company meant. Waii-lat-pu, except for purely social visits from the Pambruns, was being left severely alone. Narcissa, after the very active opposition to the arrival of the missionaries in Oregon, could not see why they were being permitted to make all this elaborate preparations for a permanent establishment on the Walla Walla. Marcus was very sure that the company had given up opposing them. Narcissa knew that Simpson merely had given up the puerile methods he had used at the beginning.

When, in late summer, the Indians returned to their village and Narcissa opened her school, she daily expected a visit from Père Demers, protesting against it, for they knew he was very active among the Indians who hung around Fort Walla Walla. He had told them flatly to keep away from Waii-lat-pu and had succeeded in baptizing two young children of a Walla Walla chief. But the priest did not come near them.

In November the Spaldings sent for Marcus. Eliza Spalding's accouchement was at hand. Narcissa sent Sarah Hall to stay with the Pambruns and, with Charley Compo on guard at Waii-lat-pu, accompanied Marcus on his visit. She had, long since, exacted a promise from the doctor that he would not bring up the matter of the clergyman's letter to the American Board until they had heard from William Gray. So she found herself actually looking forward to the visit.

The weather was very bad, with snows and rains and swollen streams, and sometimes, fireless camps. But Alice Clarissa, riding in her father's arms crowed and laughed and Narcissa returned to trail life with zest. They arrived at Lap-wai in good time and a week later, Mrs. Spalding came safely out of the valley of death, with a little daughter. Henry Spalding, strangely meek and kindly of speech under the influence of Eliza's suffering, baptized both his own child and Alice Clarissa in a ceremony of fervid beauty.

Spalding had made less headway with his mission farm than had the doctor with his. He preached, however, to larger congregations, had baptized many children and claimed to have made several adult converts. Eliza Spalding had a large class of girls to whom she was teaching weaving. Narcissa, trying to compare the two missions with an impartial eye, could not feel that Henry's conviction of superiority was based on fact.

The visit did her good. She returned to Waii-lat-pu, refreshed in body and mind, and took up her school work with renewed interest.

During the winter months, Narcissa made real progress in teaching women and children. But the braves, with almost no exception, refused to be taught anything by a white squaw. Marcus, on the other hand, succeeded in persuading a number of the men to plant wheat and potatoes. Or rather, the men ploughed nearly fifty acres and left the rest of the planting to their squaws.

It was fortunate for Narcissa that her work during the day at least was engrossing, for during the winter not a white visitor came to them, nor did they receive messages from any. Miles, Pierre Pambrun, Governor Simpson, Dr. McLoughlin seemingly having forgotten their existence.

Narcissa finished a seventy-five-page Cayuse-Nez Percés Grammar which was sent to the Sandwich Islands, where the American Board Mission was in possession of a printing press. Her evenings, after this was completed, hung heavy on her hands until a new idea took possession of her. She was trying to teach Sarah Hall the rudiments of geography, and she possessed neither text book nor atlas. Nothing daunted, however, she asked Marcus to borrow for her from Pambrun, a Hudson's Bay Company map of Oregon Territory.

"I'll keep it, tell him, only long enough to copy it," she added, as Marcus spoke of the great value of the thing she wished to borrow.

The map turned out to be an exceptionally interesting one, for it showed not only the company's forts in Oregon, but also the whole course of the Columbia River, as well as the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco to Sitka, in Russian owned Alaska.

Narcissa sacrificed a fine linen night gown, the only one she had not used in preparing Alice Clarissa's layette, to the cause of teaching. She cut a strip a yard wide from its ample breadth and mounted it on a beautifully tanned deerskin. Upon this she painstakingly copied the map she had borrowed. When it was finished, she fastened it to the adobe wall near the fireplace and Sarah Hall had her first geography lesson.

One cold afternoon in early spring, not long after the map was completed, a little cavalcade of horses drew up in the door yard of the mission. The leader dismounted and entered the cabin where the Whitmans were at their early supper. He pulled off a beaver cap, disclosing a thin, tanned face, with a long nose, closely set blue eyes, and an aggressive chin: a small man, obliged to look up to meet the doctor's clear gaze as the latter shook hands with him.

"I'm Ermatinger, Frank Ermatinger, of the H. B. C. Some say that means Hudson's Bay Company; others, 'Here Before Christ.' Anyhow, I guess you've heard of me, and I've heard of you many a time." He turned from Marcus to Narcissa. "Madam Whitman, your golden braids have been the brightest spot in Oregon ever since you crossed the Blue Mountains."

NARCISSA replied laughingly, "We've long been hearing that Chief Trader Ermatinger was the courtier of the Columbia. Now I know that they weren't flattering you. Lay off your cloak, Mr. Ermatinger, and have supper with us."

"I've been wanting to get here for a long time," said the trader as he obeyed. "Almost came up with Bill Gray when he came over here, but I couldn't spare the time."

"Where did you leave Gray?" asked Marcus.

"About two days' ride this side of Council Bluffs. He and my boy went on from there."

"Did you have much trouble getting through?" Marcus filled the guest's tin plate, while Narcissa made him a fresh cup of tea.

"No, everything went well," replied the trader, his mouth full of buffalo stew. "We traveled with the Flathead tribe after we left Cœur d'Alene Lake. The Flatheads had a mix-up with some Blackfeet soon after we got started. We killed and scalped twenty of the scurvy Blackfeet. Most treacherous Indians I know, outside the Cayuse. I guess that's about all that happened. Oh, yes, at Ash Hollow, three hundred Sioux attacked us. They had a French trader with them and after we'd fought for a while, the French arranged for a parley with us. Gray and I, with two or three Flatheads, went out to pow-wow with them. And do you know, that scurvy Frenchman had the Sioux who were with him to shoot one Flathead guard and then told us we were his prisoners. We mixed up with him a little after that, but that's all."

"But what happened?" cried Narcissa, as Ermatinger became engrossed in his food.

"Why, let's see, as I recall, Gray and I both fired and Gray had his horse shot from under him and a couple of slight scalp wounds. I got wounded in the arm. Fifteen Sioux and the Frenchman were killed. After that we smoked the pipe of peace and all was well." Ermatinger paused and looked around the cabin. "You're cozy enough here, but how can you make room for the four new pupils the governor says you're to take."

"What's that?" asked Marcus sharply.

"The Governor says four half-breed children must be put into your hands for education," replied the trader coolly. "They are the children of certain Scotch factors. These are to be followed by the daughters of Dr. McLoughlin and Pierre Pambrun, who are to be taught music and deportment."

"There's some mistake, Ermatinger," said Marcus bruskly. "We are not employees of the Hudson's Bay Company."

"More than that," added Narcissa, "it's absurd to ask us to take more pupils in our crowded quarters."

"You live too plain," remarked Ermatinger. "You can't impress Indians, anyway, except by putting on style. Live high. Show 'em that civilization pays. I don't see what you got here that would make them want to turn Christian."

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Marcus. "Don't try to change the subject, Ermatinger. We are not a boarding school. And my wife isn't out here to teach anybody but Indians."

"Is that the answer I'm to send the governor?" demanded Ermatinger.

"No!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Please, Marcus, let's not be brusk! Will you not tell Governor Simpson, Mr. Ermatinger, that we are making adobe bricks now for a new house. When the house is finished we shall be glad to do what we can to accommodate him."

THE chief trader looked from Marcus in his slovenly buckskin clothing to Narcissa in her trim blue calico. Then he said, with a chuckle:

"Doc., you'd better let the missis do the talking while you do the physicking. Madam Whitman, if you'll sing to me, like I've heard so much about, I'll promise to hold the governor off till you get your house built."

Marcus laughed ruefully, but said nothing more. Narcissa began to clear the table. "That's a bargain, Mr. Ermatinger. But you must let me put my house in order first."

The trader nodded and strolled over to look at the map on which fell the rays of the setting sun.

"What do you use this for?" he asked, his voice suddenly harsh and suspicious.

"I teach Sarah Hall geography from it," replied Narcissa. "It's one I copied from a map we borrowed from Mr. Pambrun."

"I don't see what missionaries need of maps," grunted the trader.

"'A cat may look at a king!'" said Narcissa, with a little smile.

Something in her casual manner infuriated Ermatinger. "But I mean it!" he shouted. "You have no right to have a map of English possessions posted here. Every time you look at it it goads you to action."

Marcus, standing before the fire, stared at the trader as though he could not believe his ears. Then he laughed. "Oh, I forgot! A good watch dog barks at everything he sees or hears just to be sure he'll not miss anything!"

Ermatinger recovered himself. "I guess you're right, Doc! All the same, I advise you to take that map down before Dr. McLoughlin comes through next week."

"Dr. McLoughlin!" exclaimed Narcissa and Marcus together.

The chief trader nodded. "Yes, he's going to England on business and we'll be in the Black Douglas's hands for a year."

"I feel like a child whose mother has gone on a visit—as if anything might go wrong!" cried Narcissa.

"So we'll all feel, till he gets back," agreed Ermatinger.

"What's he going for?" asked the doctor.

"A while ago, a Hudson's Bay trader was going along the coast, below Sitka, looking for seal, and the Russians of the Russian-American Company, which really is the czar, fired a cannon shot or two at him, and drove him back to Fort Vancouver. We can't have that kind of treatment. The Russians have got to learn that a man with H. B. C. on his canoe pennant can't be handled like an Indian. The Russians can practice their hellish cruelty on the natives, but not on a Britisher. So Dr. McLoughlin goes to London, to have the Russians driven back in their kennels in St. Petersburg. The Hudson's Bay Company is going to maintain discipline in its territory if it has to talk with British guns."

"Russia claims all that strip of coast," said Marcus, running his finger along the map, "from Sitka down to Fort Vancouver. I hope she can't keep it, for she's a cruel nation. At the same time, I don't see what right England has to it. Why isn't it American?"

"Why isn't it American?" shouted the chief trader. "Why should it be? What has the United States done to earn it? What company have you to compare with the H. B. C.? By God, all that England has, she's paid for with blood!"

"A good deal of it is other nation's blood, isn't it?" suggested Narcissa mildly.

"Only when they interfere with our peaceful trading, like this dirty Russian firing on Peter Skeen Ogden," retorted Ermatinger. "Come, Madam Whitman, sing us a song! I hate to feel riled, as you Yankees say, when I've been looking for a pleasant time."

So Narcissa, much amused by the little man's peremptory manners, sang to him till he reluctantly left for his lodge.

She saw him only for a moment the next morning, when he came to say good-by to her. He was freshly shaven and carefully brushed, a gallant figure as he bowed over her hand.

"I can tell Dr. McLoughlin he will be welcome here, then?" he asked.

"Very, very welcome!" exclaimed Narcissa. "And so will you be, Mr. Ermatinger, whenever you care to come."

"I heard the other day," said the chief trader, "of a Flathead squaw who came a hundred and fifty miles with her papoose to hear you sing your baby to sleep. I know now exactly how that squaw felt, Madam Whitman."

Sudden tears flashed to Narcissa's eyes. "They did not tell me that," she said. "I'm glad to know it."

"You are wasting a great gift, Madam Whitman," exclaimed Ermatinger, turning abruptly to mount his horse.

With a sigh, Narcissa took up the day's ugly routine of louse-ridden babies and dirt-encrusted squaws.

But Dr. McLoughlin did not reach Waii-lat-pu. A great spring storm delayed him, and he sent only a friendly message to the missionaries.

THE Whitman's next excitement that spring occurred on a Saturday evening, in April when there appeared at the door of the cabin a white man, six feet four inches tall. He was smooth shaven and clad in black, with eyes of blue so large, so benign, that inadvertently, Narcissa thought of the eyes of Christ as the old masters had loved to portray them.

"I am Jason Lee from the Methodist Mission on the Willamette," he said, holding out his hand.

"Well! Well! This is a treat!" exclaimed Marcus, clasping the proffered hand and leading Lee up to Narcissa. "Narcissa, this is the way a missionary ought to look!"

Narcissa joined the men in laughter and the three settled at once to a conversation that had the aspect of old friendship. Lee explained that he was on his way to the States for help for his mission and after a glance at the map on the wall:

"For other reasons also," he added.

"What sort of a report had Slacum?" asked Narcissa quickly. "Do you think he got through with it?"

"Certainly he did," replied Lee, "and with it a petition from me that Congress provide some sort of civic control here for Americans. It's intolerable that we should be dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company as we are."

"We thought you belonged to Dr. McLoughlin, hair, hide and boots," blurted out Marcus.

The clergyman flushed. "Many people think that, I'm afraid. McLoughlin is the wisest man I know. By the way, he is leaving for England for a year on business. I have co-operated with him in every possible way, excepting one. I want this country to be American and not British."

"Are you going to do anything active about that?" asked Narcissa eagerly.

"I shall tell every audience that comes to hear of the needs and work of the Methodist Mission, about the wonders of Oregon," replied Lee, "and I shall go to Washington and talk to such Congressmen as will listen to me. But their indifference is astonishing."

"What can we do? How can we help?" Narcissa leaned forward, her face vivid with interest.

"Bring Americans to the Columbia. In the end it may be preponderance of population belonging to one country or another that will settle this matter."

"Oh, it's not as simple as that, is it?" asked Narcissa. "There are politics within politics, not only in Washington, but in London. Some people are willing to give up any claims to this section, I've heard, for a greater share of Mexico, if England will blink at it. And as soon as you talk about annexing more southern territory that terrible slave extension question looms."

"I know," Lee nodded, "but if the general American public can be shown the fertility of this country, all the politics in the world can't keep them from fighting for possession here."

"I have written much about it home," said Narcissa. "But that is a mere pin prick. We need to send a broadside. You are doing a splendid thing, Brother Lee. God speed you!"

"God speed you, indeed!" Marcus laid his hand on Lee's shoulder. "Did you leave all well at your mission? How is your wife?"

"That is my greatest anxiety," said the preacher. "We look for a baby in July. But she would have me go. And unless I start now, another year must go by. In the meantime, Dr. McLoughlin is in London making medicine, as the Indians say!"

"But she has other white women with her!" exclaimed Narcissa, thinking of his wife. "Which is what you did not have, poor soul!" said he, his voice and eyes infinitely tender as he looked at Narcissa, in whose lap little Alice Clarissa was being prepared for bed.

"I had Marcus!" Narcissa smiled at the doctor.

"So you did! If they get word to you in time, Dr. Whitman, it would take a load from my mind if you'd go to her." Lee looked wistfully at Marcus.

"You can count on that!" declared Marcus. "If only they'll notify me."

"I'll see to that!" Lee gave a sigh of relief

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As We Forgive

A cross-section of American life and marriage in that strange quarter where twenty miles' separation may still keep people a world apart

by Hodge Mathes

LIKE a young god straight from the chisel of Praxiteles, albeit a god in blue overalls, he stood pedestaled on the Looking Rock in the Deep Gap of the Big Bald Mountain. It would never have occurred to Jesse Howell, though, that he looked in the least like a god. In fact, he had just got through muttering to himself that he felt like the very devil.

That might seem strange, too, at first thought—not so strange, either, if you knew all the circumstances. The healthy young giant stood bareheaded in the golden sunshine, his chin held high, his eyes apparently feasting upon the limitless expanse of forest stretching away to the western sky-line—nevertheless, his face bore the deep lines which usually come with worry.

That worry, be it frankly said, had weighed far more heavily upon his stalwart shoulders up the long climb from the Little Laurel valley than had the bundle of clothing he carried jauntily upon his back. It wasn't just because he was leaving the Laurel country for the first time in all his twenty-one years, faring forth to seek adventure and a job among the lumber camps on the Nolichucky. That wasn't so bad—in fact it wasn't bad at all. Life indeed offered nothing down there on Little Laurel. Out yonder a man might see something, make something, might really live.

The trouble was that Louviny couldn't see it. Louviny was of the Laurel, the only world she knew or cared to know. She was honest about it. She couldn't see why Jess, after three months of placid married life, should be forever talking about going somewhere else, "whar a feller could have a chance."

She had promptly put down her shapely but substantial foot to punctuate the declaration that Little Laurel had been good enough for Paw and Maw and Grandpaw and Grandmaw and Grandmaw's and Paw's folks, it was good enough for her.

"I know we hain't got nothin'," she was wont to argue, "but I don't want nothin' but a stove an' a bed an' a couple o' chears. What's more, I don't know nobody out yander, an' I hain't got nary a notion of goin' off an' livin' amongst no furrin people."

It had been hard enough, she felt, to leave the old log house up the creek where she had been born and reared, to follow her husband on the two-mile wedding journey across the Little Piney Ridge to the up-and-down "boxed" house he had built for his bride. Many days she would take an apronful of beans to hull or a basketful of socks to darn and climb the crooked little trail behind her new home to sit awhile in the fork of a gnarled old beech overlooking the ancestral homestead. It did her good, somehow, to see the light wood smoke curl lazily from the ancient stone chimney at the back of the house.

In the end of the question of their going or staying had been settled, although in a way that made the older mountain folk shake disapproving heads. Jess was to go and take the job that awaited him on the river. Louviny's aged Aunt Polly Ferguson was to come and live with her in the boxed house and help with the cow, the hogs, the chickens, and the "craps." Jess would come and spend every Sunday at home, although it meant a tramp of twenty-mile across the mountain—twenty miles of roughness, dust and inconvenience.

"Hit ain't no way fer a woman to do, an' if hit was me, 'stid of Jess, I'd load her an' her stuff in a wagon an' hit the road! Hit's agin' sense an' Scripture to let a woman tell her man whar she will an' whar she won't live." So spake the wise elders, versed in the traditions and reared in the code of the Laurel country.

Jess had compromised, though, not yet being hardened to the exercise of the domestic lordship that was his due. At that, the actual parting scene, on this the morning of his departure, had been stormy enough. Little wonder the memory of it, up the stiff miles to the Gap, had taken the spring out of his step; the song from his lips.

THE woods boss of the Nolichucky Lumber Company very promptly "took on" the young husky who had tramped across the mountain with his worldly goods carried in a roll on a staff across his shoulder. He was assigned to Camp Four, far up one of the foaming "forks" that tumbled down the heavily timbered glens of the Big Bald.

"Report at the mess shack and get your dinner," the boss ordered curtly. "Then get a double-bitted ax from the store boss and join Bill Barkley's crew. The log train goes up to the works at one o'clock. You're a good hand with an ax, I guess."

"I'll leave that fer you to jedge, sir," the boy replied with conventional modesty. "I 'low, though, I ain't much skeered of a ax; howsomever, I've knowed in time of two powerful good men that got their killin' with them loggin' axes. I've heared the old people say they's jist three things the Devil's afeared of—a woman's hoe, a foot-adz, an' a double-bitted ax."

Long afterward the woods boss was to recall those whimsical words of the young giant from Little Laurel. Now, though, he only chuckled dryly as he turned to his desk.

Within a week Jess Howell, having lived through the rough-house pranks attending the breaking-in of a new man in a logging-camp, was comfortably settled down in the bark-walled bunk-house of Camp Four. A born axman, like so many mountaineers, to whom the ax is the universal tool; saw, hammer, adz, plane and lathe in one, he soon won the respect of the crew and the good graces of the rough but kindly foreman, Bill Barkley.

And every Saturday he would bolt his noonday pork and beans and coffee a little faster than usual and with his soiled clothes tied in a roll would set out on the long tramp across the Deep Gap and down to the boxed house on Little Laurel where Louviny waited in peevish fidelity.

Aunt Polly, for all her seventy years, her rheumatic joints, and her palsied gray head, was usually first to sight Jess as he crossed an open space of burnt-over-land far up the slopes of the mountain. Her keen black eyes missed little that went or came along the rocky road to the Gap.

"Thar comes Jess down acrost the fire-scald, Louviny," she would sing out. "Better be gettin' a snack o' victuals on the table! I 'low he's fotch his appetite with him!"

"Hit's *time* he was gittin' here," Louviny would reply petulantly. "I shore wisht he'd git tard o' that job an' come back here in Little Laurel whar he b'longs."

"Why, Louviny, gal, looks like ye'd be proud fer him to be out whar he can make somethin'. Some o' these days he'll have enough put by to build ye a fine purty dwellin' with sideways weather boardin', an' a portico with brackety fixin's in the top, an' all painted white an' blue an' yaller."

"Aw, shucks, Aunt Polly! Ye're allus a'goin' on about a fine purty house an' a heap o' furnishments in it. I don't crave nothin' like that. Hain't I said a hundred times if I've got a house that don't leak much an' a stove an' a bed an' a couple o' chears, I'm plumb satisfied?"

"Yes, Louviny, ye're all the time a-sayin' that—hit's a reg'lar byword with ye; but Jess ain't turned thataway. He wants to fix things up nice fer ye, an' if ye don't watch out ye're a-goin' to make him onsatisfied, an' fust thing you know ye'll be losin' him. I'm a-tellin' ye, honey!"

"Oh, Jess'll git over his uppity notions ever an' he gits a little tarder of hoofin' it back an' for'ds acrost that mountain ever' Saturday an' Sunday evenin'," Louviny would retort.

STILL, in her own ungracious way, the girl loved her stalwart man, and had there been need would have fought his battles with all the fierce fury that had once kept her foremothers in the blockhouses molding bullets for the beleaguered backwoodsmen in the old Indian days.

Of his deeper self, though, his inarticulate ambitions to have something and be something in the wider world beyond the Big Bald, Louviny knew little and cared less. She was cold and unresponsive when he essayed to tell her at the Sunday dinner table of his experiences, his new acquaintances the rough-and-tumble adventures of the sun-bronzed, hard-muscled men of the camp. Gradually Jess came to accept her indifference, and his narratives grew briefer and less frequent. At last he ceased to tell them at all.

At any rate he never told her anything about Minnie. For that matter there wasn't much to tell. Minnie was just Minnie—mostly she was just "Min." She wasn't anybody in particular, merely a personable mountain girl whose uncle or cousin or something, one Wat McRae, lived in a shanty near the camp. His wife had brought Min along to help with the work and be company during the long, lonely days when the men and boys were far up in the midday twilight of the hemlock woods.

It had been altogether by accident that Jess had met Min—that is, the first time. He had been sent to Wat McRae's shanty one evening to borrow a peavey. It was hanging from a peg outside the kitchen door. In the door, wringing out a greasy dishrag, stood Min. Altogether accidental, that first meeting.

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Who Started Jazz?

They ragged "blue notes" on mouth organs as kids in New Orleans then they brought jazz to Chicago—and now syncopate everywhere.

AT THIS writing several thousand dance and theater orchestras, aided and abetted by more than two million saxophonists, banjoists and trap drummers, are jazzing mightily in our midst. Jazz, as all the world knows, is syncopation carried to the *nth* degree. But few people seem to know how it started, and where.

The precursor of jazz was rag-time. You all remember "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." Irving Berlin had much to do with putting rag-time on our parlor pianos and sitting-room phonographs, and with deifying the after beat.

But the real classical daddies of American jazz were the German composers, John Sebastian Bach, who gave us "The Well Tempered Clavichord" sometime between 1685 and 1750, and Ludwig van Beethoven who, sometime between 1770 and 1827, composed what is known on music programs as the Scherzo of Opus 18, Number 6.

Whether these old masters of syncopation were inspired by the jazz drummers of Siberia, South Africa, Brazil or the negroes of our own South, is a moot question, but we do know that the "blue" phase of jazz was popularized thirty years ago by W. C. Handy, an Alabama negro.

One night Handy's dance orchestra was playing at Cleveland, Mississippi, when three local negroes were permitted to interpolate a number on mandolin, guitar and bass viol.

Over and over they played a mournful, primitive strain. Just three changes in harmony were made and only twelve measures to a strain were carried instead of the usual sixteen. In spite of its apparent crudeness and what trained musicians would have termed "unfinished performance," it made an instant hit. When the three entertainers stopped playing the white people showered them with money and applauded for more.

The Cleveland incident set Handy to making a close study of the new brand of music, which, in melody, stirred the emotions somewhat like the negro spirituals. It was a style of composition that lost four bars to each strain, thereby creating the impression that the number had been finished too soon and moving people to demand an encore. As the result of his investigations Handy composed an instrumental number which later became famous as "The Memphis Blues." At first the tune had no words, but Handy later wrote a text referring to an election campaign in Memphis. The eventual words, written by George A. Norton, a white man, praised the hospitality of Memphis and the playing of Handy's band.

But "jazz"—meaning a combination of rag-time, syncopation, and blues, during which reeds and rhythms run riot—came into the language via New Orleans.

Nearly eighteen years ago five boyhood pals decided to "play musician" after school hours in the Crescent City. They began by following street bands and imitating them on mouth organs or kazoos.

None of the boys had musical education, none could read a note. But in time and without knowing just why or how, young La Rocca became cornetist and leader; young Edwards attached himself to a slide trombone; young Shields began to suck the reed end of a clarinet; young Regas learned, tentatively, to disturb the piano, and young Scarboro investigated the mysteries of drums and "traps."

Still without being able to read a note and without professional instruction they learned a dozen tunes, and declared themselves The Dixieland Band. After months of steady plugging they horned into chance engagements at private dances, balls and lawn fêtes. The fee was $7.50 in each case—$1.50 per musician.

As they improved they got a job at the Gruenwald Grill in their dear old New Orleans. They made a hit because, in their ignorance of art and innocence of scores as written and

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A Genius in Soap

TWO hundred and fifty dollars for a cake of soap! It began life as an ordinary white cake, selling at the corner grocery for something less than a dime. It looked exactly like the thousands of its brothers destined to waste away their lives in family bathtubs. But fate in the guise of a sculptor robbed it of its commonplace shape and cut away its regular surface. Brenda Putnam chipped and chiseled, and gradually there emerged "The Vamp," most famous of soap statues, and winner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize.

The story of soap sculpture and its exhibition really begins with a pupil of Miss Putnam's who was looking for something to chisel. Modeling in clay was all well enough, but she imagined the beauty that can only be secured by cutting solid blocks. Unfortunately, stone of the right quality is both expensive and unwieldy, and New York apartments are notoriously small. So she worked away with clay, wishing there were something she could cut. In this mood her eye fell on a cake of soap, a material harder than clay, and more workable than stone. She found a butter-knife for a chisel, and went immediately to work. Soap-flakes dropped away like shavings until at last a figure stood clear and free in the place of the oblong bar. Half fearfully she took her experiment to her teacher.

Miss Putnam has a quick brain to which new ideas make an immediate appeal. She went to work at once on the nearest piece of soap. She found it fine in grain, hard enough to stand handling, yet of such consistency that simple tools would cut it well. It seemed the ideal material for study, and she wrote a soap company asking if they could supply her with larger blocks for more complicated experiments.

They not only promised blocks of any size she wanted, but suggested that other sculptors might be interested, and asked if she would enter a soap competition as a means of spreading the news of the discovery. So it was that six hundred statuettes, cut from standard size bars of soap by sculptors all over the country, journeyed to the New York Art Center to stand up and be judged by a jury of distinguished artists.

"The Vamp" which bore away the prize has a beauty which is beyond all thought of size. The color of old ivory, its surface seems to let light through, as though it had a life of its own. It is provocative and alluring, inviting your fingers, and fitting demurely into the hollow of your hand.

The alluring "Vamp" chiseled from a bar of plain soap, and her sculptor, Brenda Putnam.

Its creator is a slim young person, small of frame and slight of stature, with brown eyes as much too big for her slender face as her spirit is for her strength. Her contrasts explain Brenda Putnam. In memory of Anne Simon, she made a monument of heroic size which stands out among the great sculpture in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, for its magnificent beauty and triumphant vigor. At the other extreme are her two silver mice, tiny as life, modeled with a fidelity of humorous detail. She has a sweep of line and a mastery of form that seize the imagination, and along with these goes a Puck-ish spirit that delights in the little things of life.

When she talked about the possible influence of soap as a material for experiment, she was all seriousness. "Things are too easy for us nowadays," she shook her dark head. "We model with clay that stays damp almost indefinitely, and is so workable that we can scoop off a bit here and add a little there without the mending ever showing. After we finish the clay model, a plaster expert comes in and makes a cast. That goes to a bronze foundry to be

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The Girl who Tinkered with Motors

GLADYS JOEL, who was fifteen, black-haired and pretty as any girl in uptown Manhattan, tucked a bundle of text books under her arm and hurried down the corridor of a New York business college. The time was September, nearly twenty years ago.

As she passed the second door on the left the principal called her into his private office.

"This firm," he said, handing her a slip of paper on which a name and address were written, "is looking for a stenographer. They want a quick, bright girl. You are the best pupil I have. So I am sending you. It isn't a nice neighborhood. But the position has opportunities. When they ask your salary do not take a cent less than ten dollars a week."

Fifteen minutes later Gladys Joel was walking briskly across Fifty-sixth Street into the heart of the old Hell's Kitchen district. Her tumbling curls had been hurriedly tied into a becoming business woman's coiffure. The light of inspiration was in her eyes. And there was nothing of the schoolroom in the determined tilt of her chin.

The school principal had been right. It wasn't a nice neighborhood in which Holbrook & Company, builders of automobile bodies, occupied a huge loft beyond Tenth Avenue near the river. That neighborhood never has offered many ladylike advantages to ambitious business girls.

Gladys Joel soon found that it was necessary to look up as well as out in seeking the address written on that slip of paper. Waste-paper baskets and other débris came hurtling aimlessly but substantially through the early morning air. But she was not dismayed. As yet she had not learned that a freshly-starched white dress might easily become the target of a carefully-aimed tomato in the hands of some member of "de gang."

But she got the job—eventually. A brisk walk had convinced her of one thing. If she was worth ten dollars, she might even get twelve. The latter figure was the one she named as her weekly stipend.

The employment manager of Holbrook & Company was a hard bargainer.

"You are a beginner," he said, "and eight dollars is the salary. I can get plenty of good stenographers for that."

"Very well," said Gladys, facing toward the door. "I know I am worth twelve. I cannot take less."

But she did not go. They compromised at ten dollars a week. And she started at once to write letters for the buyer of the firm.

A dozen years after starting as a stenographer she designed a period model motor car

Only a few months ago a transatlantic liner reached New York returning from Europe. One of the passengers was Sir Charles Frederick Higham, British advertising expert representing the growers of India tea. And the daily newspapers on his arrival carried the accounts of his interest in another passenger. She was a salesman of automobile parts. Her income last year was ten thousand dollars. And her name was Gladys Joel. Today she has a flourishing business of her own. She is known in every automobile factory and showroom from San Francisco to Paris.

When Gladys Joel left Holbrook & Company after twelve years she was purchasing nearly a million dollars worth of materials every year as a buyer for the firm. At that time she was the only woman in the country occupying a similar position.

As a little girl of fifteen she had started as secretary to the buyer, John Graham. Before she was seventeen he allowed her to interview some of the salesmen representing lumber, aluminum, steel and leather concerns. Before she was twenty it was not unusual for her to give orders mounting into hundreds of thousands of dollars. One aluminum contract, she remembers, amounted to fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

"Of course, I did not know anything about buying when I started out," Miss Joel explains. "I was only fifteen. But I was determined to find out everything I could learn about

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A Youth with an Ancient Craft

ALMOST within the shadow of the towering skyscrapers of a great city lives "the bowyer and fletcher of Bellaire," votary of a craft handed down from Neolithic man. With art that has changed only in a few details in five hundred years, L. E. Stemmler and his men fashion long bows and fleet arrows for twentieth-century America.

Within twenty-five minutes of the Pennsylvania Station, one of the largest terminals in the world, is the village of Bellaire, Long Island, with the shop of the bowyer and fletcher close beside the electric railway track. Enroute, the visitor may recall his Hiawatha, pausing "to purchase heads of arrows of the ancient Arrow-Maker" who "Made his arrowheads of sandstone . . . Hard and polished, keen and costly."

As the visitor approaches, a lithe figure bounds down the crude wooden steps, a ruddy faced, stalwart young man, under thirty, in riding breeches, with a "college boy" pipe in his fist.

"Where is your grandfather?" is the natural question of him who seeks the "ancient arrowmaker."

"I'm the one who makes bows and arrows, if you are looking for him—everybody expects me to be about eighty years old," Louis Stemmler grins. "Why, I got a letter once, asking for photographs of some of the workmen, 'preferably with beards.' I had to reply, 'none of them have grown their beards as yet."

Never too busy to talk archery, Mr. Stemmler invites the caller into his shop and offers him the lone "company" chair. Installed there, one looks around in vain for the "ancient arrowmaker." Even if antiquity is missing from the faces and figures of the workers, the visitor will not be disappointed in the methods of the shop. Modern factory methods are not for bows and arrows. These implements require painstaking handwork. The bowyer and fletcher of today is content if only he can equal the craft of the past.

The only wheels that turn in the place are those of three little planes to which electric motors have been attached. The men stand by long, rude tables, covered with curly wood shavings, and polish their staves of lemon wood or yew. The lemon-wood staves they shellac and back with calf's hide. If they are working with yew, out of which the finest hunting bows are made, they will preface the planing and polishing by splicing a couple of short lengths of the rough wood and joining them in the middle of the bow. Yew is so knotty that it is practically impossible to get a suitable six-foot length all in one; hence piecing is necessary. Sometimes a bow is made of two or more strips of wood of different varieties, cut thin and glued together lengthwise, for decorative effect. To the ends of the bow are attached twisted horn tips and from tip to tip is stretched a stout bowstring made of many linen threads twisted and waxed by hand.

With three bent fingers Louis Stemmler nocks the shaft on the string of his bow.

Each man can make any or all of the parts. Each in his turn sits by the open barn door and cuts turkey feathers with a die and glues them to the tails of birch arrows. Each can make a target of wrapped and coiled straw, covered with oilcloth on which he himself has painted colored rings.

The master works at the same table with his men. Six-foot hunting bows are his speciality. When work is slack, all of them go down to the yard below and try their hand at the sport, for every bowyer and fletcher in the shop is an expert archer as well.

All his life making bows and arrows has been close to Louis Stemmler's heart. Now his hobby has become his life work. Ever since the Stemmler boys could remember, they had played with bows and arrows, not as most boys play at being Indian with crude bows of their own make, but under the guidance of a skilled eye. Archery was the hobby of the elder Stemmler, a worker in fine leather goods.

When the Stemmler boys grew tired of chasing muskrats on the shore of Jamaica Bay, where they were brought up, or of digging clams at low tide for an old-fashioned shore dinner on the

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

That's Different

Vincent Piacenzia was a peaceful man who abhorred blood. In the sweat-shop where he worked two Italian girls in a passionate altercation began scratching each other's eyes out. Horrified, he broke into the cubbyhole of his boss, Mr. Lefkowitz. "Meester a boss," he complained, "it's too bad, dese a girl dey all time fight, scratch da face. You shoulda stop." Mr. Lefkowitz shrugged his shoulders.

"Vat can I do, oudtside de shop?" he asked. "De ladies must have dere fun."

"But these a girl she's fight inside de shop right now," explained Vincent. Instantly a change came over the boss. He sprang from behind his desk and scuttled toward the machine room, tremulous with rage. "Oi, oi," he howled. "Vat, fighding *on my time!*"

Aunt Harriet's "At Home"

Aunt Harriet lived in a remote Kentucky village, and was locally famed for kindness of heart and good-will toward her neighbors. For many months she had been saving her slender means "to give a grand party," she said.

At last the great event came. All Aunt Harriet's friends, dressed in their best, were present, and the evening was most enjoyable, the only drawback being the mysterious absence of the hostess.

Meeting her the next morning one of the youthful guests of the night before spoke rapturously of the party.

"I'm certainly glad you enjoyed yourself," returned the old lady, beaming with satisfaction. "So it really was a success? Yes? My! I certainly should like to have seen it."

"But why were you not there, Aunt Harriet?"

"My Lord, child," answered Aunt Harriet, her face still shining with delight, "I had to stay in the kitchen and wash the dishes."

A Short Sentence

"Mose, how long you in jail for?"

"Three weeks."

"What did you do?"

"Jes' killed mah wife."

"An' you-all only got three weeks?"

"Dat's all, den dey's going to hang me."

Her Face Her Fortune

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."

She Knew the Answer

The fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room to get his order and remarked:

"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory and I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there was I wouldn't go with you. I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel and he was a college football player and weighs three hundred pounds; last week he pretty nearly ruined a $25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me; now, what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

Almost Ready

MRS. HAWKINS—And 'ave you made all the arrangements for your marriage, my dear?

MISS JORKINS—Well, not quite all. I've got to buy my trooso, and take an 'ouse, and get me 'usband a job, and buy 'im a good suit o' clothes, and get some reg'lar washing work to do. An' then I'm to name the 'appy day.

Almost Too Precious

A Chicago bond house wrote to a Boston correspondent for references as to the qualifications of a young eastern collegian who had applied to them for a job. The immediate reply ran in part: "Know Mr. Bean to be of fine character and highly connected. His sister is married to Lord De Broke, his mother is president of the Pre-Revolutionary Dames, his grandfather is a Federal judge, his great-grandfather was War Governor, and his family on both sides goes back to the *Mayflower*."

The manager, who had graduated from a cattle ranch with post-graduate work in the stockyards, replied, "Thanks for your kind letter regarding Mr. Bean, but we are afraid you misunderstood our request. We were thinking of using this young man to sell coal and iron securities, not for breeding purposes."

A One-Way Trail

Back in the mountain country where corn licker is a home product, and "revenooers" have always carried their lives in their hands, a new Federal agent stopped at a cabin by the forks. The only person in sight was a half-grown youngster, standing by the pump in the yard. The man asked for a gourd of water and got it.

"This is pretty good water, sonny," the law-enforcement officer remarked, "but how about a little licker? Ain't there a still somewhere hereabouts?"

"Thar' mought be," admitted the tow-head cautiously.

"Come on, young-un," pleaded the man, "I'm dyin' for a drink. I'll give you two dollars if you'll take me to that still."

"All right, stranger," said the boy, grinning. "Just foller along with me a piece." They had gone a few rods into the woods when the boy drawled, "Whar's that money, mister?"

"Never mind," said the triumphant Federal agent, "you'll get it later." A few rods farther along the boy halted decisively. "Better give me that two dollars, now," he said.

"No, not now," insisted the man, "when I come back."

The boy spat accurately at an inquisitive chipmunk, and shook his head. "Stranger," said he, "you-all ain't a-comin' back."

Another Widow Story

A widow visited a spiritualistic medium, who satisfactorily produced the deceased husband for a domestic chat.

"Dear John," the widow questioned eagerly, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," the spook quietly assured her.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" the widow continued greatly impressed.

"Yes," John asserted, "I am far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"Oh, do tell me John," the widow cried rapturously, "what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" the answer snapped. "I ain't in heaven!"

The Rethourtheful Country Preth

(A country newspaper editorial reprinted fifty years ago in the *Boston Transcript*)

We are thorry to have to explain that our compothing room wath entered latht night by thome unknown thcoundrel, who thtole every 'eth' in the ethtablithhment and thucceeded in making hith ethcape undetected.

The motive of the mithcreant wath doubtleth revenge for thome thuppothed inthult.

But it thall never be thaid that the petty thpite of any thmall-thouled villain hath dithabled our preth, and if thith meetth the eye of the detethtable rathcal we beg to athure him that he underethtimateth the rethourceth of a firtht-clath preth when he thinkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take thith occathion to thay to him furthermore that before next Thurthday we thall have three timeth ath many etheth ath he thole.

We have reathon to thuthpect that we know the cowardly thkunk who committed thith act of vandalithm, and if he ith ever theen prowling about thith ethtablithment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thatithfaction than to thhoot hith hide full of holeth."

A Hymn for the Hard Boiled

While on one of his visitations a well-known bishop was staying at the home of a member of his flock. He was awakened early by the tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer My God to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess to enable her to go about the house so early in the morning singing such a noble hymn. At breakfast he spoke to her about it and told how pleased he was. "O Lor'!" she replied. "That's the hymn I boil eggs by: three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

A Perfect Fool

[*Continued from page 16*]

our juvenile adaptation of an animal act which was something of a sensation in those days. I would be *Angie,* wearing a wig improvised out of rope. I'd group my 'man-eating lions' around me on sand pedestals and make them perform. They were a fierce bunch of beasts. 'Rex!' I'd command, beckoning to one of them with my whip. Rex would snarl at me from his perch and then come down sulkily on all fours and crawl through the loop I held out for him.

"When they got so obstreperous that I couldn't cow them with my whip, I'd stand them off with a cap pistol. But occasionally even that wouldn't work, and the lions would all spring on *Angie* at once and devour her. Oh, I tell you, it was a realistic, hair-raising act!

"PEOPLE strolling along the boardwalk would stop and watch us. I liked having an audience. I liked particularly to hear them laugh. So whenever I saw a string of people leaning on the rail to take in our show, I'd clown to the limit. It gave me a big kick to feel that I was performing in public and that our 'humble efforts' were appreciated.

"One day my father found me cutting up capers before an audience of about a hundred people. He was shocked. It mortified him that his son should make such a spectacle of himself out there on a public beach with everybody looking on.

"Yes, I'm afraid my antics were a great trial to him. You see, he was a serious-minded manufacturer, without a bit of humor in his make-up, and he couldn't understand how anybody—even a boy—could want to act foolish. 'How can you be so silly!' he'd say. Talk about censorship of the drama! I had my experience with the 'suppression of sincere art' before I was thirteen. Only the censoring was done with the back of a hair-brush."

But apparently young Edwin Leopold was unsuppressable. In school his fantastic ingenuity was a hazard to classroom calm. He did not sow tacks where teachers would sit on them—that would have been too unimaginative a way of puncturing decorum; no, he sprang surprises of a subtler, more original sort. There is a story told of how he once discombobolated no less a personage than the principal of the school. It seems that this dignitary was hipped on the subject of mental tests. He was writing a book on "How to Train the Child Mind in Alertness," and he was forever invading classrooms to "gather data," as he called it. Well, one day he stood in front of the blackboard and announced in his blandest manner:

"Now, children, I want you to pay close attention and show me how alert you are today. Who will be the first boy or girl to think of a number? Any number composed of two figures."

"Oh, shucks!" yipped Edwin out of the corner of his mouth. "He's at it again."

"You'll have to speak louder," said the principal.

"Fifty-theven," lisped a girl in the front row.

"Good!" said the educator. He marked on the blackboard 75. "Now another number, please."

"Forty-six," piped up a boy with spectacles. The principal wrote 64.

"Twenty-one," volunteered another. Again the pedagog reversed the order of the figures, writing 12; and so on, setting down "Ninety-five" as 59 and "Sixty-three" as 36.

He was just making a mental note to the effect that "the child's critical faculty in matters of arithmetic is not"—when Edwin sung out from the back row:

"Put down eighty-eight. And let me see you try and monkey with *that!*"

But this time the young lion-tamer had tackled too big a lion. He was made to stay in after school and write "Eighty-eight" eighty-eight times.

Leopold senior grew more and more worried over his son's tomfoolery. It irked him to hear people say, "He's such a silly kid!" They might smile, but it was no joke to a man who had built up a big manufacturing business for his son to step into. What would happen to the reliable firm of Leopold & Co. when this giddy prankster got hold of it? Mr. Leopold groaned at the thought. Something drastic would have to be done. But what? All through Edwin's high school days he talked hats to him. Hats and the seriousness of life. Life and the seriousness of hats. Result: Edwin temporarily gave up playing the harmonica and concentrated on becoming a ragtime pianist.

Still his father hoped the boy would "get over it." He'd *make* him. There were instances of successful men who had been flighty in their teens and then settled down to brass tacks. Edwin was smart enough. All he needed was to grow up and learn some sense.

So the young problem was enrolled as a student in the University of Pennsylvania, not to study anything fancy like arts and letters, but to take the Wharton Business Course. The effect of this academic influence was to inspire him to be the most ridiculous performer in the Mask and Wig college show, in which he appeared as a chorus girl—a boney lassie with all the grace and coquettishness of a camel. His cavortings turned a typical amateur entertainment into an out-and-out riot.

One person in that audience, however, never cracked a smile. Leopold senior felt only righteous indignation. As he said to his son afterwards: "Here I put you in college to learn something useful and all you do is make a jackass of yourself for everybody to laugh at. Everybody but me. I couldn't laugh. I am your father, and I feel ashamed to see my son throw his life away on being a fool!"

"But, Pop, I have learned one very important thing. I've learned what my business is. It's *being foolish.*"

"What!" exploded the irate parent.

"Yes, Pop," said Edwin quietly. "If I'm as silly as you and other people think I am, then there must be something to it. I've decided to go after silliness intensively. I'm going on the stage."

THIS announcement was almost more than long-suffering Mr. Leopold could stand. "Oh, no, don't be an actor!" he pleaded. "I couldn't bear to see my name disgraced on the billboards."

"That's all right, Pop," Edwin assured him. "I'll take a stage name."

"No, I don't want you to do that either; because if you did happen to make a hit and got famous, nobody would know you were my son."

(Says Mr. Wynn today: "My dear father had no idea of the humor of this remark!")

Anyhow the young man left college and joined a barn-storming organization, called impressively the Thurber-Nash Repertoire Company, which was then playing little towns in New England. If he had been looking for varied experience, this was certainly it. Besides taking part in eleven performances a week—six nights and five matinées—it was his duty to pass out handbills and chaperone the trunks whenever there was traveling to be done, which meant 'most every day. Salary twelve dollars a week.

After about six months of Thurber-Nashing he hoped he might get a raise. At the end of the first year he was pretty nearly sure he would. Along toward the conclusion of the second year he was absolutely certain that he'd get it. Unfortunately in the twenty-third week the Repertory Company went on the rocks in Maine. (You know that "stern and rock-bound coast.")

"Bangor may be a dear old place to folks who live there," he says, "but somehow when I was stranded there in mid-winter with only a dollar and forty cents in my pocket I felt as though it lacked charm."

He wired to his father. Mr. Leopold had disowned him two years before, but Edwin wired anyhow. The answer came back to the effect that if Edwin would quit the stage, show some common sense and go into business with him, funds would be forthcoming; otherwise not.

He couldn't very well quit the stage, as the stage had already beaten him to it, but he went home to Philadelphia and humbly devoted himself to hats. Men's hats. Women's hats. Dolls' hats. The awful seriousness of hats. His father, by way of killing a fatted calf in honor of the prodigal's reformation, changed the name of the firm from J. Leopold & Co. to J. Leopold & Son.

And so Edwin became a practical business man. He discovered, though, that what his father termed settling down meant traveling on the road with trunks of samples to sell to retail concerns. Would life for him always be just one baggage check after another?

To sell his goods he had a line of patter about a person's hat being the most conspicuous part of his attire. An unsuitable hat, he maintained, spoiled one's whole appearance. Hence the vital importance of choosing the correct headgear.

Thus he argued in public. In private he would stand in front of a mirror and try on hats that were distinctly "not his type." The gem of the collection was a turned-up Tyrolian affair intended for some little girl's doll. Viewing it perched upon his head he knew that he at last had found the true secret of silliness.

Under the spell of this preposterous chapeau he deserted from J. Leopold & Son, and went to New York. But if he expected the theatrical managers to be waiting breathlessly for his foolishness, he was certainly fooled. Eventually, however, he got a chance to sing songs at Kid McCoy's cabaret. This led to his going into vaudeville with an act called "The Rah, Rah Boys" in which he and a partner travestied campus modes and manners. The skit succeeded. After a tryout week at forty dollars their joint salary was jumped to two hundred dollars.

This was the beginning of a series of vaudeville acts—"Daffy-Dills," "Joy and Gloom," "The Deacon and the Lady," "The Freshman and the Sophomore," and several others—in which the ex-headgear salesman became known as "the man with the funny hat." In 1908 he toured in a sketch called "Mr. Busybody," written for him by a newspaper man named Irvin S. Cobb.

"I paid Cobb a hundred dollars for it—outright," he told me. "Imagine that! Still, in those days a hundred dollars seemed like a lot of money to both of us. I suppose that now he could get that for a single gag."

Nothing pays like popularity. The comedian trade-marked his own brand of humor by calling himself Ed Wynn. He chose the name because it was short, crisp and easy to remember. Chorus girls may affect names like Irmintrude Willoughby and Christobel Montmorency, but fancy names of that sort are a handicap on the road to fame. Who are the stars whose names most readily occur to us? John Drew, Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Ina Claire, Mrs. Fiske, Jane Cowl, Lew Fields, Eddie Cantor, and so on; but nobody with a name like Balmoral P. Cholmondeley. Hence the ambitious young exponent of foolishness showed sagacity when he turned Edwin Leopold (Ed-win) into Ed Wynn.

He found, however, that changing partners with his various acts kept the name Ed Wynn from becoming standardized. One year he would be billed as Wynn & So and So, and the next year as Wynn and Somebody Else. So, in defiance of vaudeville custom, he adopted the policy of appearing on the program as "Ed Wynn & Co. in . . . " whatever act it happened to be. This was much criticized at the time, but is now an established practice.

Gene Buck, right bower of Florenz Ziegfeld, saw Mr. Wynn in Boston in a skit called "The King's Jester," with the result that the comedian was gathered into the "Follies." Later, in 1916, he took part in proceedings at the Winter Garden in a revue called "Over the Top," his adroit flapdoodle proving so satisfactory that Arthur Hammerstein engaged him as a star. "Sometime," the first full-length show in which Ed Wynn was let loose to be as loony as he pleased and whenever he pleased, was a big hit.

So at last he was doing what he had believed could be done; he was demonstrating that foolishness need not be an unproductive occupation, if only one were expert enough at it.

It seemed like a case of When Dreams Come True. Then suddenly "Gaities of 1918," his next show, was halted by the Actor's Strike. For months the theatres were closed. Productions, no matter how successful, were sent to the storehouse. Being a member of the Equity Association, Ed Wynn sided actively against the managers in the controversy and ultimately found himself not only without a job but very nearly ruined financially. The producers decided they could do without him.

Poor fool! He had climbed up only to be hurled headlong.

But there is something in the nature of a clown, which inures him to hard knocks. With borrowed money he staged a come-back. It was called "The Ed Wynn Carnival." He produced it himself and put it across with such zeal that it ran a season in New York and two more on the road. "The Perfect Fool," which followed it, was likewise good for three years. And now "The Grab Bag" appears destined for a similar prosperity.

When we consider the fact that the theatrical game is a terrific gamble and that, according to statistics, at least sixty per cent. of all the shows that open on Broadway turn out to be failures, Ed Wynn's record is indeed remarkable. A single hit might be attributed to luck; but not a succession of hits. It looks as though the Perfect Fool must be exceptionally wise.

The truth is that the stage personality which he has created carries his shows. And it is a unique personality—a blithering idiot who is engaging rather than annoying. Anybody can make an ass of himself, but who cares to see him do it? The ordinary boob is tiresome; gets on our nerves. Stupidity isn't interesting.

ED WYNN gives us a fool devoid of obnoxiousness; a wistful, slyly alert fool, constantly engaged in some ingenious prank which he gleefully lets the audience in on; as excitedly busy as a chipmunk engrossed on some nutty quest; as venturesome as a small boy invading a pantry that is known to contain pies. He knows he is silly, but how can he help it when so many droll and utterly preposterous things are happening around him? And so he goes on playing the game of Let's Pretend in a realm of gorgeous fun.

And he transports his audience into that realm with him. It is interesting to watch him do it. At a performance of "The Grab Bag" not long ago I observed rows of sedate-looking business men laughing shamelessly at the most futile folderol. In the front box on the left there was a party of children explosively a-giggle. In the upper right box I noticed Jane Cowl with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, going through spasms of mirth. Surely this fool evokes something deeper than silliness. He resurrects in us the lightheartedness we had in childhood and which, if it can be kept alive, will make a monkey of Dull Care.

Yet to Mr. Wynn this stage personality has become more and more a creature apart. The man himself shrinks from attracting attention. He has a horror of hotel lobbies.

"You'd hardly believe it," he told me, "but strangers breeze up to you and grab your hand and say, 'I've seen you and I feel as though I knew you.' They expect you to pull comedy stuff then and there. Yet they'd never think of going up to a lawyer or doctor that way and expecting him to get off a few legal terms or hand them a pill. An actor is supposed to be public property. In dining-rooms I've even noticed people eyeing me to see if I ate in a funny way. That's why nowadays when I'm out on the road I have all my meals sent up to my room. Gosh! a fellow's entitled to be 'off duty' *some* of the time."

When he is acting on Broadway and during his summer vacations Mr. Wynn lives very quietly at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, with his wife and nine-year-old son. His wildest diversions are golf, billiards, and practicing on the various instruments he has taught himself to play—piano, violin, 'cello, clarinet, uke, mandolin, harmonica, and saxophone.

This preference for seclusion does not mean that he is the proverbial melancholy clown. On the contrary, talking with him you get the impression of a man who is thoroughly happy in his work. Perhaps his constant executive activity keeps him from getting that awful let-down which afflicts certain well-known comedians after they have been giddy all evening. Perhaps it is because Ed Wynn's drollery is not of the leering, sneering sort.

"I am selfish enough to want to spend my time in a wholesome atmosphere," he says, "and so I put on clean shows. Last year I paid the traveling expenses of nine mothers of girls in my chorus. Ministers of various denominations have visited backstage. We've had rabbis and priests and even bishops. But what I'm proudest of is facing a lot of children at every matinée."

The only remark I ever heard him make that betrayed any vanity as an actor made me like him the more. It was this:

"It is my hope that when I die the public will be sorry over having lost a favorite fool."

Meanwhile Ed Wynn is already reaping the reward of his "folly."

The Girl Who Tinkered with Motors

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automobiles. The factory where the company made the bodies for cars was in the loft where I worked at first. And later when they moved away to occupy a whole building further uptown I was still near the factory.

"When Mr. Graham was not very busy I would often slip away to watch the mechanics putting the bodies together. Mr. Holbrook, incidentally, objected very strenuously to my being there. As a matter of fact, I was positively forbidden to go near the place.

" 'The men do not pay proper attention to their work when you are around,' he said to me again and again. 'Now keep out.'

"I did for a while," Miss Joel continued. "But I always went back. It was the only way I could learn and get ahead. One morning I was standing in the factory watching a particularly difficult piece of work when I became conscious that some one was watching me. I looked over my shoulder and saw Mr. Holbrook.

" 'Didn't I tell you I'd fire you if I ever found you out here again?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'but you can see yourself I am not in the way. The men never even notice me.

" 'No, I guess you do not bother them!' was his answer. He never ordered me out again.

"Gradually," Miss Joel continued, "Mr. Graham let me take some of the responsibility of buying off his shoulders. When salesmen came in he turned them over to me to place the orders. Then Mr. Graham made me assistant buyer. Every night after office hours I read and studied. I bought all sorts of volumes on lumber, steel and aluminum. Naturally I could not learn all about any of these subjects. Lumber alone would require a lifetime of study. But I soon became proficient enough to become a good buyer. Gradually I took more responsibility. Finally one day Mr. Graham said to me:

" 'Well, the firm might as well give you my job. You are doing all the work anyway. So there is no reason why you should not have the glory.' And so when Mr. Graham was promoted a little later I took his place."

Expert salesmanship and a wide knowledge of automobile accessories are not Miss Joel's only contributions to the industry, however. Ten or twelve years ago she was one of those who inaugurated the Automobile Salon in New York for the exhibits of various automobile manufacturers.

And the first period car ever put on the market and shown first at the Salon was one of her design. It was patterned after Adam period designs. The model was a Lancia limousine. It was upholstered in blue and tan brocatelle. Mahogany moulding ran around the entire interior including the back seat. Open cane work ornamented the doors. Mahogany urns and fittings to match completed the furnishings. It attracted much attention.

"I had never had any artistic training but I followed out my own ideas," Miss Joel told me. "After that I put twenty or twenty-five period cars, each of different design, on the market. Each was a commercial success."

When Miss Joel left Holbrook & Company she started a hardware department as a sideline for the Sterling Bronze Company. This time she abandoned buying and went out on a selling basis. For three years she traveled all over the United States visiting automobile factories. Eventually she gave this up because her job had too many limitations and no facilities for handling big production. Then she went into business for herself after spending several months in Europe investigating conditions in the trade over there. And so the girl who started in twenty years ago as a ten-dollar-a-week stenographer has long since become an independent ten-thousand-dollar a year business woman. How much further she may go, who can say?—SUSIE SEXTON.

Big Boy

[*Continued from page 15*]

trying to do something—but it won't work. It's off true, that shaft. It'll tear out everything on us if we force it."

Cap'n Moat nodded silently. There was nothing else to do. Harder and with more recklessness of motion, the *Lady West* floundered in a new burst of the tempest. Cap'n Moat accepted it with a sudden hopelessness, not of self, but of soul. His ship was quitting him—quitting when he needed her the most. Almost dazedly he made the deck. He did not notice a shambling figure which had taken its place in his rear as he passed his cabin, and despite its frightened whimperings, stuck doggedly to the rocking, dangerous course. It was not until he had gained the bridge again, swinging there in plummet fashion with the directionless tossing of the boat, that Cap'n Moat noticed something else clutching also at the rail, a roughened hand coming against his, a bulky body close beside him. A queer sensation came over Cap'n Moat, a feeling that he could not understand. He loosed a hand for just an instant, and extending it in searching fashion, patted the head of a giant beast—nor heard the cooing that resulted, lost in the rush of wind. Then he forgot it all as a voice came out of the darkness, roaring against the bellow of the storm, lips close to the ears of the skipper.

"Marston, sir. Things look a bit bad forward. Stove in—this wrenching, sir."

"Shipping any water?" Cap'n Moat shouted it at the top of his lungs.

"Water, sir? Yes, sir, plenty of it. I think we're done for."

"Get down to the engine-room and speed 'em up there. See if they can do anything."

Then hours of useless effort. The desperate attempts of the engine-room failed. The pumps worked ceaselessly, accomplishing nothing. More hours, in which Cap'n Moat rocked and tossed and scrambled upon the bridge, watching, merely watching, with nothing to do. Hours in which a giant thing still remained beside him, content. Then a sudden knowledge that the wind had lessened, and that the screaming inferno of the storm had given away to mere thunderings and crashings as the sea continued to tear and slash at the thing which it coveted for its own. There had been nothing to do. Nothing but to notice the heavier rolling, the loggier recoveries, the deeper pushing of the ship's nose into the waves. Once again Cap'n Moat of the *Lady West* reached outward to pat at the head of a faithful thing, crouched beside him. Then dawn came, and with it the faint view of men working at the davits. The first mate ascended to the bridge.

"We've talked it over, sir," he said, with an enforced quietness of demeanor. "We've had no answer to the wireless and we believe it'd be best to make the try here."

"The try? The try? Did you say the try?" Cap'n Moat stared at him as though unbelieving. "Have I given any orders to—"

"No, sir." The first mate was very pale. "But the rest of us have considered what you would do. It isn't safe, sir. She can't last more than a few hours——"

"You'll stay with her while she lasts." The sentence came gaspingly, as with the surprise of a man talking against his own reasoning. "I've given no orders!"

"That's just it, sir. We're standing by at your boat, if you care to go. But it isn't safe to wait any longer. It's a shore wind now, sir. We've a chance to strike the Kilauia Coast. But to wait, sir—"

"You—you!" He blustered with meaningless expostulations. "Is this mutiny?"

The first mate moved a step away, as from physical danger.

"Any inquiry would clear us, sir! It's been decided before. We didn't sign up to die—just to please a skipper, sir. We knew what you'd do—about this ship."

Cap'n Moat, pale through his tan, merely gaped. Ned watched the first mate scuttle down the ladder. A boat put off bouncing high, then disappearing into the trough of faraway waves. Another. Slowly he rolled down to deck, and stood watching them, hands clenched behind his back, upper teeth digging unnoticed into lower lip and the blood flowing down his chin.

"Will you go, sir?" the first mate appealed.

"Shut up, damn you!"

The first mate moved a step nearer the davits. Then he turned.

"How about Big Boy?"

The ape had gone forward, rocking on his crutched legs, merely staring at the strange procedures. A voice sounded from the remaining group, in suggestion. There were others that knew his worth. The first mate chirruped:

"Come on, Big Boy!"

The beast cooed curiously, uncertainly, as if striving to fathom the reason for the actions of men who never before had left the ship except in port. Cap'n Moat pressed his bleeding lips. After all, even a beast deserved a chance for its life! Again a pleading:

"Big Boy!"

But the great animal suddenly seemed to have divined the situation—his cap'n was not going! The first mate put forth a hand and touched his shoulder. The ape brushed it away. Again. "Come on, Big Boy! Come on here—" he caught a shaggy arm and for the merest part of an instant, tugged at him. The beast screamed and turning, caught him, swinging him high for an instant and held him scrambling aloft, before he dropped him, unharmed to the deck at the word from the rear. Ten minutes later, a boat was pirouetting on the waves, while a gray-faced man stood alone on the deck of the keeling *Lady West*, alone, except for a cooing thing which crouched beside him.

TO LEAVE a ship, their ship, before the last moment had come! His ship. His crew. By and by he began to pace; a tremendous thing followed him. His ship! His crew! Mutiny —depending upon the preponderance of their assembled testimony to clear them if he ever appeared against them. He moved forward and stood for a long time, staring at the battered prow. The gorilla still beside him, he went below and listened dully to the pouring of waters at a dozen vital points. Then he turned to his cabin, gathered up in haphazard fashion, a few things, while Big Boy, cooing with wonderment at the disarray of the room, straightened the overturned patent rocker and climbed into it, shoving himself forward and backward with heavy movements of his tremendous torso. It lasted only a moment.

"Come on, Big Boy," said a gruffened voice. Then Cap'n Moat, in stolid fashion, took his possessions on deck. Late that afternoon, in a half-fair sea, a small boat put off from a thing which lay very low in the water, and lingered like a sweetheart until only a swirling maelstrom was left. Then Cap'n Moat took the oars again, while a second object, hairy and bristling and tremendous in chest and arms, strove awkwardly to do the same, but succeeded only in dashing the water. The breeze had died; the current carried them on—through the night and the day and the night that followed. To the heat of afternoon, when Cap'n Moat, aching and gaunt, half lay, resting in the bow, and looking stolidly toward the giant beast, crouched and fingering in curious fashion, the slight wash of water in the boat bottom. Had Cap'n Moat been standing, he would have rocked on heel and toe, or placed his hands on his hips.

"Well, you never quit, anyway," he said, and the giant beast cooed, simply because his master had spoken. After that, the man remained silent with half-closed eyes, for a long time—until smoke had appeared on the horizon and began to come closer. Two hours later, in the light of a dying sunset, he stood defiant, commanding, once more the cap'n.

"Well, fend away then, if you're scared," he shouted. "It's either both of us, or neither. There'll be no trouble if you just hand us a tow and then stand off until I get him aboard. Do you think I'm going to throw away fifty thousand dollars?"

In three weeks, the *Empress Eugenie* arrived at San Francisco, and a stodgy, sandy man searched long before he could find a hotel that would accede to his rather particular demands. This done, he sought a telephone, and pawed in disturbed, anxious fashion through the directory. The name still was there. He called the number, and for a long time merely talked and giggled. Then, as with a sudden thought:

"You know, I lost that gorilla you wrote me about. Yeh, got sick on the *Eugenie*. After the wreck. Yeh, I know what the papers said, that I still had him; they got that from the wireless before he took down."

Then he waited, his eyes widened, as with expectation. Gradually the expression faded. He moved closer to the 'phone; it was his turn to speak again.

"Oh, yes. I know how busy you must be. I'd be right glad to. Some time. Oh, yes. I'll call you."

After that, he went away, and back to his room. A week later, he had a caller, in the shape of Jim Ainsworth.

"Hunted all over town for you," said the circus man. "Guess you had to come down here on account of the ape, eh? Funny thing, I was talking to a friend of yours, the day you landed—before the papers came out. She said he was dead."

Cap'n Moat smiled slightly.

"That so? Wonder where she got that idea?"

"Said you'd told her—that's the way with a woman; always getting things wrong; no offense now."

"No," said Cap'n Moat. "No offense at all."

"Well?" Jim Ainsworth glanced appraisingly at a tremendous thing which crouched contentedly in a corner, chewing at a lettuce leaf. "Guess we'd better get to business—"

But Cap'n Moat looked up.

"There isn't any," he said. An hour later, he made the remark for the last time.

"Don't know just what I'll do," he prefaced. "Got some friends working for me to get the San Marco light. I'd rather like that. Kind of lost my taste for the sea and ships and—such. Guess I'll just take Big Boy down there and batch it. We'll get along. Nope, Mr. Ainsworth, sorry to put you out—" he rocked then, heel and toe, with hands upon his hips, "but there ain't any business to talk on."

In a month more, a sandy, stocky man received a telegram. That his friends had been successful. In his preparations for San Marco he looked over a number of things he had taken haphazard from his ship, and threw away some of the foolish ones. Among which was a letter.

As We Forgive

[*Continued from page 144*]

Two days later that same peavey had to be borrowed again. It was really the only peavey in camp that would do at all. And Min wasn't always wringing dishrags. Merely by chance at the second visit he found her "diked up" in her bravest pink and yellow cheesecloth Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress. And she was playing chords on the cabinet organ that was absurdly little and frightfully out-of-tune.

Jess Howell liked cords on the organ. Louviny could play chords on her mother's cabinet organ. She used to do it, too, on Sundays when he was "talkin' to her." Nowadays she wouldn't play at all, though her mother had given them the organ as a wedding present.

Over here, though, in the dark woods an organ sounded somehow like home—like what home ought to be. And Min could play chords well. She seemed to like to play them.

No, he didn't mention Minnie when he was at home on Sundays. He did tell Louviny sometimes that she ought to keep up her "practizin'." And she ought to learn a new piece—it was called "Ameriker" and it would sound awful pretty on the organ.

Louviny, though, said she didn't have any time for fooling with any old organ. She didn't care anything about it anyhow. But she did ask where he'd heard the new piece. Jess explained that there was a lady "over yander" that played it sometimes. Louviny wanted to know her name, but Jess couldn't think of it just then. Funny, it was the only name from the lumber camp she'd ever asked about!

There was no reason, so far as Jess could see, to tell her anything about Min. It might make her worry, and Louviny oughtn't to have anything to worry her. Especially *now*. She would have to go through with enough in a few months now. Women needed to be easy in their minds at such times. He knew that much about women.

BACK on the job in the woods, six days out of seven. It was getting easier every day to slip away at nightfall from the boisterous jollification of the bunk-house, up the vine-arched trail to Wat McRae's shanty where there was quiet, and organ music and sometimes a girl's voice in plaintive minor "ballats." Occasionally, if he stayed late—say eight o'clock—the family would go off to bed by ones and twos and leave Jess and Min alone in the dim-lighted "settin'-room," or perhaps out on the moonlit porch.

Min was a good talker, Jess thought. One thing he liked about her was that she seemed eager to hear and tell about what folk did and how they lived in other places. She hadn't been to many places herself, but she'd talked to people who had traveled—some even as far as West Virginny, where they dug coal and built big towns, and where, she heard, some folks lived in fine pretty houses.

Min had been reared in a log cabin, even as Jess had—and Louviny—but Min liked to hear about fine pretty houses and the folk who lived in them. Sometimes she dreamt that she went to live in West Virginny and lived in a house with six rooms and an up-stairs and big window glasses and fancy chears and a pianny instead of an organ. She dreamt she could play the pianny and that she sat down and played "Ameriker" right off. It was a funny dream!

And what made it funnier still was that it was so very like the dreams that Jess sometimes had. Dreams are queer, anyhow. Some folks believe dreams mean something, and some dreams come true, they say. None of Min's had ever come true, yet. None of Jess's either.

Yes, Min was a nice girl to talk to, and Jess wasn't such a bad talker for a man. He told her a great many things about the Laurel country he knew so well.

But he never told her about Louviny. He'd meant to, right at first, when they were getting acquainted, but it had slipped his mind. Later he'd thought of it again, but they got to talking of other things—West Virginny or something, and he just hadn't. Well, it didn't really make any difference, did it?

Anyhow, that was how it started. Before he even halfway realized it he found himself at the apex of a messy triangle whose baseline scrawled across the Deep Gap of the Big Bald Mountain, with its termini in two lowly cabins. In each cabin now lived a girl foreboding the great ordeal, yet facing it with the stoical calm of a mountain woman—the one secure in the bond of an honorable estate, the other trusting a man's promise of protection.

Only a ruder setting for the old story, with all the factors of human weakness and waywardness in it. Mitigating circumstances, perhaps, poverty, unsophistication, healthy, hot blood of youth, yet all adding a bit to the turbid flood of human pain and hurt. The humble actors in the age-old tragedy, however, would themselves have asked for no maudlin pity, would have woven no flimsy web of sophistries to cover their sin after the manner of this blasé, thrill-hunting, sex-reeking age.

So it went until the weeks dragged into months. Came crisp autumn days; sharp winter nights. Sometimes snow in the mountain passes blocked the way for Jess's weekly tramps to Little Laurel. Once or twice the mill and the logging operations had to be shut down when a "cold spell" came on.

On a bitter night in early January the dim oil lamp in the boxed house burned until the frosty dawn. The blazing logs in the stone fireplace added their weird flicker to light the way of a new life into a chilly world. Welcomed only by a fear-haunted girl-mother and attended only by the clumsy midwifery of palsied Aunt Polly, Louviny's man-child was born. It was two weeks before his daddy could cross the Gap and give paternal sanction to the name Louviny wanted the son to bear. It was to be Little Jess.

The boy-father's awakened pride was sobered somewhat by secret premonitions of a like event soon to occur over on Nolichucky. Before that event came Jess and Min had quietly gone through a form of marriage, which, however belated, was enough to afford conciliation to Wat McRae and his wife and to satisfy the mild curiosity of the mill population regarding the domestic affairs of comparative strangers.

Min's baby was a girl, a bouncing, lusty girl. Disappointed at not having a son to name for his dad, Min named the daughter for him anyhow: Jessaminy she was, much to Jess's apparent pride. His paternal status was now somewhat unusual, to be sure, with a son and a daughter almost—yet decidedly *not*—twins, and both named for their proud father!

"I shore never thought I'd ever git into sich a mess as this," he lamented to himself frequently as he went about his work. "Hit's no way fer a man to do—I know that. An' they's both good gals, too, Louviny an' Min. I think a powerful lot of both of 'em. Lordy, I shore hope them two'll never hear tell of each other. Ever an' they do, they'll be hell a-poppin' round this ol' mountain fer a fact!"

Spring came. First in the sunny lowlands, then in the narrow shaded valleys, finally in the dark hollows where the hemlocks grew. Spring tides brought down the logs. Leaping, rolling, tumbling, thundering they came, through the narrows, over cascades, into the broad eddies by the mill site. Loggers came in new overalls and high boots, teamsters, bark-peelers, saw-filers, roustabouts, a little army of busy men, to turn the trees of the mountains into fine pretty houses for folk who live in the valleys.

Jess Howell had moved out of the crowded bunk-house and now shared the shanty of Wat McRae. Of evenings he would sit by the fire, holding little Jessaminy on his knee, while Min helped her mother with the supper dishes and Wat strummed his homemade banjo with his great gnarled fingers.

Frequently, though not so regularly as in former days, Jess secured leave of absence for Sunday trips across the Gap, to visit his old mother, he explained to Min. Sunday nights, then, in the boxed house on Little Laurel, he would bounce Little Jess "ridey-horsey" on his stout logger's boot.

Louviny still couldn't see any sense in a man's sticking to a hard, heavy job twenty miles from home when he could be putting out a crop on the half-cleared new-ground stretching up the ridge behind the house. She even turned up her nose and sniffed when he told her of the twenty dollars that he was saving every month out of his wages.

"Over here on Laurel a body don't have no need fer much money," she argued on in the old wearisome way. "Folks that's got a roof over their heads an' a stove an' a bed an' a couple o' chears ort to be satisfied. That's what the Good Book says, ain't hit?"

"I don't know nothin' about what the Book says," Jess insisted, "but anybody that weren't jist ornery an' no 'count would want somethin' more'n a hawg does. I hain't never been satisfied an' I don't never low to be with a pen to live in an' some corn an' slop in the trawft. An' what's more, I don't want this here kid to be brung up in no hawg-pen. I'm a-goin' to give him a chance to git out an' make somethin' fer hisself!"

"That's jist what I'm afeard of," Louviny protested bitterly. "Ye'll be a-puttin' yer big notions in his head an' he'll be a-pitchin' an' a-rarin' to pull out from home afore he's half-growed. Ye can just put it down in writin' though, *I* ain't a-goin' off o' Little Laurel, *no* time!"

"Ye can suit yerself, Louviny." Jess was angry now. "I can find someboy that'll go anywhar I want to go. That *mought* be West Virginny!"

It was their first bitter quarrel. Like two angry children they kept it up until late bedtime. Both were still surly at breakfast, long before daylight, but Louviny managed to ask when Jess put on his hat to go:

"D'ye 'low to git back nex' Sunday, Jess?"

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't," he answered dully. "A man don't never know what's a-goin' to be that fur off," he went on ambiguously. "Fer all we know, I mought be hauled back acrost that thar mountain in a box afore nex' Sunday."

"STOP that typewriter, Miss Maxine, please," the woods boss called out to the stenographer in the office. "Somebody up in the woods is trying to talk over this bloomin' grapevine telephone, and I can't make out what he wants."

"Now, talk louder, please!" he shouted into the transmitter. "Who's that talking, and what do you want? Oh, I see! It's Barkley, eh? How's that? You want a doctor? What's the matter? Who *is* the fellow that was cut? . . . Howell—Jess Howell? Fell on his ax and bleeding badly, you say? . . . All right, Barkley, I'll rush an engine up there with Doc. Beasley right away, and I'll come along. Tie the boy's leg up as well as you can, and tell him to hold on for about forty minutes. Good-by!"

It took time, though, to locate the company physician, who was on his rounds. More minutes to find a driver for the only idle woods engine at the mill, a little cog-geared tea kettle on trucks. Still other minutes to wait for an incoming log train to take the unloading switch and clear the main track. It was a full hour before the wheezing, snorting little shay slowed down and stopped at the loading docks at Camp Four. The woods boss jumped off the tender, followed by Doctor Beasley, bag in hand.

"Where's your man?" the doctor asked quickly.

Foreman Bill Barkley motioned with his big thumb. "Right this way, Doc. The boys brought him down out of the woods and we've made him a cot in the tool-house."

A dozen or more choppers crowded the tiny space where the injured man lay. Helpless as children, they had been standing there nearly an hour, grave with inarticulate sympathy, knowing nothing to say or do.

"Clear out, everybody—give the man some air!" the doctor ordered gruffly. A glance at the man on the cot, though, was all the doctor needed. The ashen pallor of the boyish face, the nerveless flicker of the eyelids, the horrible pool on the floor, all bore their mute testimony to the fight for life that had been gallantly but vainly waged. Help had come too late.

Jess Howell opened his eyes, recognized the doctor and the woods boss, and tried to speak, but the two men had to kneel beside him to catch the words.

"I'm gone, Doc!" he whispered. "I knowed I'd got my killin' the minute I slipped on that peeled log. D'ye mind, boss, what I told ye oncet about them double-bitted axes?"

The woods boss remembered. He'd been thinking about it all the way up on the engine.

"Hit's all right, though," the boy went on after a rest for breath. "I allus knowed I'd have to go sometime. Hit were meant to be thataway, I reckon."

He paused for a full minute, gathering his little remaining strength for a final word.

"Doc, I want 'em to take me back on Little Laurel. An' I want Preacher Pleas Ballard to preach at the buryin'. . . . I'm a-leavin' things in a turrible mess. . . . I can't tell ye now—hain't got time. . . . Tell Preacher to tell Louviny an' Min I were sorry. . . . Tell him to try an' pacify 'em. I've heard him pray—about fergivin'. . . . Wisht I could 'a' heard him just oncet more. . . . G'by, boys!"

IT WAS Saturday evening. The farm wagon from Nolichucky bearing the body of Jess Howell reached the boxed house at nightfall. Nobody had come ahead to prepare the stricken widow for the blow, which therefore fell swift and merciless upon her as she sat in the doorway with Aunt Polly, gazing up the shadowy road and fretting because her man was late again for supper.

The driver of the wagon, a kindly teamster from the distant lumber camp, climbed down from the spring seat and came up the little path to the door.

"Is this whar Jess Howell's paw an' maw lives?" he asked.

"No, they live three mile furder up the creek," Louviny replied in a tone of eager curiosity. "This is whar Jess lives hisself. Was he a-sendin' us some p'raps word by you-uns?"

"No, ma'am, he ain't a-sendin' no word to nobody. His wife an' baby's a-settin' in the wagon thar, an' he's out thar too, in his box. Air you some kin of hisn?"

That Louviny neither collapsed under the shock of the tragedy nor blew up in an explosion of demoniac fury is but one of the many mysteries of womankind. Fairer perhaps, to say one of the unsolved problems in the chemistry of human souls. Apparently the burning, consuming alkali of her grief was neutralized by the stinging acid of anger. At any rate the immediate reaction was but a mild effervescence of soft tears and an unnatural calm in the woman's voice as she said: "Ye'll have to have some help, Mister. I'll call over to Cam McRandles an' git his men-folks to come and bring him in the house. Tell that woman, though, she can't come in. *I'm* Jess Howell's wife, an' I'll kill her if she gits out o' the wagon here!"

It was the strangest "wake" ever held on Little Laurel, even in the long memory of Granny McIntyre, who was almost sure she would be a hundred if she lived until next pea-picking time. The house was full of sympathetic neighbors, the news of Jess's tragic home-coming having spread up and down the valley with uncanny swiftness.

Louviny's first composure passed all too soon and left her pitifully torn with conflicting passions, heartbreak, hatred, and remorse. All through the night she tossed and moaned in her chair by the fireside. Every little while though, she would rise and go back to the little lean-to room where Jess lay in his cheap wooden coffin, to call out to him in the harrowing monologues that mountain women are wont to utter when they look upon their dead.

Occasionally too she would turn to the watchers with wrathful imprecations upon "the low-down, no-'count piece of trash" who had brazenly come into the valley with the body, pretending to be the wife of her Jess and obtruding herself upon "a pore grievin' widder woman" in her hour of sorrow.

"Hit's ever' bit jist a pack of lies!" she shouted. "Jess never so much as knowed her—I know that well an' good! She's just some ornery thing that 'lowed he left somethin' an' she figgered on gittin' a sheer of it! I hope to my God I'll git to see her a-layin' in the big road a corpse! I'll see her dead an' in tarmint afore I'll let her 'ten' the buryin' tomorrer!"

SOON after daylight came Preacher Ballard, affectionately known as Uncle Pleas, the patriarch, priest, and prophet of Laurel country. Bent double with rheumatism and the dead weight of his ninety years, he had made the journey from his home up the hollow in a rough farm wagon, seated in his own low chair. Gently the neighbors lifted him out of the wagon, chair and all, and carried him into the house.

At his coming Louviny burst out anew into clamorous grief. "Oh, Lordy, Uncle Pleas!" she wailed. "How ever kin I stand hit? Why couldn't I 'a' been tuck 'stid of him? What am I goin' to do when he don't never come back an' I can't never see him no more? Oh, Lordy, Lordy, hit's too hard to bear!"

It was said of Pleas Ballard that he "weren't the powerfulest preacher ever wuz, anyhow sincet he'd got a-past goin' an' tuck to preachin' settin' down, but he shore was the sweetest prayin' man that ever come to a house of mournin'." There were some, indeed, who could recall the days of his fiery youth, when as a typical hardshell Boanerges he could shake trembling sinners over the pit's mouth with the best of them; but like the greater Son of Thunder of old he had mellowed with the years until the acids of prejudice and intolerance had ripened into the winy sweetness of pity and forbearance.

To hear Pleas Ballard pray, seated in his chair, his hands crossed upon his short staff, his undimmed eyes wide open above his long white beard, was to eavesdrop on a man exchanging confidences with his partner, or to intrude upon a trysting scene. He used no grand terms of adulation; he knew no formalities—not even "thou" and "thee," though his instinctive reverence expressed itself often in a respectful "You, Sir," addressed to the Almighty.

They carried Uncle Pleas into the little room where Jess lay, his boyish features placid as the stars. The old man motioned to the distracted girl widow to sit by his side.

"I've come to talk with ye, Louviny," he began. "They's some things I've found out that ye'll need to know. That pore critter that follered Jess's dead body acrost the mountains an' ye wouldn't let her stop here: I kep' her at my house las' night. It's her I want to tell ye about. An' arter that we'll talk a leetle spell to One that knows a heap more'n you an' me does about these things."

THE sunshine lingered in the open spaces of the narrow valley as the little company of kinsfolk and neighbors filed into the vine-tangled churchyard. Rough hands lowered the coffin into the grave with leather check-reins from a tethered team. Then a man stepped stiffly into the grave, fastened the broad lid of the outer pine box in place, and laid crosswise the short boards that had been prepared to cover the deep inner vault. Then, taking a short shovel, he gently spread a thin covering of earth over the boards. Despite his care, though, hard clods and pieces of broken stone, falling with a hollow thud upon the boards, broke the Sabbath stillness of the churchyard. Then the man, grasping a neighbor's extended hand, pulled himself out of the grave. The men removed their hats. The women edged a little closer to the grave.

Apparently Louviny had not observed Min until the crowd parted slightly as they lifted Preacher Pleas a little closer to the graveside. Then the two women saw each other. Each held at her breast a nursing babe. They stood scarce six feet apart, yet there yawned between them the wide gulf of an implacable hatred, the deepest enmity a woman can harbor against another. Dry-eyed, bitter, sullen, each stood gazing into the grave of her wifely hopes.

Pleas Ballard prayed.

"Hit 'peared to me he was a-lookin' God A'mighty right spang in the face an' a-talkin' to Him with his eyes wide-starin'," Aunt Polly said afterward.

"We're here, Sir," the quiet voice began, "to bury a pore boy that we thought a heap of. A powerful nice boy he was, Sir. But hit's all right, we know, Sir, er hit wouldn't 'a' been the way hit was. We hate it mighty bad, though, that he didn't *allus* do jist right, an' we hope he had time to fix it up with you, Sir, afore he went. He was turrible sorry, he sent an' told me he were. But we want Ye to take pity on these two pore young weemen that's a-standin' here with their leetle babes that hain't got no father today. Hit's nater fer 'em to be all full of hate an' pizen feelin's agin each other. You know how that is, Sir. But we mind the Good Book has a heap to say about fergivin'. Hit's the sweetest word in the Book, an' we wisht Ye'd he'p these pore gals to pray, 'Fergive us our debts as we fergive each other.' "

Those nearest said afterward that though they heard no sound, not even a sob, they marked a quivering of the tight-drawn lips of Louviny Howell. The old man paused as if from weariness, and the two women edged closer to each other. A glance of understanding passed between them, and then, following an ancient symbolism of the hill country, each held out toward the other her own babe. Silently the exchange took place and for a brief space each mother held to her breast the child of the other woman. Silently again each took back her own, and as the kindly neighbors with powerful strokes rapidly filled the grave with the stony earth, the lawful wife and the other woman, sisters in sorrow, turned away and walked side by side out of the darkening churchyard.

A Youth With an Ancient Craft

[*Continued from page 148*]

beach, their father would take them up into the woods for an afternoon at target practice. He taught them how to make their own bows and arrows. "Lew," the youngest of all, developed skill from the first. Soon he outstripped his older brothers. For him archery had a fascination he could not resist. While still a boy, he began to capitalize it.

In need of spending money, he began to look about for means of raising funds. His favorite sport suggested the way, and soon advertisements in boys' magazines announced that L. E. Stemmler would make bows and arrows to sell for a quarter and up to a dollar. Orders came in thick and fast and took up all the spare time he could devote to them until he enlisted in the Navy in the World War. When he returned and went into the export business, he continued to make bows and arrows on the side. Soon, he noticed signs of a revival of enthusiasm for archery. So three years ago he took loft space in New York, turning bowyer and fletcher on a "full-time basis." When he needed more space and more helpers, he moved his little establishment out to Bellaire.

Lights in the shop often burn far into the night in the busy season now, for it takes care to make a good bow, and he and his half-dozen men must turn out a couple of dozen in a day. Their wares go to colleges and camps, to shops and Boy Scout troops, to sportsmen on western game ranges and a great many hunters in the north woods.

When the lights are out in the shop, likely as not they are on in Mr. Stemmler's little office. He will be found there, not polishing a bow, but poring over the ancient lore of "archerie." He has collected a little library of rare works on the subject and has mastered most of their contents.

He has need of this learning in his work, for almost as numerous as his orders are his requests for information on bows and arrows of all kinds.

"I got a letter the other day from a writer of Mongolian adventure stories," he said. "He wanted to know about Mongolian bows. Sure, I could tell him. A man ought to know something about a thing he has worked on a dozen years and more. But if I answered all the letters as they came in, I'd hardly have time to do anything else."

To him the twang of the bow string whispers of prehistoric men, sitting at the mouths of their caves, sharpening bits of flint for the chase; of lion-slaying Assyrian monarchs; of mounted archers of the Golden Horde twanging their horn bows at the capture of Moscow; of Robin Hood and William Tell; of the stout English yeomen who drove whistling cloth-yard shafts at the Battles of Crecy and Agincourt. It is one of the regrets of his life that he missed Agincourt, where, more than five hundred years ago, eight thousand English archers holding forty thousand French knights at bay sunk their gray goose shafts in both armored man and horse at distances reaching up to four hundred yards.

His tales are not all of the past. He can tell of Rocky Mountain grizzlies that have fallen before steel-shod, broadhead arrows, shot by the hands of his friends; of how Dr. Saxon T. Pope and Arthur H. Young, after experience in the Rockies, set out for Africa to hunt big game, with bows and arrows their only arms. He can tell how "Art" Young got one deer, shot him through; and if you don't believe the arrow went in at the hind quarter and came out at the neck, he has the photographs to prove it.

With his own bows and arrows, Mr. Stemmler himself goes in for the Nimrod stuff, as far as the wilds of Long Island will permit. On the south shore of Long Island when the tide is going out, a young man may sometimes be seen, wading among the breakers and shooting arrows into the foam. It is Louis Stemmler, hunting flounders with his bow. In the woods of Long Island the raucous blast of a hunter's horn may sometimes be heard. It is Louis Stemmler calling his friends to see a mallard, a cotton tail or a squirrel pierced with his arrow. Sometimes he finds game nearer home.

"One night," he tells the story, "as I was going home from the shop across the field, I heard a 'hoot, hoot' over my head. I looked up and spotted an owl in a tree. I had a bow and some arrows with me and so I took a shot—pinned the owl to the limb."

If you ever happen to go to the Stemmler shop, you may see trophies of that midnight adventure. He believes that bows and arrows are the weapons for all lovers of true, clean sport.

"Modern fire arms have been so developed and perfected that killing is too easy," he said, "but when you are out with only a bow and arrow, the chances are more on the side of the game. Believe me, anything that the hunter gets he surely deserves."

The antiquity of his craft has woven a sort of spell about this youthful follower of the bowyer and fletcher trade.

"I don't know so much about the benefits of this modern civilization, anyway," is his reflection. "The best schooling you can get is nothing to what you can learn in the woods. I'd rather for a boy to roam around by himself, outdoors, than to get the very best book education there is.

"Then, too, the more things you get, the worse off you are—houses, pianos, radios, autos, and all that. They take up all your time—no chance to sit and bask in the sun and do nothing but just think."

Louis Stemmler would rather have the old-time frame depot for a neighbor than the modern concrete electric railroad station in its place. His shop, where the work is increasing every year, is soon to be moved into a modern brick building, steam heated and all, but his heart aches at the thought of parting with his old wood stove.—FRANCES DREWRY MCMULLEN.

A Genius in Soap

[*Continued from page 146*]

cast in bronze, or to a stonecutter to be put into stone.

"There are very few sculptors who do their own cutting, except for final finishing, and there are fewer who work directly in stone. The result is that we lose a certain feeling which goes with cutting a statue out of a block. I think it was Michelangelo who said that a piece of sculpture should be so thoroughly 'in the round' that it could roll down-hill without breaking pieces off. Most of us have forgotten all about that. Part of it is the artist's fault, because we've grown lazy with easy modeling. Part of it is the fault of the public, which loves the dancing bronzes so well that it scarcely buys anything else.

"This stuff," she patted a twelve-inch cube of soap, "is perfect for cutting. It presents all the problems of a block of stone—except those of sheer physical strength—all the worries of planes and bulk, and the finality of chisel marks. It is the finest thing I know for practice."

Enthusiastic as she is about it, sculpture in soap is a very small part of Brenda Putnam's work. Her fellow artists know her as the woman who won the 1924 Barnett prize at the Academy with her bronze "Sun Dial" and the Avery prize at the Architectural League for her "Fountain for a Formal Garden." Both of them are gay figures of babies at the age when they begin to walk, and it is as a sculptor of real babies, awkward and adorably bumpy, that she is most popular.

She began modeling at the age of twelve, and the school clay proved so fascinating that she informed her family that she was going to be a sculptor. They took her at her word, bought her modeling clay and tools, and turned over to her the paternal den.

Her father has been Librarian of Congress for many years, and it was in Washington that she began those studies in anatomy and composition which form the solid background of her art. Later she went to the Boston Art Museum, and then to New York, where she studied at the Art Students' League. Familiar as she is with European art and culture, her formal education has all been American.

She belongs to a music-loving family, and for a long time her affections were divided between music and sculpture. She plays the piano with exceptional skill, and has been a valuable member of a professional trio. Explaining why she finally decided to make work of sculpture and play of music, she spread her hand out on the friendly bulk of the black piano, a small hand, square, with short, blunt fingers, the hand of a capable artist.

"Look at it," she shook it disgustedly. "It will scarcely reach an octave. No one can be a concert pianist with a hand like that."

So she plays for herself and for her friends. The first thing that welcomes one in her studio is the grand piano. Beyond it, three steps down and opening to a roof-long skylight, the expanse of her working studio can be turned into a concert hall at will.

Her knowledge of music and what it does to those it masters shows in her portrait busts of modern musicians. She made a bronze head of Pablo Casals, the great Spanish cellist, for the Hispanic Museum. Simple and direct, completely absorbed in his music, the very pose of that head suggests his full, rich tone. Harold Bauer, most distinguished pianist, was a very different problem, "as noble-looking as Beethoven one minute, and the next as mischievous as a small boy." She is doing his portrait for the

Beethoven Association, over which he presides.

Her interest in the backs of heads led her to talk of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose bust she is modeling from photographs for the Hall of Fame. The photographs of the middle of the last century were matters of hard chairs and tight clamps, calculated to hold the squirming victim in a state of quiet, if acute, discomfort. No one ever dreamed of photographing the great abolitionist from the rear, and Miss Putnam had to fall back on her knowledge of anatomy and character. She is prouder of the back of that head than the front.

"We are so obsessed with features," she declared, "that we have come to think of faces as the most important parts of people. They aren't. You recognize a friend walking down the street ahead of you, when you can't see his face at all. It is a matter of the way he moves, the swing of his arms, the carriage of his head. One can camouflage a face, and make it say all sorts of things, but you can't play tricks with the back of your head.

"In the same way the back of a piece of sculpture is really more important than the front. The thing which distinguishes a good piece of sculpture is its ability to make you walk around it. Your normal impulse is to look at the front of it, and the back must have strength, and interest, and reality, and beauty to draw you away. Otherwise, why bother to do more than one side?"

Brenda Putnam's own work is the best proof of her theories. All of it, bronzes, marbles, tiny soap statues, lure your eye around the corner, entice you to look from just one more angle, give you interest and beauty from every view-point. Shadows play strange tricks with it, change its expressions and its meanings as though it were alive. And the ability to attract shadows for just such purposes is a fair test of a sculptor's skill.—MILDRED ADAMS.

We Must March

[*Continued from page 142*]

and began asking questions about the Cayuse and about Spalding's work among the Nez Percés.

He was a good listener and Marcus was eager to ask his opinion on many of the problems of Indian character. The two men differed essentially in all matters of creed and spiritual conduct, yet they took to each other mightily. When Marcus asked the clergyman to hold service for him the following day, Lee laughed and said,

"I suppose I'm not to preach a doctrinal sermon!"

"The Indians won't mind, but I might be moved to rise in meeting and contradict you, which would upset my few poor converts terribly. The priest at Fort Walla Walla has done enough of that."

Lee flushed. "Do you know that Père Blanchet had the impertinence to insist on repeating the Catholic marriage service over the marriages I've performed at my mission?" he cried.

"I'd have felt like—like—" began Marcus indignantly.

Narcissa suddenly laughed. "Like proving one can't have Christian feelings toward a Catholic, I suppose!"

The two men laughed with her and a moment later Lee agreed to preach a non-doctrinal sermon.

Sunday passed uneventfully and on Monday, at dawn, the Whitmans sped Lee on his long journey.

Once more the days settled down to uneventfulness. The Indians departed for camas then for salmon and buffalo. Late in June the Whitmans began to expect word from the Methodist Mission regarding Mrs. Lee, and Marcus returned from a preaching trip to the buffalo camp in order to be within immediate reach. When the fourth of July passed without news, Marcus resolved to start for the Williamette, and began his preparations at once for leaving on the sixth. But, on the afternoon of the fifth a courier galloped up to the door, a courier in a scarlet coat, on a foaming horse.

"Well, Miles!" cried the doctor, "what good wind brings you?"

"Not a very good wind, Doctor!" replied Miles, his young face curiously serious. "Mrs. Lee died on June twenty-sixth. Her baby died June seventh."

Marcus groaned. "Why didn't they send for me? Why didn't they! Narcissa!" as his wife appeared at the door, "Poor Mrs. Lee is gone, and her baby too."

"It was a boy," said Miles huskily.

Narcissa did not speak. She looked from the two men to Mount Hood, quivering in unearthly beauty against the sky. As she gazed, she was swept by such bitterness of spirit that her heart actually seemed to burn within her. Was there no limit to the sacrifice God asked of women? For what reason had He led Ann Pitman by that terrible ship journey round the Horn, to the mission on the Williamette, to marriage with Jason Lee, if only death was to be her portion?

Marcus and Miles watched Narcissa with something of awe in their eyes: as if they felt that hers was an understanding of the tragedy that a man could not compass.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Trawler

[*Continued from page 118*]

thwart, his arms folded over the gunnel and his forehead resting on his arms. His woolen shirt was gone from him. I looked back and in the waist of the dory I saw it, where they had taken it off me; and the sail of the boat he had wrapped around me and his woolen mitts.

I lifted his head to see his face. If ever a man smiled, 'twas he was smiling as I looked. "Skipper! O, skipper!" I called out; and again "O, skipper!"

One of the men who had been rubbing my feet touched my shoulder.

"Come away, boy; the voice o' God called him afore you."

And so Hugh Glynn came to his green grave ashore; and so I came home to marry Mary Snow; and in the end to father the children which may or may not grow as great as he predicted. But great in the eyes of the world they could become, greater than all living men, it might be, and yet fall far short in our eyes of the stature of the man who thought that 'twas better for one to live than for two to die, and that one not to be himself.

Desperate he was and lawbreaking, for law is law, whosoever it bears hard upon; but the heart was warm within him. And if my children have naught else, and it is for their mother and me to say, the heart to feel for others they shall have; and having that, the rest may follow or not, as it will; which would be Hugh Glynn's way of it, too, I think.

A Pioneer Camera Man

[*Continued from page 68*]

all the newspapers had ordered a squad of selected men on duty at the Hotel Touraine an hour earlier than they had been accustomed to report.

Consequently, 8 A.M. saw the police arrive to keep in order a rapidly assembling crowd of guests, reporters and curious people from the street. In a few seconds, a carriage drew up to the main entrance of the hotel and Thomas W. Lawson stepped out. He stood at the end of the clerk's desk "cooling his heels" as he put it, for over an hour. Nothing happened. In the crowd the late "Diamond Jim" Brady who did not know either one of the principals, looked on the unusual gathering as a source of mirth. A rumor had spread that Colonel Greene was at breakfast, but as the time passed everybody became impatient. Lawson shifted his weight from one foot to the other in nervous restlessness. Eventually there was a stir at the far end of the lobby where the main dining-room was located. Greene emerged with the late James Creelman and made for the elevators. Lawson strode forward and they met directly in front of a waiting car. The crowd gasped as Lawson held out his hand and said, "Hello, Colonel Greene, I'm glad to see you." Perforce, Greene responded, "Hello, Lawson, come up to my room, won't you?" The elevator took them away from the fascinated spectators. As we ascended it occurred to me that my caution had turned into burlesque what might have been cause for adding another "notch" to Greene's gun, or, at least, might have so altered Lawson's career that the sugar market would never have absorbed his millions.

During our several hours' session, things were patched up amicably. Lawsons' messages to the papers and the police had turned the tables so that a threatened tragedy became a mirthful party and erstwhile enemies pledged a lasting truce. The only thing lost during that time was my "scoop." For newspaper artists had been busy making sketches of both men. But I did have something that recompensed me—the satisfaction that comes with keeping faith and being loyal to the newsgatherer's idea of playing the game.

I had the privilege of taking the first photograph of the late John Singer Sargent, the first American to be honored with election to that most distinguished of artistic societies, the Royal Academy of England. He had come to Boston to install his now famous "Redemption of Man" in the Boston Public Library about twenty-two years ago. Boston had claimed Sargent as a native son, because of his parentage, although he was born in Italy where his mother was residing temporarily.

Much had been written about him in the American press, but there was not a photographic likeness of John S. Sargent in any newspaper or magazine office throughout the length and breadth of the United States for the simple reason that he had never posed before a camera. A desperate effort to snap-shot him on the steamer and on the pier at his arrival in New York had resulted in the picture of "A Man Holding the Lapel of His Overcoat Before His Face." It was an evident attempt to frustrate the photographers. The knowledge of these facts spurred my desire to "get" him.

Mr. Sargent was a house guest of the late

J. Montgomery Sears, Boston's wealthiest citizen, so I rang the door bell of the Sears mansion on the corner of Arlington Street and Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, about 5 P.M. It was an hour, I figured, that would bring the butler to the door without attracting other attention. I was disappointed. For Mr. Sears happened to be in the hall and before the butler could answer my inquiry for Sargent, interposed disconcertingly in a gruff voice, "Why are you bothering Mr. Sargent like this? He doesn't want to see you." And the millionaire closed the door before I could muster a reply. Perhaps I wasn't glad that none of my confreres in newspaper work had the satisfaction of seeing me so rebuffed! I went across the street to the Public Garden and sitting on a bench, tried hard to soothe my injured feelings and to arouse new courage. I succeeded.

I decided to call again two hours later when the master of the house would probably be at dinner. This time my strategy worked with a vengeance. The door opened. With great assurance, I asked if Mr. Sargent was at dinner. The butler, either unsuspecting or disinterested in the earlier incident (perhaps, it was his duty not to have heard) promptly informed me that Mr. Sargent was dining with Mr. and Mrs. —— on Marlboro Street. So to Mr. ——'s home I went. It was within easy walking distance. A maid answered the bell, and, as if expecting some one, assured me that Mr. Sargent was in the den, one flight up, off the hall in front. In the small room, alone, was the master painter. He listened with surprising patience while I explained the purpose of my visit, and he must have been impresssed with my arguments for he agreed to go with me to a photographer's studio at ten o'clock the following morning.

Accordingly I drove up to the big stone Sears mansion next morning with a pair of horses and a liveried driver just on the dot of 9:30, and at 9:50 John Singer Sargent, with top-coat and cane, stepped into the hall ready to keep his engagement.

It was a few minutes' drive to the photograph studio on Tremont Street and with everything primed, it took hardly fifteen minutes to get eight negatives. Five of these met with later approval, were published as a "spread" and were advertised as a special feature of the Boston *Herald* a week later. But prior to this, the publication of his first photograph, I took the proofs by arrangement with Mr. Sargent to the Sears home where they were freely criticized for minor defects and three were eliminated. The most interested person in the examination of these first crude prints was the gentleman who had so harshly frowned on my enterprise—Mr. J. Montgomery Sears.

At the height of a whirlwind political campaign in 1900, the Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio and Chairman of the National Republican Committee, better known as "Mark" Hanna, came to Boston. It was at least five years since he had attained nationwide prominence through his association with the political fortunes of William McKinley, and though he had been the subject of numerous caricatures and sketches which newspapers and other publications generally had reproduced, yet good photographic likenesses of him were rare.

He arrived in Boston in company with the Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and at that time Treasurer of the National Republican Committee of which Hanna was then Chairman. I sent up my card and on entering went directly to the purpose of my call. I told Senator Hanna of the desire for good photographs of him and explained that the Boston *Herald* (at that time an independent Democratic paper) was especially desirous of securing these pictures and had authorized me to get them.

Quick as a flash the Senator came back at me with a reference to the editorial that had appeared in that morning's *Herald*, saying, "I met the editor in Washington only last week. Perhaps that is his opinion of me. But it makes me out a person unfit to mingle in polite society. I guess the *Herald* will have to be content with *that* picture." Mr. Bliss joined in with, "That's just right, I wouldn't do it." It was a bombshell to me. I muttered something about not having seen the editorial in question. The Senator replied that he knew I wasn't responsible for it, but the fact that it had appeared made his decision final. Then rather sheepishly, I bowed myself out of the room.

As I descended I found the lobby full of newspaper men waiting to be summoned to the Hanna-Bliss suite. I had suffered an unexpected set-back and visions of what might have been arose to make my chagrin more poignant. What was I to do about it? As if in answer to my mental question, I ran into the Boston *Journal's* political man waiting with the others for his summons. I called him aside, told him I was about to telephone his city editor and asked him to wait for the result before going up.

IT WAS quick work. I sold the *Journal* city editor a distinctive and exclusive Hanna photograph for the morning's feature story. I was authorized to inform the *Journal* representative of this new arrangement. This I did but I added to the message a request that since he was about to interview Senator Hanna (I kept quiet about my being turned down) I would depend upon him to make arrangements for a *special* sitting. Meantime, I decided to strengthen my position by appealing to the Hon. George von L. Meyer, then Republican National Committeeman for Massachusetts.

It was his duty to escort Hanna and Bliss to meet the business men of the city with a view to enlisting their support in the forthcoming campaign. In fact, this was the reason for the Hanna visit. The assembled reporters had been gone from the lobby but a few minutes when Mr. Meyer entered. I caught him on his way to the elevators and urged his good offices. I stressed the *Journal's* interest (at that time it was the leading Republican newspaper in New England) but made it clear that all the papers would like to have new photographs of the Senator-Chairman.

A very finished gentleman was Mr. Meyer. He later was appointed Ambassador to Italy, then to Russia, then Postmaster-General and finally Secretary of the Navy. He smiled, and inquired about the arrangements—the time it would take and the certainty of readiness at the studio. I assured him on all points.

"Very well," he said, "we shall take a short drive around the Common and you may expect us at the studio in about twenty minutes."

Thanking him, I rushed to the studio. They had been forewarned and were ready with cameras loaded and assistants instructed to get as many "shots" as possible by quick handling of plates.

The party drove up to the curb on time. First Mark Hanna, then Mr. Bliss posed until several negatives of each had been taken. It was over in twenty minutes. The highly satisfactory results not only enabled the *Journal* to feature a full-page exclusive pose of Hanna on the following day, but other papers also made use of additional poses, the *Journal* graciously waiving claim to all but one exclusive pose.

SENATOR Hanna was satisfied at having done a gracious act in gratifying a genuine press requirement. I have never heard what he thought of the special photograph published in the *Herald* (one of the additional poses) but I feel sure that whatever he thought, it must have been in the manner of a "big man," untroubled by little things gone awry. Otherwise he may have seen in its accomplishment some measure of benefit to the young reporter whose hopes he had felt constrained to frustrate.

The late Mrs. John L. Gardner—"Mrs. Jack"—as Boston society knew her, was the acknowledged leader of the exclusive Back Bay set and she was, perhaps, as well known at Newport and at other resorts where society was represented, as any social queen.

As a person of outstanding interest and importance, she was a subject of news stories and her movements and receptions were always noted in the society pages of other cities. Her devotion to art, as exemplified in her Italian Palace on the Boston Fenway built especially to house her collection of paintings, sculpture and other masterpieces, was known throughout the world of art, while her patronage of music was enthusiastic and substantial.

But with all the publicity that for more than twenty years had made hers a name known to the society pages of every large newspaper, there had never appeared in any publication a photograph of this exceptionally clever and wealthy matron. She had eluded all pursuit of her in that respect, and she is credited with having frequently boasted of it.

This was the situation when a special assignment was given to me one day by the Art Manager of the Boston *Herald* with a promise of my own price for it. I was to go out and get a photograph—any photograph—of Mrs. John L. Gardner. Others had failed and failure, therefore, meant no serious reflection on my ability. Perhaps the matter would have been regarded as a joke had I never reported on it; certainly it was understood that success would come only after continued effort extending, maybe, to other cities.

By a process of elimination, I finally arrived at an inconspicuous, unpretentious old studio on Arlington Street, where three flights above the sidewalk, pictures scattered over a small table were convincing proof of the photographer's artistic accomplishments. Here, by merest chance, I discovered that the society leader had posed for her friends in widow's weeds, bonnet and veil. I knew that the picture could be obtained only through my ability to so impress the photographer that he would supply it on his own responsibility. A nonchalant manner would help, I thought. Not a single copy of the photograph was to be found but, after some urging, the photographer agreed to bring the approved negative from the files in his suburban home.

He did so, and too impatient to wait another day for a print, I borrowed the negative assuring him that it would be returned the same day. He was rather curious as to my purpose. This, too, I explained, taking care to give him full credit for the superior merit of this photograph over "any I had seen" of Mrs. Gardner.

With somewhat of a flourish, I laid the photograph before Mr. Hynes, Art Manager of the Boston *Herald*, four days after he had "twittingly" assigned me to an impossible task. He was startled and incredulous, as it seemed to me. Realizing that he had something of the nature of a prize, he and Mr. Holmes, at that time publisher of the *Herald*, decided to publish the photograph as a full-page feature in the Sunday issue. This exclusive "scoop" resulted in the discarding of numerous prints purporting to be likenesses of Mrs. Gardner which had found their way into newspaper offices in the larger cities. Subsequently, careful inquiry led to the information that early indignation had resolved itself into resignation as a genuine photograph replaced the almost "libelous caricatures" of Mrs. John L. Gardner.

The beautiful actress Lillie Langtry has been referred to as the "Jersey Lily" because of her unusual comeliness and the fact that her birthplace was the isle of Jersey in the English Channel. During her tour of the United States she was attracting packed houses and was naturally an object of great public interest. In answer to the voracious appetite of an interested public, the press ran stories of her for nearly a quarter of a century, featuring her appearance at affairs unrelated to the theatre and detailing descriptions of her gowns. Public interest was heightened because of the attention shown her by the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII of England. The photographs accompanying these items were invariably stage pictures, either in character or in approved pose and attire. Nothing of the woman apart from her profession was available for illustration. Naturally it was my ambition to secure a special sitting of this famous actress.

So I called on "Mrs. Langtry" or rather Mrs. Hugo de Bathe, as she wished to be addressed in private, at the Hollow Street Theatre in Boston. It was easy enough to call. But it was more difficult to see the actress, for I found my way barred by a clever French secretary who could and would answer for "Madame." I was told to call at the hotel next day for "Madame's" decision. When I obeyed instructions I found a noticeable degree of cordiality as if to atone for the frosty reception of the day before. Mrs. de Bathe assured me that she had been forced to leave to her secretary all meetings with reporters since so many "irrepressible pressmen" had beset her path.

Then came the surprise. It seems the two had arranged for a drive around Boston on the following day and they wanted me to accompany them as guide. On that drive their fertile imaginations were fully alive to the change of rôle they had forced on me. Instead of securing an interview, I was the one interviewed. Nevertheless I enjoyed to the utmost the two hours' drive through the suburbs of Boston, answering their delightful quizzes and giving them much information. The "Lily" was much amused by some current yarns about people of whom she had heard but whom she did not know. I can now recall the zest with which she listened to them and her suppressed mirth when she said they were very "diverting." Toward the end of the drive she graciously revived the purpose of my introduction and we made a visit to the photographer where I secured what I had started out to seek—a picture of Lillie Langtry, the woman.

A Hill-Billy Schoolmarm

[*Continued from page 86*]

she tells it, seated in a comfortable chair in the high-ceilinged room of the mansion where she was "born and raised," as they say in Georgia. She lives with her mother across the road from the schools, watched over (as well as anybody can watch over Martha Berry) by her old colored mammy, an astonishing ancient who looks for all the world like the effigy in black stone of some Egyptian Pharaoh.

"I started with five tattered little children in a log cabin that still stands not far from the road," she says, "telling Bible stories on Sundays. They called me the Sunday lady and it was wonderful the way they came from far and wide to hear me tell them the old Bible stories—wonderful and touching. But I realized soon that they needed more than an hour of mine once a week. I started a little school in the mountains near by, paying a teacher for part time work. That was all right as far as it went, and I started eight other schools, driving from one to another with an old horse called Roany, who is living yet in honored retirement. But there were squabbles between the teachers and the families which I couldn't control, so I began to dream of a school of my own. I had visions of training leaders and sending them out.

"I talked it over with my family and friends. They weren't a bit enthusiastic. They all said, 'Why do you want to do anything like that? Only unattractive people do things of that kind. Get some new clothes, give a house party and get married! But don't go into that kind of work.'

"THAT discouraged me, but it struck me that I had some land of my own and could give it for a school. I didn't let this thought grow cold. I jumped right into the buggy and drove to town to see a lawyer friend of mine. I paid a little boy to hold my horse while I went in and talked things over with the lawyer. When he heard what I wanted to do he asked me whether I was sick, and told me to think it over very seriously. But I laughed and told him I knew my own mind, and he drew up the deed of incorporation of the school and the deed for the transfer of my land. Some of my family were pretty angry. You see ladies in the South weren't supposed to do that sort of thing, not at that time anyway, and they resented my using the family name. There was a good deal of bitterness for awhile, and some of them aren't quite over it yet.

"But, of course, I went ahead. I had a small dormitory put up while I sat under a tree and watched the building go up. I had a grand time fixing it up. I got some things from home and bought some cots."

Here one of Miss Berry's very attractive sisters interrupts the story. "Martha certainly got things from home," she remarks dryly. "Once I went abroad with another sister of ours, leaving behind a couple of trunks of clothes we knew we'd want when we got back, for we knew we'd be too poor by that time to buy new ones. We locked the trunks, knowing Martha's ways. But when we came home we found that Martha had given everything away, even the trunks."

Martha Berry laughs softly at that. "Yes," she murmurs. "It is wonderful to give things away, even other people's things."

THE completion of the first building marked the beginning of a struggle which has continued unbroken for over twenty years. The school has never had enough money and during the first months and years it was a task, even more exacting than the effort to secure funds, to bring the beautiful vision down to earth, to crystallize the dream.

"None of us really knew what we were trying to do," says Miss Berry, "or how we were going to do it. I wanted the boys to learn not only reading and writing, but agriculture, carpentry, housework, everything they would need to know when they went back to their homes. We just groped our way from point to point."

The problem of financing the school was staggering. "Every one got discouraged," says Miss Berry, "even the teachers. They weren't afraid any more of going to the poorhouse, they said; they were in it already. The boys rebelled at doing the washing until I showed them I wasn't afraid to do it myself; there was sickness and then a fire."

The fire burned down the schoolhouse, but the boys who anticipated a holiday got left. The fire occurred on a Sunday; services were held in the rain, under umbrellas; school met next day under the open sky. That was characteristic of Martha Berry.

When the treasury was completely empty, the faculty and the pupils one day prayed for help. Miss Berry laughs as she tells about it. "When people get to praying," she says, "you have to get busy." Getting busy in this case meant an adventurous trip to New York for contributions. Rebuff followed rebuff. There was a trip to a Brooklyn church in a blinding snowstorm in which she wandered for an hour or more, hopelessly lost; an appeal to the congregation as it was breaking up, a contribution or two, a letter of recommendation and, in consequence, her first large check—five hundred dollars.

It was "an awful up-hill business," but "*Prayer changes things*," and, little by little, support came. One by one, her school gained friends. And the pathos of the appeal of those who had come from the mountains and the gratitude of those who went back, trained in the school Martha Berry had created, were better than money or friends. There are countless tales which might be told of ragged boys and girls coming to Berry, begging for the opportunity to learn. "The question of discipline is practically negligible here," said one of the teachers to a visitor, "because they all come here hungry for education."

One day, some fifteen years ago, a boy came to the school driving a yoke of oxen. "These hyar oxen is all I hev in the world," he said to Miss Berry. "I'll give 'em to you if you'll give me an education." Miss Berry closed the bargain. A year or two ago, the University of Georgia gave Miss Berry an honorary degree. As she stepped on the platform, that same boy, now a professor of agronomy, greeted her, in academic cap and gown. "I beat you to it, Miss Berry," he whispered.

Martha Berry is a year or two under sixty, not over tall, with features designed, it would seem, to make the most of a disposition naturally given to laughter. You remember her laughing; it is harder to visualize her face in repose. She does not in the least fit the picture either of the efficient woman who get things done, or of the seer or the religious mystic. With her comfortable figure, her round face, her white hair, she looks first of all like a grandmother, a youngish grandmother, gentle and gracious, a perfect hostess in the old white-pillared mansion which was the home of her youth, at ease, carefree, living for the day. If ever there was the velvet glove over the iron hand, it is true in the case of Martha Berry.

But there is no question about the iron hand. An old carpenter at the Girls' School told a characteristic story.

"I remember once," he remarked, "how I was working on the grounds and she came up to me an' says, 'I've got some guests coming to see the school tomorrow and I want everything looking right. This place here is an awful eyesore.'

"Well, it was. A big place sixty foot square, all uneven, and what green there was was weeds.

" 'Tomorrow morning,' she says, 'I want to see a nice lawn here like the rest.'

" 'But, Miss Mattie,' I says, 'grass don't grow overnight.'

"Well, there was no arguing with her, I knew that. So I got together a gang of boys and went down to a pasture and cut the sod an' laid it down an' rolled it an' sprinkled it an', yo' know, next morning when Miss Mattie come out to see, that piece of lawn looked like it had

The Magic of Print

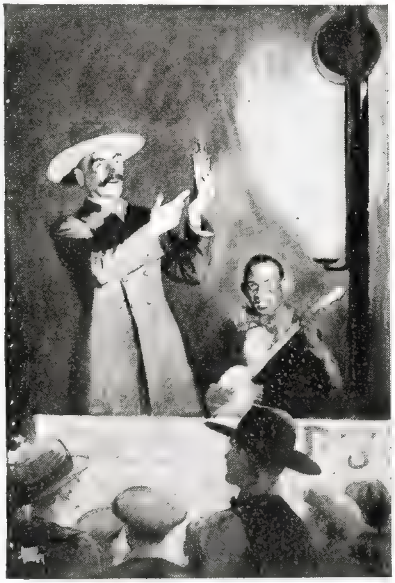
THE old patent-medicine fakir knew well the magic of print. And the army of quacks who followed him have made use of the same magic. Most men and women accept without question *printed* statements which they might discredit were the same words *spoken*.

You will find quacks trailing along in the wake of every announcement of important medical research, with false claims of their "discoveries", their fake mechanical appliances and special treatments, their "health institutes" and their offers of free diagnosis and treatment by mail.

Millions for Fake "Cures"

Fake-medicine labels are more cautious than they used to be. The U. S. Government, through the Federal Food and Drugs Act, forbids false or misleading statements on the trade package. But this Act does not prohibit lying statements in advertisements, circulars, or window displays.

The vultures who prey on the sick advertise various remedies each guaranteed to cure a specific disease—tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes, kidney trouble, blood diseases, skin eruptions, epilepsy and almost every other serious ailment.



"Read the Label"

"DON'T take my word for it that this medicine will cure you! Don't take anybody's word! Read the label and see for yourself," the street corner patent-medicine fakir urged as he held up a bottle containing some colored liquid guaranteed to cure a long list of ailments and diseases. His confederate in the crowd asked to see a bottle—and then the sales began.

Sick folk are pitifully easy victims. They experiment and hope—tragically—until it is too late. Waiting even a few weeks to try out a new patent medicine or a course of treatments at some dubious "health institute", may mean death which might have been prevented by the right medical care.

Cancer and Consumption "Cures"

Of late there has been a renewed wave of advertising of specific cancer and tuberculosis "cures". No medicine has ever been found that can be depended upon to cure these diseases—despite seemingly substantiated claims of manufacturers. Testimonials count for little. Many quacks are still using testimonials signed by people who died years ago from the very diseases of which they claimed they had been cured.

When a cure for tuberculosis or cancer *is* found magazines and newspapers will shout the glorious news.

Do not be deceived by the magic of print. Avoid advertised "cures". If you are sick see your doctor.

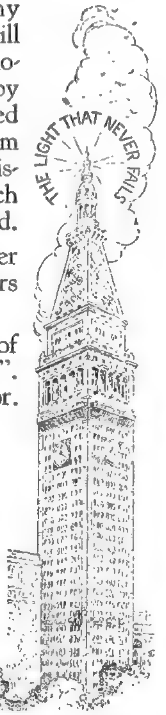
Although no specific remedy for the cure of tuberculosis has been found at the time this is written and scientists are working constantly on the problem—there are literally hundreds of nostrums offered to the public as guaranteed cures.

Against this cruel exploitation of the sick, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invites the cooperation of editors and publishers everywhere.

It is true that the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced about 50% during the past 10 years and each year shows an improvement. This great battle is being won by a campaign of education through which people are being taught that although tuberculosis cannot be cured by medicine it can be prevented and even checked in its early stages and perhaps be permanently arrested—by fresh air, sunshine, rest and the right kind of nourishing food.

Booklets giving recent and authoritative information concerning Tuberculosis and Cancer will be mailed free upon request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

been there twenty years. She wanted that lawn an' I reckon she knew I'd find a way."

That episode was quite characteristic of Martha Berry. You have the feeling that if ever she came to believe that there was such a word as "impossible" in the lexicon of heaven, her power would instantly vanish.

On her desk is the motto: *Prayer changes things.* She has proof that it does.

Like Mark Twain's hero, she is constantly attempting the impossible—and doing it. No obstacle seems to daunt her; moving mountains is a part of her day's work. Again and again, without a cent in the treasury and with no assurance of a dollar to come, she has enlarged a department, drawn plans for a new building or taken an option on some huge stretch of land which she felt was essential to the future growth of the school, and, at the eleventh hour, has scraped the money together. For her, in a comical fashion at times, all things have worked together for good.

THE strange thing about this extraordinary woman is that she is, as I have suggested, the farthest removed from the go-getter type. Begging expeditions are sheer torture. She can never quite get over the feeling that she is begging for herself, even though she has never accepted a cent of salary from the schools. She has no special gifts of eloquence or persuasion. She can shake men and women to the foundations, but she shakes them not by her words but by the completeness of her own belief in her work. A "hustler," a mere efficient executive could never have accomplished what she has done. It has been less the wise mind than the believing spirit which has built her great schools. She has pressed forward on the principle that the pure endeavor, born of self-effacing love, is invincible. And even the skeptic must admit that her schools present some powerful evidence to support her faith. If she is a mystic, she is a mystic of a very modern type, putting the emphasis, let us guess, not so much on the personal interposition of the Deity as on the unfoldment of eternal laws.

She is an artist without quite realizing it. As there are men who cannot make anything without establishing an eyesore, so Martha Berry cannot put up a building or construct a road without adding a new note or strain of beauty to the harmony of the picture she has created. Beauty of architecture, beauty of color, of movement, of sound, are as important factors to her in the education of her boys and girls as the three R's. It is deeply stirring to see the file of girls in blue gingham and pink sunbonnets moving through the trees to the chapel (itself a jewel of beauty) from the north to meet the file of boys in blue denim overalls moving through the trees from the south. The meeting on the chapel steps is curiously impressive as boy and girl, clear-eyed, with head erect, walk together into the church.

Without revealing the slightest trace of artistic temperament, Martha Berry is actually "of imagination all compact," an extraordinary example of the blending of the imaginative with the practical. At the Girls' School and the Boys' School, a mile apart, the practical is dominant, but on Lavender Mountain above the elementary or Foundation School, at the end of the Road of Remembrance (built by the boys of Berry as a memorial to the Berry graduates who died in the War), the imaginative element in her holds solitary sway. On the top of the mountain, where you can look into five states, her boys and girls have built her a place of refuge called the House o' Dreams. But she goes there rarely. Her place, she would say, is in the valley where the work is going on.

And the work has a significance and even a splendor which no one can realize who has not seen that great human machine in operation. There are few schools in the country for the rich which give their pupils so balanced an education as those penniless children of the mountains receive. Not the head only, but the hand, the heart and the spirit are trained at Berry. There is little talk about the dignity of labor, but everybody, young and old, seems tacitly to recognize it. There is no talk of esthetics, but beauty is everywhere, and the creation of it a part of the daily life. There never was such singing as you hear at Berry. The religious spirit is strangely beautiful and a little overwhelming in its simple sincerity. With the memory of the clanging civilization of the twentieth century in your ears, this place which Martha Berry has created—an island of quiet living under the eye of God—seems unreal until suddenly it occurs to you that here is a bold assertion of the fundamental realities against which that thing which most of us call living appears the most tawdry of counterfeits.

The gratitude and devotion of the boys and girls at the school are open and clear. At a meeting in the chapel every reference to Martha Berry is greeted with fervid applause, and the response to a casual query regarding her is instant. The faces light up, the voices grow warm. She meets Roosevelt's primary test—she "carries her own ward."

ROOSEVELT, who always attracted interesting people and progressive ideas, was her friend and helper from the day (about 1908) when she took her courage in her hand and invaded the White House. She had met him at a reception in Atlanta. Three or four years later, when funds were growing but the school was growing even faster, she bethought herself of his friendly interest. She armed herself with a book of photographs and proceeded to Washington.

"A YEAR AGO two friends and myself stayed nine weeks prospecting in an arid region of Mexico—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go'."

V. C. SPIES, Barrett, Cal.

Now they are *really* well

Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

* * *

EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

"FOR SIX YEARS I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I began eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast."

KATE D. MEARES, College Place, S. C.

FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST

She was an inconspicuous figure in sedate brown as she waited outside the President's office. At last her turn came. She told her errand quickly; she needed friends, wealthy, powerful friends. Roosevelt studied the pictures. She told one story after the other of boys who had come to her unable even to read or write and had been set on the road to useful American citizenship, pathetic tales most of them, all of them deeply stirring.

Her fifteen minutes passed. "I am taking too long, Mr. President."

"No, go on, go on."

At the door appeared a secretary. There was an assorted collection of statesmen, it seemed, in the anteroom—Senators, ambassadors.

"Let them wait," directed Roosevelt. "Go on, Miss Berry. This is the real thing!"

Martha Berry went on.

"When they tried to interrupt me," said Roosevelt afterwards, "I said, 'Let them wait.' I thought that Miss Berry's work was a great deal more important than the work of the statesmen who were waiting to see me at that moment. I do not mean to say that sometimes the work of statesmen is not very important indeed, but it cannot often be as important as this."

Harry Stillwell Edwards, noted author and journalist, said about Miss Berry: "I have been intimately associated with newspapers and the development of Southern ideals for forty years, and I can bear witness that the finest thing in the South today is the Martha Berry school; the finest woman Martha Berry; the finest inspiration, her life of service and sacrifice. No wonder that Roosevelt admired her. To his great understanding heart and sympathetic soul she must have appealed powerfully—a woman who, with her back in the mountains, has for twenty years fought evil dauntlessly with the Roosevelt spirit and suffered with the Roosevelt patience."

A great soul is Martha Berry. And she is still struggling, and still prayer is "changing things," and helping her to go forward.

The Lizard's Tail

[*Continued from page 59*]

quite accurately centered on the drawing. It would be slightly above or below the true center, I suppose."

"Excellent—and most useful. Now I think that concludes our operations here."

Kittredge looked up in surprise at this apparent termination of the proceedings. MacIver, seeing his expression, laughed.

"Oh, there's plenty more to do, General, but we don't do it here. If you will be so good as to stay in this room, the boy and I will arrange a continuation of the entertainment. Bring your case, Duggie."

A metallic clink sounded from Churchill's brief-case as he picked it up.

"What have you got there, boy?" asked Kittredge.

"Oh, a young carpenter's shop MacIver wanted."

"Wanted is not quite the *mot juste*," retorted MacIver in a mock serious expostulation. "'Suggested' is the really accurate term. For my reputation's sake, I may inform you that I expect to find all we want ready provided by the originators of this little game. Yon outfit's just a precaution. Now if you'll excuse us, Kit, we'll arrange for your further diversion."

THE two of them left the room. Kittredge heard them walk away down the corridor followed by what seemed to the general, as he tramped the room impatiently, at least half an hour's silence, though by his watch it was just ten minutes. The sudden ringing of the telephone bell startled him violently. Still standing, he picked up the instrument.

"Maybe you wouldn't mind just taking a rest in your chair, General," drawled MacIver's voice, apparently far away. "Thank you," he went on, as Kittredge sat down, astonished. "Now perhaps you wouldn't mind just giving a glance at that grating in the wall yonder——"

Kittredge did so; a bright light appeared to be burning inside the grill. With an exclamation, he hurriedly put down the receiver and strode across toward the wall; but as he did so the light disappeared completely and he thought he heard Churchill's laugh in the receiver behind him. Stooping, he peered intently through the grating—and saw nothing whatever but the dusty back of the shaft. Dissatisfied, he seized a ruler from the desk and prodded vigorously through the holes; but the ruler encountered nothing but the metal at the back of the shaft behind which was evidently firm brick or stone. The sides proved equally innocent, and from what little he could see or reach, the shaft was perfectly clear and ordinary. Nevertheless, as he seated himself again, the light reappeared through the grating, moved about in the aperture, grew dim, and finally vanished again in total silence. The effect was extraordinarily uncanny.

He heard MacIver's remote voice calling him from the receiver. "Don't you think," said the voice as he picked it up again, "that's a verra pretty little conjuring trick, eh, General? Now will you open the safe and set the defense plans on the desk exactly as if you were working

"Everyone owns a car but us"~

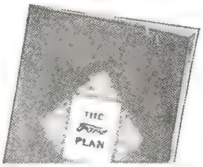
You, too, can own an automobile without missing the money, and *now* is the time to buy it—through the easiest and simplest method ever devised.

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

Thousands of families, who thought a car was out of the question because of limited incomes, found that they could easily, quickly and surely buy a car of their own under this remarkable plan.

You *can* own an automobile and you *should*. It will mean so much to you. It will add much to the happiness of your family that is worth while. It will bring the most glorious pleasures into your life. It will increase your chances for success. It will give you and your family a social and business prestige that will be invaluable—and which you, and every family, should enjoy. A car is a symbol of success—a mark of achievement, and it brings opportunities to you that you would probably never secure otherwise. You should have a car of your own, and *you can.*

The Ford Plan makes it possible for anyone to own an automobile. It is so easy, simple and practical that many who could easily pay "spot cash" take advantage of it—and buy their car from weekly earnings. The plan is simply wonderful! Before you realize it you are driving your own automobile. If you have felt that you did not make enough to buy a car, you must read The Ford Plan Book. Send for it. See how easy it is to get a car of your own, *now*, and pay for it without missing the money. It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it? *But it is true.* Get the book—at once. *Mail the Coupon Today. This book will be sent by return mail.*



Ford Motor Company
Detroit

IT IS EASY TO OWN A CAR BY USING THIS PLAN

COUPON

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Dept. F-3., Detroit, Michigan

Please send me your book, "The Ford Plan" which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

Name ____________________

R. F. D. Box or St. & No. ____________________

Town ____________ *State* ____________ on them. And then be ready for a little shock."

The other end hung up before he could ask any questions.

Kittredge, obeying orders as patiently as he could, secured the drawing as usual with the paper-weights and sat before it waiting developments. He had waited scarcely a second when there came a dazzling flash of bluish-green light followed by another in rapid succession; then a wave of blurred darkness as his retina recovered from the sudden glare.

By an instinctive reaction his eyes turned to the window; but realizing at once there could have been no lightning, he directed his gaze to the ceiling, and saw—exactly the same white panels as usual. He stared round the room and then at his desk, on the edge of which a little white dust had settled. Then he heard MacIver's voice immediately over his head.

"Got that on again pretty neatly, didn't I, Duggie? You didn't see where the light came from, did you, General?"

Looking up again, Kittredge saw that a panel of his ceiling was now missing. Above a tangle of wires in the dim aperature MacIver's pale face was smiling down on his against a background of total darkness.

"Come up here now, Kit, and inspect the fireworks."

Eagerly Kittredge ran up the stairs and paused at an open door half-way down the upper corridor. What he had expected to find he hardly knew; but what he saw was so perfectly normal and commonplace as to give him perhaps the biggest surprise of the evening.

The room was about half the width but the same length as his own from the inner corridor to the outer wall. There was no fireplace. An ordinary government table, loaded with the usual files of registered papers, stood under the one window, and another against the wall on his left. A third and smaller table, carrying two or three trays of papers and a litter of odds and ends, stood on the left of the door against the corridor wall, and on the right of the door hung a map of the line mounted on stiff cardboard. Against the remaining wall stood a large cupboard of the type common to almost every room in the building. A few chairs completed the outfit and the entire floor was covered with the usual brown linoleum in three broad strips which had evidently not been disturbed for years. Churchill was tilting himself on one of the chairs trimming his nails with a pocket-knife, and MacIver lolling against a table with a cigaret alight.

"Ye see the sheer beauty of it," MacIver was saying. "Walk in any hour of the day or night and there's nothing whatever to disturb ye. They'd even left the door open."

"And it was here the thing was done?" asked Kittredge as puzzled as ever.

MacIver nodded. "The whole outfit's in working order this moment, and I've got ye under observation at a wave of the hand—nay, a turn of the finger. Man, I'm almost reluctant to show ye the secret, it's so neat—so simple—so artistic. Look at the map, now."

KITTREDGE, seeing nothing unusual about the face of the map, turned it over, and in doing so exposed the grating of a hot-air shaft similar to that in his own room. Something about the grating struck him as odd; looking closer, he found himself gazing through the bars, not at darkness, but out through another grill into a small inverted image of his own office. The desk and its surroundings, the two windows, parts of the side walls and ceiling, were all clearly visible in bright miniature.

"It's a simple application of the periscope principle," remarked MacIver, lifting out the grating. "Here's a plane mirror fixed at forty-five degrees, and down below there's another at right angles. The whole contraption's on wires, and the lower reflector's hinged at the rear edge. You'll feel a cord tethered to a nail just inside the shaft here. By pulling that, you see, the bottom mirror folds right up above the hinges, and as the back of it's blackened the little device becomes quite invisible. Even when you're being watched you wouldn't notice it because there's no light on this glass."

"So that's how you did the conjuring trick, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Churchill replied. "Flashed my torch close against this mirror to make you see it, and then pulled the cord. Nothing simpler."

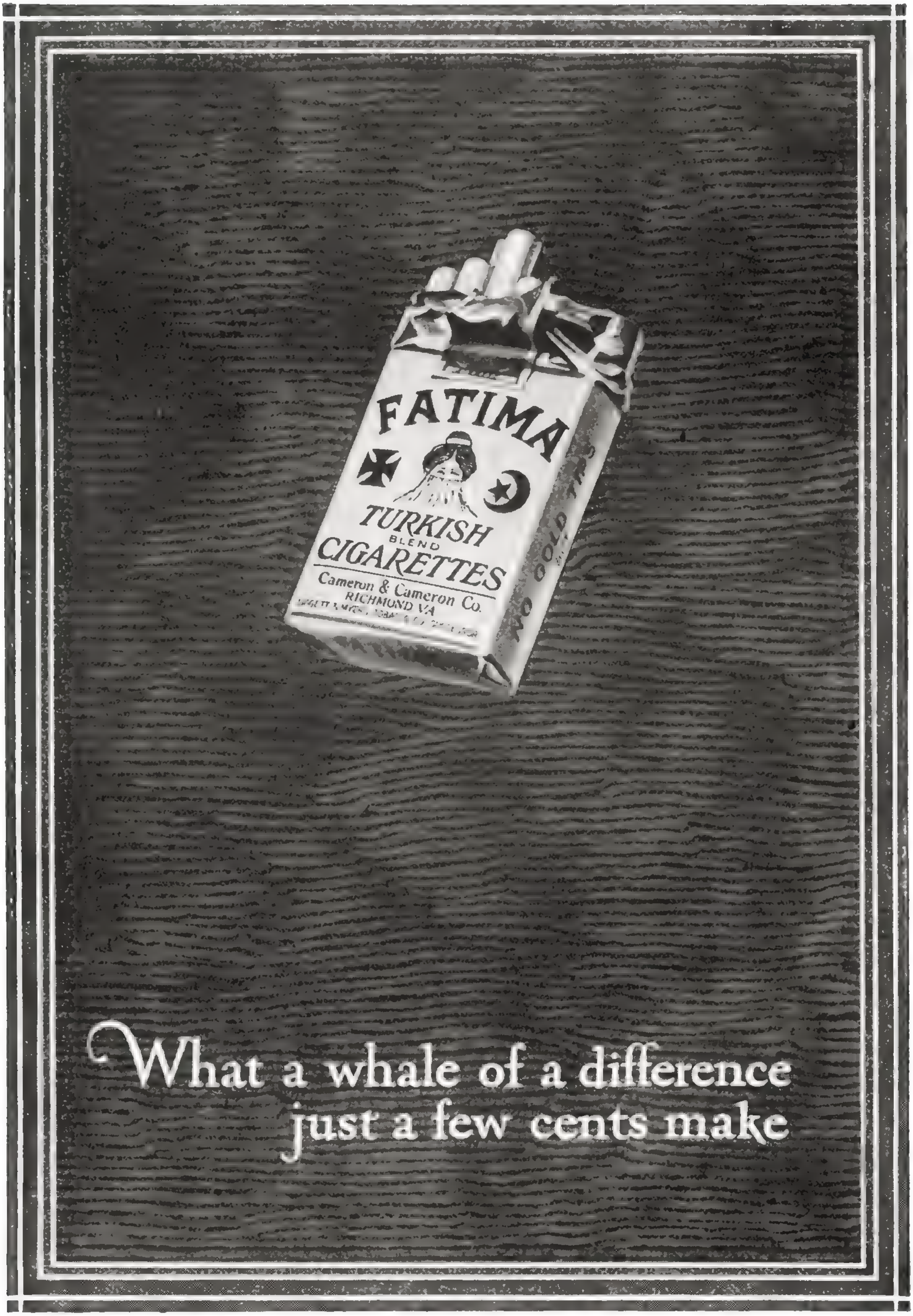
"But the rest of the apparatus—"

"Well, General, I think you might find that for yourself."

Seeing the floor was entirely exposed and had evidently not been tampered with, Kittredge made at once for the cupboard. Again he was disappointed. It proved to be as much like other cupboards within as it was without; there were three or four shelves littered with books and papers, and a perfectly sound bottom.

He paused a moment baffled, and then swept the few papers on the lowest shelf aside—noting as he did so they were all obsolete—and lifted this out, leaving a space of between three and four feet clear above the bottom. Looking closely, he noticed a large nail sticking in the base board of the cupboard. A pull at this brought the entire bottom of the cupboard up on its edge against the back, revealing a neat gap about eighteen inches square in the flooring.

"Now perhaps to save your uniform I'd better get in and act as demonstrator," said MacIver. He crawled entirely into the cupboard and crouched sideways in a kneeling position above the hole. "Now if you like," he continued, "you can shut and lock the doors


FATIMA
TURKISH
BLEND
CIGARETTES
Cameron & Cameron Co.
RICHMOND VA
NO GOLD TIPS
What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

on me and, barring my knee-caps, I'll be perfectly happy—there're breathing holes cut in the back here."

DODGING the wires that half-filled the aperture, he reached down between the joists to what was evidently the upper side of Kittredge's elaborate ceiling. "Now here's your loose panel, General, with a strap handle glued on the back if you please. Oh, this chappie would have made a fine sapper, I'm thinking. Well, we slide the panel so, and—there you are." Kittredge, looking vertically past MacIver's shoulder, found himself gazing straight down onto his own office-chair.

"Now you see this black metal box clamped on the left-hand girder?" MacIver resumed. "Well, that's the lamp—a small arc such as photographers use. They've tapped the lighting circuit for it; I can feel their little transformer under the floorboards, here. Now watch!" Kittredge, looking through the aperture, saw the top of his desk suddenly flooded with the bluish glare as MacIver moved a switch on the top of the box. "You see, the lamp's boxed in with a condenser in front so as to make a regular spotlight of it. And on this other girder, I fancy, is where they clamped the camera—a small one it would be, with a telescopic lens, very likely. He'd open the lens first, slide the panel when his confederate gave the word from the periscope, and then shoot his flash and cover up again. And be absolutely safe from interruption all the time. Oh, it's a fine workman, I'm telling you."

Kittredge did not appear to share MacIver's light-heartedness. "Devilish cunning for such a purpose," he muttered. "What's their names?" he asked abruptly.

Churchill glanced again at the papers on each desk.

"This is a Major Stone," he said briefly.

"Know anything of him?"

"Very little. Seen him in the card-room at the club sometimes. They say he's a Jew. Rather flashy—"

"—And probably broke," added MacIver.

"Not the sort of person she would—?"

"No, not that way," said MacIver tersely.

"It's the other, then. Who's he?"

"Ibbert."

"Ibbert—Ibbert—I know that name," mused the general. "Damnation—my regiment! Did well on the Somme, too. Young fool—"

Churchill, unable to restrain his curiosity longer, broke in with a question. "Say, I wish you'd tell us what put you onto it, Mac."

MacIver pursed his lips. "That's hard to say. Most of these things start with a general impression, formed you hardly know how. Maybe right or wrong. Then if the elimination of alternatives points that way— But Simmonds helped a lot."

"The light?"

"Yes, and his saying, you remember, he was only two or three paces from the door. He must have made more noise than any ordinary man, and I couldn't help thinking if there was anybody in the room they'd have taken warning earlier. Ergo, perhaps there wasn't anybody in the room. Ergo, where was the light—and the hand that extinguished it? Then your little Nora had evidently seen the thing done, and that fixed the time—the storm being a lucky accident for them. It was pretty obvious from that on, though the only bit of real corroboration I had was the one thing that puzzled me most when I first saw it. This—" He unfolded the duplicate and pointed to the arrowhead in the left upper corner.

"I'm stupid perhaps," said Kittredge, "but I don't see it even now."

"Why, the lizard—the lizard's tail," chuckled MacIver. "Don't you recognize the paperweight? And this would be the only possible place and manner that would reproduce it. We owe a lot to that lizard, Kit. That was a mascot, all right."

"What about the negative?" asked Churchill.

"Oh, we'll get that when we take these fellows in the morning."

"But suppose she's warned them?"

There was silence at this. MacIver was the first to speak.

"The boy's right, General. I'm afraid we'll have to act now."

"Get after them, you mean?"

"Or send some one. I'll see to it."

Kittredge nodded. "Shall we close this up again, Mac?" asked Churchill.

"Just a moment," Kittredge interposed. "I suppose I'd better take a look at it myself before you do since I'll have to give evidence."

HE CRAWLED into the enclosure and was crouched over the opening when loud footsteps came hurrying, almost running, along the corridor. MacIver had just time to shut the cupboard as the door opened and two men stood confronting him and Churchill. One was a slight youth in the early twenties with a mobile nervous face that he could not altogether control; the other a much older man, mustached and swarthy, and just now flushed with either wine or indignation. This latter was the first to speak, addressing Churchill sharply.

"You the orderly officer?" he said.

The boy nodded. "This is a friend of mine, Major MacIver."

"Fancy I've heard of you, sir," said the older man.

"Weren't you in the D. C. L. I.'s?"

"No, that's my brother." MacIver swung round to the younger man. "But I believe Mr. Ibbert and I have a mutual friend in Mrs. Venner."

If John Ruskin Were Living Today

and we asked him to write an advertisement for MCCLURE'S Magazine, he would probably say, as he did in "*Sesame and Lilies*" on the subject of reading:

"Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings?"

Why waste time reading trivial things when you can call to your side at any time of the day or night, the biggest and most successful business men in America, and make them tell you what they have found out about Business and about Life.

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I am attaching a dollar bill [$1.00 check or money order accepted]. Under your special "Gary Serial Offer" I am to receive the new MCCLURE'S *for a four months' trial,* and a copy of the May issue free of charge.

Name..
Please print name plainly.

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The subaltern looked up, obviously startled at the name. "Oh, you know her, too?" He hesitated, as if waiting for what was to happen next. Suddenly he sat down.

"Corking little woman!" exclaimed the other, rubbing his hands briskly. "Plucky as they make 'em."

Ignoring him, MacIver continued his drive at the subaltern. "I hear she's in some trouble just now; and I wondered whether you could throw any light on the nature of it."

"Why—er—I'm sorry to hear that. What's it about; what is it?" Ibbert's hands and face both betrayed his agitation, which the other strove to cover with blustering arrogance.

"You'll excuse me, Major MacIver, but what business is that of yours?"

MacIver, holding the center of the room, still addressed himself mainly to the younger man, perceiving which of the two would soonest break down. "It affects me," he said deliberately, "as closely as it does you, though in a different way. Certain important plans have been surreptitiously copied,"—with a sudden gesture he flung the duplicate under Ibbert's eyes—"and I have reason to suppose there is evidence in this room as to the way it was done—and the traitors who did it. Now, Mr. Ibbert!" Even Churchill winced at the steel in his voice.

"Hell and damnation! You mean you've the impertinence to suggest—" Stone strode up to him, crimson and spluttering.

An odd confused laugh broke from the other. "Why, if you think there's evidence here, search the place—" Ibbert commenced pulling open the table drawers, wildly and recklessly. One of them fell to the floor, spilling its contents with a loud clatter. "There's nothing concealed here," he went on, "everything's open—except perhaps the cupboard—" He ran unsteadily across the room, fumbled a second at the lock, and finding it unfastened, flung both doors wide open.

The situation would have been grotesque but for its instant and terrible seque. Kittredge, crouching within, flashed the torch full in Ibbert's face, and then crawling from the enclosure, drew himself up to his full six feet of scarlet and khaki. Raising an arm that literally quivered with fury, he pointed from Ibbert to his accomplice.

"Consider yourselves . . . "

The sentence was never finished. Ibbert had staggered back as the light dazed him, his arms raised above his head, trembling violently. He gave a choking shriek as the general stood erect, then tripped and fell in a heap.

Stone dropped beside him, opened his tunic, and with Churchill's aid, loosened his belt. "He's fainted." Utterly unnerved, the man commenced fumbling for his flask. MacIver, glancing at the prostrate figure, suddenly pushed Stone aside and bent over Ibbert for several seconds.

"He's dead."

Kittredge, standing rigid and erect, seemed scarcely to have heard. "Heart, I suppose," he said abruptly. "He was gassed in France. Best thing. Saves the regiment. Saves his people. As for you, sir—" He glared down on the crouching figure beside the body. "Telephone for the guard, Churchill. And see if there's a major in the building!"

Midnight was sounding from Big Ben as Kittredge and MacIver stood on the steps of the building. After the strain of the day, the general felt the touch of age and lassitude upon him. He waited until the last booming notes had died away over the city.

"I suppose it really was best that way, Mac," he said, a note of hesitation in his voice.

"Surely."

"There could have been only one verdict."

"Only one. And he couldn't have urged the one extenuating circumstance."

"What was that?" Kittredge's voice was suddenly strained and anxious.

MacIver gazed into his eyes.

"Eugenie le Vallon," he answered.

Who Started Jazz?

[*Continued from page 145*]

played, they faked effects, introduced "blue notes" and in other ways ragged the Muse.

A man named James dropped down from Chicago one day in 1914 and heard the featured artists of the Gruenwald Grill. He offered them a Chicago restaurant engagement. Half thrilled and half frightened, the five New Orleans boys journeyed to Chicago at the princely salary of $25.00 apiece a week each, and all expenses paid by the restauranteur.

The Dixieland Band was a riot in Chicago. So great was the crush in and about the Boosters' Club that the police were called out. And then one night some one, guest or proprietor—his identity is still in dispute—called out, "Jazz 'er up, boys!"

The following day The Dixieland Band became The Dixieland Jazz Band, and "jazz" was born to a dance-wild world. The original five, billed as The Original Dixieland Jazz Band, are featured in vaudeville, ball room and cabaret from coast to coast. So long as jazz remains, the original five from New Orleans will be famous as the boys who helped coin the word and invent the style.

——EARL CHAPIN MAY.

Once they called him the "Old Crank"

–but that was before he lost his Corn

"New dispositions for old corns." . . . That isn't an impossible bargain . . . Doctors know that a corn may plague a man's whole system—nagging his nerves, ragging his temper—making him feel mean all over . . . For a corn isn't just a local pain. It's a *pain-station* on the "main line" of the nervous system. Tiny nerves telegraph its twinges all over the circuit . . . So Blue-jay offers this fair exchange—"New spirits for old corns." . . . Solid comfort comes the moment you put on the soft and downy plaster. Two days later, you remove the pad—and the corn comes out—gently uprooted by the little brown disc of magic medication within the pad.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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A Shade is only as good as its Roller

Established 1860

WINDOW SHADE FABRICS

Hartshorn SHADE ROLLERS

are the best that money can buy

It Started with a Sandwich

[*Continued from page 34*]

sales equipment. Wheat by the carload is emptied into the Cap Sheaf bins, where it is milled and prepared for bread-making under the supervision of experts whom Mrs. Riggs has trained herself. The building, owned by Mrs. Riggs, and the ground it occupies, are valued at more than fifty thousand dollars and the machinery of this up-to-date plant is the best that money can buy.

The remarkable success of this woman who started in business at an age when most men retire, is the more extraordinary because Mrs. Riggs had never earned a dollar in her life. At sixty-two she faced the world without resources or credit. Her husband, who had provided well for her during the early years of their married life, had become a hopeless invalid. Their little income could not survive increased living expenses and doctor bills.

But Mrs. Riggs did not waste time in self-pity. She turned her attention to the problems that confronted her, and that phrase of Emerson's came into her mind—

> If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his home in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

Mrs. Riggs's "mouse-trap" was a loaf of bread, the "wilderness" was her kitchen in the heart of a crowded city, and the world did make a beaten path to her door.

Whole-wheat bread was the one product which Mrs. Riggs felt she could make better than her neighbor. For many years she had been baking it for home use. When her husband became ill the physician recommended it for him, and so the bread making had kept on steadily. Often Mrs. Riggs would take a loaf of it to a friend who was ill. People remarked about its delicious flavor and commented upon its peculiar health properties. But the decision to make the bread to sell was followed by new difficulties. Mrs. Riggs had no funds to launch a product. She had no one to turn to for financial aid.

IN A recent trip to New York she had observed that the drug-stores there were selling sandwiches at their soda fountains. If they were doing that in New York, why no in St. Louis? It was worth investigating. Perhaps the bread could be popularized via the sandwich route.

That is how Mrs. Riggs came to bake the loaf of bread, cut it into slices for sandwiches and visit the drug-store. If one store did not want them Mrs. Riggs determined to continue her search. She would visit every drug-store in town before she gave up the idea and sought other methods of launching her product.

Fortunately the first store saw the possibilities of her venture. Each day more goods were wanted so that Mrs. Riggs toiled far into the night making the bread, and then arose early to prepare the sandwiches. The task was made additionally difficult because all the flour had to be ground from the whole grain with a little hand-mill.

During the first months she carried the sandwiches downtown herself but soon the baskets became too heavy for her. A negro in the neighborhood was called upon for delivery duty. Before long two were needed. The time that Mrs. Riggs had spent in delivering the sandwiches could now be used to solicit new business. She visited one store after another, leaving samples and taking orders. Every one liked the sandwiches so the stores found it easy to sell them.

Hurried lunchers began to ask where the drug-stores obtained the bread. Business men went home and told their wives how delicious it was. Inquiries were made as to how Mrs. Riggs could be located. Then the day came when men began to stop at her home on their way from work and buy a loaf of the bread for the family.

The product seemed capable of greater marketing. Mrs. Riggs had visions of a real business. Each day she saved a little from the family budget. Dollar by dollar she counted her surplus until she had thirty-five dollars which she felt could be used to rent a small storeroom. It was becoming difficult to make the bread at home, and to take care of the customers who came to her.

"It was a small room but it was far too large for my equipment," she admitted in telling of her early experiences. "We divided the room by using a large mirror as a partition. The front section was used for counter and salesroom, and behind the mirror was the entire bakery."

When Mrs. Riggs moved into her new quarters there were many "wet blankets," as she terms them, thrown on her enterprise. Some people thought she was entering her second childhood—"to start a new business at your age."

"You won't last more than a month," others declared, while the most optimistic predicted she might hold out a year.

"What do you know about the bakery business?": they inquired doubtfully, to be even greater astounded when Mrs. Riggs frankly admitted that she had never been behind the

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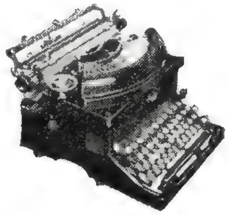

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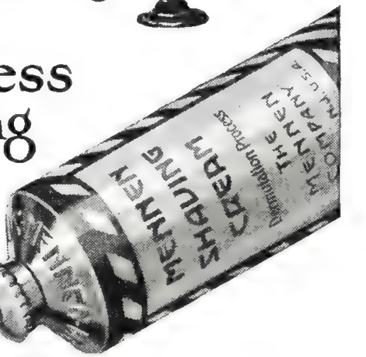
Tasteless Castor Oil

Seedless Orange

Wireless Talking

Cussless Shaving



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Dermutation makes each tough whisker spineless — defenseless before the razor.

The result: painless shaving and priceless comfort. A peerless buy at 50c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

counter of a bakery in her life and that she didn't even know the names of the machinery.

Although she didn't know the bakery business Mrs. Riggs knew her product and its ingredients. Therein lay her opportunity for success. She had faith in the goodness of bread made from selected whole grain wheat. Her problem was in obtaining a sufficient quantity of the kind of flour she wanted for the bread. Many so-called "whole-wheat flours" were not the whole-of-the-grain flour, and they were not fresh. Mrs. Riggs was determined that her product should be superior.

In her efforts to accomplish this she obtained twenty-five samples of flour from as many mills in widely scattered localities. She assembled and tried them out, comparing them with the flour which she had ground from her little hand-mill. Not one measured up to her requirements. Convinced that it was better to buy the grain and grind it herself Mrs. Riggs continued to use her small hand-mill until she was able to obtain a milling plant which was installed in the back room of the little bakery.

The business gradually grew in spite of the "wet blankets." Physicians learned of the wholesomeness of the bread and recommended it to patients. In fact much of Mrs. Riggs's success was due to the cooperation of physicians and other health authorities.

THEN, when the business was well started and bringing in a nice little income to the founder, the war came with its national appeal to save wheat and its governmental orders to cut down on the bread supply. Bakery sales were reduced to a minimum, but the sandwich business continued and physicians were more and more advising the use of whole-grain bread.

Mrs. Riggs did not sit down and wait for the war to be over. She used the period to make new friends. She talked the bread to every one who came into the bakery. She sent out samples to health experts and teachers, and to restaurants. Mothers were told of the merits of the bread. Often Mrs. Riggs gave advice to those who sought it in feeding their children.

There had been little money for paid publicity but word-of-mouth advertising spread the gospel of the Cap Sheaf bread. So when the war restrictions were lifted, the bakery was ready for greater things. It was then that the sandwich sales were abolished. The bakery demanded the undivided attention of the owner and her associates. More space was added. New ovens and the most modern of machinery were installed.

The Cap Sheaf Bakery plant, with its motor-driven shafts, belts and pullies visible from the street, has become an object of interest to passers-by on Kingshighway Boulevard, St. Louis. It is not unusual to see persons stop to watch the bread-making process.

There are few of these watchers who know that the guiding hand of this nation-wide business has always been that of a woman who braved the taunts of those who called her old and the smiles of those who thought her foolish to enter into business at sixty-two.

Today, after ten years of toil, her hands are rough and red but Mrs. Riggs, who is now a widow, has not lost the twinkle in her eyes nor the erectness of her posture. She looks like a woman of sixty instead of one of seventy-two.

She no longer gives eighteen hours a day to her work. Her two sons whom she instructed in making the bread according to her principles, are carrying it on with the assistance of a staff of workers also trained by Mrs. Riggs. The founder of the business takes pride in the fact that all of her employees are former soldiers.

She gives advice and help when it is needed, but she doesn't have to watch the bread-mixer for fear some inferior flour will creep into her product, or to serve customers over the counter. Mrs. Riggs is reluctant to talk about her experiences in business because she says there were so many heartaches. But she talks about wheat the way Frank Norris, the great California novelist, used to write about it.

"As a child I used to sit on the old rail fence and watch the wheat bending with the wind," she remembered. "There was wheat as far as I could see. The sun glistened on the golden heads and as the wind blew across the field there were shadows like crowds of people moving about.

"I would sit there by the hour watching the wheat. And when harvest time came my grandfather would let me help him. At least I thought I was helping him put the wheat into shocks. He explained to me what the cap sheaf was and how a choice bundle was always selected for it. That gave me the idea of calling my bread the Cap Sheaf Bread.

"Just as I watched my grandfather shock the wheat I watched our old mammy pound the grain and make it into delicious loaves of bread. It was her recipe I used when I first started baking the bread."

It was her memories from childhood that furnished this remarkable woman with the inspiration to build a fortune during the twilight years of her life. Even as she loved the outdoors as a child, all through her womanhood, her recreation and relaxation have been trips to the country, fishing and camping. Now, past three score and ten, she frequently spends a week-end in a cabin by some stream.

"The outdoors gave me health, and with health a person has power to do things," she says. "Besides, most of us do not know what we can do until we are forced to try."

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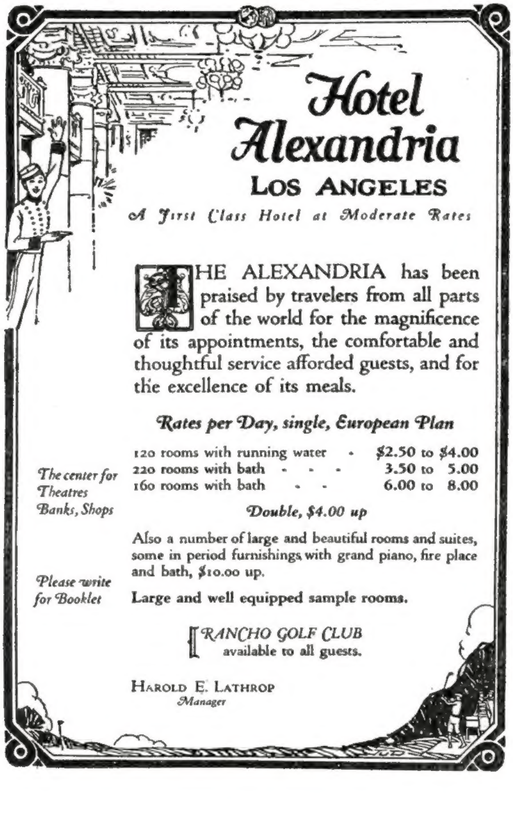

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If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day. All druggists, 35c and 60c.

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

CHRISTIANITY ON BROADWAY

Excerpts from editorial in
The Daily Reporter, White Plains, N.Y.
By W. Livingston Larned

AN UNUSUAL project has been set in motion in New York. A "Business Building" is to rise on Broadway, at 173rd Street, dedicated to Christianity. To be known as the "Broadway Temple," it will contain a church, offices, auditoriums, schools, hotel accommodations, cafeterias, etc. And to a large extent, it will be erected by popular subscription. Individuals buy bonds, representing a 5 per cent investment and the total cost will be approximately $4,000,000.

It is the first undertaking of its kind, and has so many amazing features that we will do well to observe some of these innovations. For this is a combination of church and skyscraper. Business and Christianity will be housed under one roof.

This Broadway Temple is, in a sense, a gigantic symbol of the uncontrovertible fact that Godliness can and should be continuous.

Broadway will be the better for a substantial reminder of this Holy Presence. From every vantage point, on sunny days, or nights filled with the sinister menace of storm, a high-flung cross of unquenchable light will be visible, glittering against the heavens. And he will murmur to himself, reverently, "The Holy Spirit bides with me, wherever I may be, walking or sleeping."

Broadway Temple will cover 26,000 square feet of foundation space, facing a whole block on Broadway. It will have a beautiful tower, 24 stories high; six million people will see a revolving cross of light, 34 feet high, on its topmost pinnacle. The church auditorium will seat 2200; there will be Sunday school rooms, a social hall and every modern convenience for religious and community work. An apartment hotel in the tower is to contain 644 rooms, public offices and dining halls. Apartments for housekeeping in the two wings will accommodate 500 persons. And there are stores fronting on Broadway.

In exploiting this magnificent and ambitious plan, its sponsors say: "A 5 per cent investment in your Fellow Man's Salvation, Broadway Temple is to be a combination of Church and Skyscraper, Religion and Revenue, Salvation and 5 per cent—and the 5 per cent is based on ethical Christian grounds."

Broadway Temple is more than a revolutionary idea, more than a sound investment, more than an architectural wonder of the age; it represents a spiritual stepping-stone in man's climb upward to the Cross.

"Buy These Bonds
and Let God
Come to Broadway"

Religion and Revenue

Glorified by a Wonderful Ideal

The Directors who will conduct this business enterprise, the men with whom you, as an investor, will be associated, are some of the keenest and best-known business men in New York. They are

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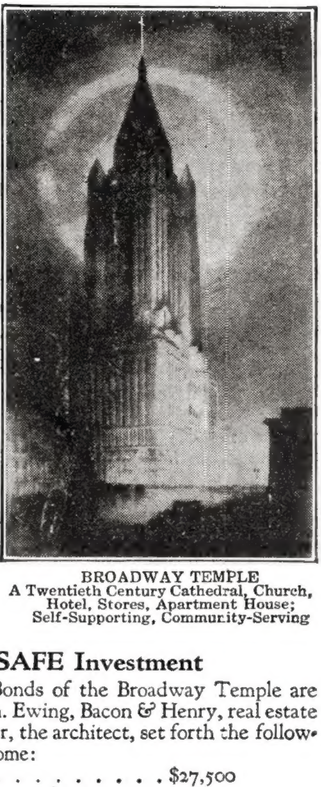

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Income from apartment hotel	402,300
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Leaving a net surplus for the bond holders of $125,590 annually.

GENERAL SAMUEL MCROBERTS, *Treasurer,*
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AUGUST 1925

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

NUMBER 312

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LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ST LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
MAXIMILIAN

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is never sold in bulk

Remember this fact: You can avoid fraudulent imitations by insisting upon obtaining Listerine in the original package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
TORONTO LONDON MELBOURNE PARIS MADRID MEXICO CITY